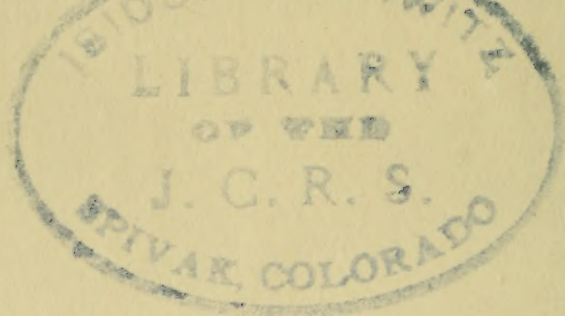


TO-DAY AND
TO-MORROW

J. H. CURLE



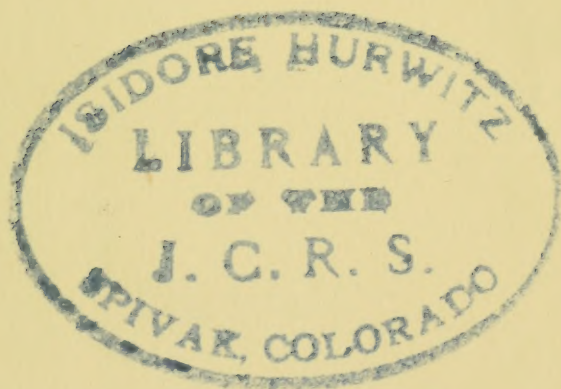
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TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE SHADOW SHOW

THIS WORLD OF OURS

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

THE TESTING PERIOD OF THE
WHITE RACE

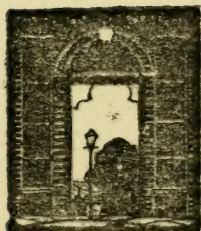
BY

J. H. CURLE

"There is no alleviation to the suffering of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe with which pious hands have hidden its uglier features has been stripped off."

T. H. HUXLEY

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A SHORT while after the Great War I was walking with a friend by the shore of Hobson's Bay, in Australia. When we had discussed all things in heaven and earth, especially the human outlook, and the uncertainty of it, at last he said to me: "I want you to write a book with the gloves off."

"Well, I can try," said I.

I knew what he meant. It was to be a book about Nature, Evolution, Race, Heredity, Environment, Sex, Mind and Matter, Cause and Effect, Good and Evil,—all the things we had talked about—in a blend of the human, the personal, and the philosophic.

"Yes," I said, "I shall try. But it's a fairly tall order! It will need much thinking out, and my trusty old ally 'unconscious cerebration' works slowly. When the world gets moving again I am going far into Africa—to Timbuctoo, then to the Belgian Congo. In those parts there will be weeks, perhaps months, of drifting along the rivers, and there I can begin getting together my thoughts."

And there, as a matter of fact, I began.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

CHAPTER I

GAINING EXPERIENCE

IN the month of April, 1894, the Johannesburg *Star* was casting about for a mining writer ; and I, who had been three years in the Transvaal, and knew all its mines, applied for the post, and got it. I was twenty-three. I had been speculating in shares, and was "broke" ; here was an assured income of fifty pounds a month.

At one of the first mines I went to look at in my new capacity, several of the directors stood talking together on the *veld* ; and presently one sauntered toward me.

" You represent the *Star* ? " he asked.

" Yes."

" Well, see that you give us a good report. I'll make it worth your while."

I said to him : " Do you see that shaft ? "

" I do."

" If you say that to me again—down you go ! "

The Wicked Director, thus foiled, only looked at me with compassion. He was not a bit angry, nor did he at any future time bear me malice. Some years later he made his fortune.

As for me : I was presently taken through the mine by the manager, and discovered it to be looking very well indeed. I wrote a favourable account of it in the *Star* ; then borrowed money from a friend, bought

five hundred of the shares, and sold them in a week for a profit of £97.

I occupied a room in Jeppe's Town. There one evening came my friend Henry Wiltshire; helped by a gang of Kaffirs, he was at that time working a brickyard, and all his clothes were stained from the clay. Saying to me "I am going to read you something," this elderly brickmaker produced a volume of Swinburne, and began to recite *Dolores*. It is a long poem. Such music in words I had never heard before, nor so poetic and modulated a voice; as it rose and fell to the rhythm, the shabby little room, the thunder of the stamp mills, the great goldfield, the very world itself faded away, and I seemed to pass into a trance. . . .

The wonderful voice ceased at last. But it was never going to be forgotten. Since that night I have read *Dolores* times without number—but in my head it is always Wiltshire who reads. He was of gentle birth, and when he died, twenty years later, he was in the Union Parliament, member for Ladysmith. His grave is in the Dundee cemetery, on the Natal uplands. When I stood by it he had been dead four winters, the season out there we both loved the best; but so stained was the gravestone by rain, and so hidden by a spreading rose, that he might have lain there a hundred years.

There was another, a young Scotsman like myself, who came to my room. He was a weak character; I led him thither in a half-drunken state one Sunday night. As we talked, he was hiccuping from whisky, and when I spoke seriously to him he began to blubber.

"Now," said I, "go down on your knees!" and he knelt by my bed.

"Oh! Loard," he blubbered. "I've been an awfully bad fella (hiccup). I want you to reform me to-night" (blubber and hiccup, then collapse on the floor). . . .

I don't know if he got any further. I was saying

to myself, "You damned hypocrite! This isn't saving a soul—it's simply showing off. You're too self-conscious to pray, and he's too drunk. That's no use to God."

I now began to read books like *The Age of Reason*, *Evolution of the Idea of God*, *Our Heritage of Thought*, *The Martyrdom of Man*, *The Riddle of the Universe*, *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, *The Origin of Species*, *The Decline and Fall*, by Gibbon, and Huxley's *Essays*. My brain responded at once to their reasoning, and the theological scaffolding on which I stood simply collapsed. As I read, and observed, there took shape in my mind the Natural World, with its Reign of Law—one vast, unvarying machine. I rejected, quite furiously, the supernatural. I knew now that miracles never happened. It astounded me that my parents, my pastors and masters, the dons at Cambridge, the Royal Family, the Peerage, and in fact the world in general believed in miracles. Nature never varied—could not vary. Did one really think that the Prophets, in days of old, had been able to upset Nature—roll back the Red Sea, raise people from the dead, turn one thing into another—merely, as it were, to oblige a friend? Was the whole Universe at their momentary caprice? Such teaching was in contradiction to all knowledge. These supernatural things were deeply opposed to my intellect; and when I set myself to think them out, they dropped from me as lead into the sea.

In those days, in Johannesburg, the great mining "boom" was working up. As it spread and spread, one could not help making some money; and with finances resuscitated I left the *Star*, to take up my proper work of mine-valuation. But the experience had been of the utmost value. I had met the men who did things in mining, and been shown a lot; I had learned to clarify my thoughts, and put them

into readable English. For some years now, as mine-valuer, I covered the wide face of South Africa, and saw every mine there was to see. My work was my pleasure. Each new mine I went down became a mental adventure; and when I set off for some fresh and distant field, I knew too that travel had become, and would always be to me, the breath of my life.

After some years I began gradually thinking: "I will write a book about gold mines. It will be called 'The Gold Mines of the World' and will entail travelling for years and years, and to many countries, to get information."

This meant leaving South Africa for London as the first step. Thence followed a prolonged tour of the goldfields in India, Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia,—the first of many journeys out of London. Several capitalists paid me retaining fees for my reports, as did the *Economist* for articles about the world's mines; and thus, combining business and pleasure, I came to know countries as diverse as Peru, Siberia, Hungary, Klondyke, Malaya, Bolivia, China, Norway, Colorado, Caucasus and Alaska.

The book took me eight years.* When it was finished, I had been down over five hundred mines, in thirty-eight countries, and I was a travel-stained, experienced man of thirty-five.

But I was in my stride now. I knew my bent, and the world, with its men and women. Money was well enough; but travel, I knew, was better; so I passed on to that, and to a life more vivid than a thousand dreams.

That was twenty years ago. And through those years, excepting the period of the Great War, I seem to have travelled day and night. To-day I look back on a million miles, and my memory has become a store-

**The Gold Mines of the World*, in the final edition, was published in 1905.

house of all the earth. I have but to close my eyes, and I stand on the mountains behind Rio de Janeiro, that flashing opal of the world. A flicker of the lids, and I am up in Quito, in the Ecuadorian Andes, where the bells are tolling a Saints' Day; in the *plaza* they are hatching a revolution, while volcanoes smoke placidly on the horizons. This drab little town, inside these precipitous "heads," is St. John's, Newfoundland; it is bitterly cold; the fishing fleet has come in, and all the people carry home a cod, or two large haddocks for their tea. This is the garden at Longwood, St. Helena, with roses in bloom, and agapanthus; the path across those pleasant uplands leads to the Emperor's empty tomb. Now I am in the great forest of Cambodia; and I see Angkor rise out of it, vastest of all Hindu temples, yet deserted these thousand years. I sail upon innumerable rivers: upon Jhelum River, into the valley of Kashmir; upon Brahmaputra, in the shadow of the Himalayas; between the forests of the Amazon in stifling heat, and down the Yangtse wrapped in furs; and in Siberia traverse the frozen Amur in a sledge. Now I drive from Jerusalem to Bethlehem; it is the spring: the air is mellowing, the sky very blue, yet the region is bare and rocky; but if you drive through Samaria, up into Galilee, you will find there scarlet anemone, lupin and cyclamen carpeting the earth. Here are the South Seas. It is the dawn at Raratonga; as it lightens over the mountain forests, all the greens in Nature will be seen, and down by the settlements such blossoms of hibiscus as you never imagined. I stand in the coconut groves of Fiji; the owners of them, with frizzed-out hair, and snowy loin-cloths, are the most debonair men in these seas; yet their grandfathers were cannibals, and liked it. On Tongatabu the king is dead; the funeral leaves the palace—a florid villa by the seashore; the chief mourner is a white man, a venerable, bearded missionary of eighty-seven,

and a phalanx of black Wesleyan clergy walk behind. Here are the Gardens in Cape Town ; it has been raining, and all the doves in the oaks are cooing—to me the most soothing sound in nature ; in that thicket stands Rhodes upon his pedestal, and through the araucarias you see the “table-cloth” pouring, dissipating, as it falls, into thin air.

Or if in other mood, I make to pass before me all the races of men. Here is the finest looking man—a Montenegrin, a physical god ; he carries a rifle for protection, a bandolier is slung round him, and he is unstable and wayward as a child ; for this squat and homely Bulgarian he has only contempt, yet the Bulgarian, by all other counts than beauty, is the better man. Gaze upon this graceful Frenchman, so subtle, so clear in thought ; is it not inexplicable that he should be the greediest for money among men ? And is it not exasperating that the women of Holland, so charming in youth, and so well educated, should run, as to seventy per cent of them, to beef ? For slender, virginal little women, even when they have borne families, let me summon the Annamites of Cochin China. Have you a loathing, as so many of the untravelled have, for the coloured peoples ? Then tell me just where Chinaman, Japanese, and Hindu are going to be a century hence ; and where we ? I will show you, too, the Zulus, where every man is born a gentleman ; the Maoris, a whole race of sportsmen ; the Eskimos, sturdy and reliable ; the finely fleshed Nairs of Travancore ; and the Arabised blacks of Central Africa, who might be statues in face and form alike. But the transplanted negroes in Haiti are less admirable ; they turned me off their island once, as an undesirable. Here are Jews ; do you realise their family virtues ; or the proportion of talent they throw up, and how world-wide is the jealousy of them ? Here are White Australians—the race who use “bloody” as a diminutive ; because they will not

rise, in their mellow antipodes, in time for the early markets, their fruit and fish trade is already in the hands of Greeks ; a casual yet lovable breed. Here are the bank-managers—that is to say the Scotsmen abroad ; can you detect a faint something in their breath ? Do you know why these Siamese women were bidden to expose the leg freely ? Or how many of these Irish abroad are priests, publicans, politicians and policemen ? And do you know that Arabs, Poles, and Irish are the three clever and subtle races who, because of internal faction, can never unite until the end of time ?

In Tahiti, I stayed with the chief of Veirao. A white man, a Russian, was living near-by. An intellectual, highly educated, and disillusioned by the world, he here sought peace. He lived on fruit, worked in his vanilla garden, plunged thrice daily off his balcony into the sea ; his brain ever probing the mystery of things. Missionaries of all sorts and creeds stalk these islands, and here, in Tahiti, were both men and women of the two Mormon sects. These were fanatic, unbending people from the Western States, with no education, taking life joylessly, denying themselves even tea and coffee. Their task was the whole world's regeneration, against the not-distant Day of Judgment ; they would suffer anything, go through hell itself for their faith ; but how the two sects hated each other ! Sailing from Moorea to Tahiti, a Seventh Day Adventist sat by me in the little boat. He opened his bible, and laid the Scriptures before me at the Book of Daniel. He pointed to this prophecy, and that ; he deduced the Second Coming from them—in our very lifetime—and said that the Christ would appeal simultaneously to all on the Earth.

I was steaming down the estuary from Duala. The air was cool ; the water lay like glass ; the sky was

blue, and the country a vivid green. Away to my right rose the mountain mass of the Cameroons, a belt of silvery mist concealing its tropic forests, but not its summit, which rose high and very clear. Ahead of me, thirty miles across the Bight of Benin, rose its twin mass, the island of Fernando Po, a tapering forest nine thousand feet high; I had not known there was such beauty in all West Africa. In the well of the steamer, as I looked down, an immense negress stood, lost to the world. Before her were spread many pounds weight of fat shrimps, drying in the sun, and I recalled that the Portuguese, who first discovered this coast, had named it "the land of prawns."

I was travelling down the Nelson River to Hudson's Bay.* Nine Cree Indians were with me, three canoes carried us, and upon a cloudless evening we landed to sleep beside the forest. Mosquitoes in their thousands were at once upon us; but protected by our veils, we made tea, baked our bannocks, fried our bacon, and ate supper. When my tent had been pitched, I turned in; while the Indians, staking down the mosquito nets only, lay in their blankets in the open.

It was Sunday evening; and presently, as I lay drowsing, a thin little singing arose. Then the voice changed to intoning, and other voices began muttering responses. I peeped out. The headman of the Indians, kneeling under his mosquito net, was reading from the Cree prayer-book, his two sons, under another net, making the responses; but their net was stretched too low for kneeling, and in the twilight, spread on all fours, they had taken on the similitude of turtles. Awaking some hours later, I looked out again. The Indians were asleep, and snoring heavily. The day had finally passed, the night was placid, and the Northern Lights, those strange and wayward phantoms, were moving about the sky.

*The gist of this appeared in *The Times*, which kindly permits its use.

Next afternoon we paddled out of the River into Hudson's Bay. Rounding this a few miles, we entered Hayes River, and reached York Factory, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company for two hundred years. A dozen stout log houses stood there. In the largest, awaiting shipment, thousands of white fox, marten, musquash, beaver and otter skins were hanging. One of the log houses was a library ; nor was its fine old collection of books without tradition ; I found that R. M. Ballantyne, whose works delighted me when a boy, and whose grave I had discovered in the English Cemetery at Rome, near the graves of Keats and Shelley and Trelawney, had arrived here, an apprentice, in 1842, and stayed five years. The Indians who had brought in the skins stood slouching around, eating sweets, chewing tobacco, watching a dog fight, and playing pitch and toss. They were awaiting their "treaty" money. This is a yearly sum of five dollars to each man, woman and child ; it has been paid since the Indians became wards of Canada, and in the words of the Treaty, it is to be continued "while sun shines and water flows."

But how long, for them, will the sun shine ? They are dying out. They have not the "will to live." In a certain district, within recent times, there were thirty thousand Indians ; to-day there are three thousand. Our ways are not for them. It was an evil summer when they took to European clothes. Liquor would wipe them out like a prairie fire ; but to the great credit of Canada there is no liquor at all up here. But they drink tea to excess. They smoke tobacco to excess ; the women and the little children smoke. They are shot through with syphilis. Many are tuberculous. And the day is not so far distant when their delicate, weathered faces will be but a memory.

As my years increased, and my experience, I saw the deep negative side of life gradually unfold. The

beauty of Nature was easily offset by its horrors, and the joy of life by its sorrows. Mankind, so god-like in its hour, invariably sank again, and under the glamour of its achievements lay vast futility ; wherever I looked deep enough, there I saw Ormuzd and Ahriman, the Gods of the Opposites, locked in the eternal struggle.

It is eventide outside Damascus, the Mother of Cities. In a meadow—where Abana flows through groves of almond and apricot in blossom ; where, raising your eyes, they rest upon the snows of Hermon—boys play happily, Arab grooms gallop their horses in wild exercise, and groups of elderly men, spreading a carpet, sit over their *nargilehs*, rising, ever and anon, to pray—a Syrian idyll. Yet in the meadow's corner lies a refuse heap, where some thirty pariah dogs wait, mysteriously sleek ; presently comes a cart to it, depositing a dead camel, and night falls upon them tearing it to pieces.

It was my first day in Rhodesia, then a brand-new land. Bulawayo, drowsy in the afternoon sun, was but a straggling township ; my hotel seemed unfinished ; the very streets hardly surveyed. Prospectors were still finding mines, pioneers daily arriving to take up land ; hopes ran very high, and if ever THE FUTURE loomed, and coloured all things, it was here. Suddenly, out in the street, music sounded—the Funeral March ! Looking from my window, I saw the Chartered Company's police passing at a slow tread, with reversed arms ; for all that one trooper among them now cared, Rhodesia might be an old and worn-out country.

At Seville, on spring evenings, I used to sit in the *Plaza de San Fernando*, under the palms and the starry sky ; and here used to come a number of young girls, who danced long and gracefully to the snapping of castanets. One night, by way of appreciation, I appeared at the dancing place carrying some five kilos of chocolate, and began its distribution. The *plaza* had been empty, save for the dancers ; but

suddenly, evil-looking men, old and young, the scum of Seville, seemed to spring from each avenue, every doorway, and bore down nearly a hundred strong. They knocked over and trampled the screaming girls, closed upon me savagely, seized the chocolate, and fought snarling for it like wolves ; vanishing, when it was finished, as quickly as they came.

I was sailing up the coast of Peru. The Pacific, that afternoon, lay utterly placid, lay like glass, burnished by the strong sun ; yet because of the Humboldt Current the air was mellow and cool ; far away, snow-clad Andes rose, range above range to the skies, and the Peace of God lay over all. I looked again, and the sea, for a league around, was furiously sparkling. It looked like all the silver in the world, struck by the sun in a million flashes. A million it was !—of grey, remorseless pelicans ; hovering there over a shoal, falling, striking, and rising with a million fishes, whose scales, as they wriggled unavailingly to be free, were catching the sun.

I stood in the cathedral of Strasbourg. The coloured glass of its Gothic windows, several of which are of the quality of Chartres and Bourges, cast a blurred twilight. It was Holy Week ; and in the twilight a throng of men and women knelt and prayed ; knelt at shrine and confessional, prayed hoarsely in the side chapels, crossed themselves again and again, gave themselves to God. Then I walked countrywards into Alsace, and came to a factory of the goose-fatteners. A red-faced *bourgeois*, and his red-faced wife, perhaps new come from the cathedral, gave me entrance. In a barn, some hundreds of geese stood in their tiny pens, tier upon tier. As we entered, they began to hiss and to puff their necks at us without ceasing. Horror of man showed in their behaviour. Sitting by a table, the red-faced one took a goose on his knees. A small mill stood to his hand ; it was a mill for grinding boiled maize ; a metal tube led from

it, and this tube he thrust far down the bird's throat. Feeding the mill, he began to grind ; and as he ground the goose's crop swelled out, and still out, and its eyes glazed. Still he ground ; still the goose swelled, until it seemed unconscious and was swelled to bursting. This, twice a day, would be its lot for four weeks, when the liver would be diseased and gigantic.

" Don't they hate that ? " I asked him.

Urging the food ever down with his hand, he said in his thick patois : "*They've got to take it !*"

Slow spoken, inexorable words ! " God pity geese, and blast *bourgeois !*" I breathed, and went out into the air.

I was journeying to Cochin, a Raja's capital upon the Malabar Coast. The last miles, in the darkness, led across a lagoon. As I lay back in the boat, the coconut forests were gliding by, silvery in the moonlight ; fairylike islands rose up and faded away, the rowers chanted in a minor key, and no softer night ever fell over India. But I awoke to a dreadful day. In this considerable town, and State, many thousands, but mostly the men, went swollen and loathsome with elephantiasis. It is here a disease in which legs widen hideously below the knees, feet become shapeless masses, and the unsightly victims can hardly drag themselves along ; so repulsive were they, that all that day I scarcely contained my vomit.

I had occasion to go to South-West Africa—that territory we took from the Germans in the Great War. Bartholomew Diaz had been the first European to sail down its barren, rainless coast, where, on a certain headland, he set up a cross. It marked a near-by harbour ; and here, down through the centuries, whalers put in, or some merchant's charter to trade with the Hottentots. In 1890, the territory was annexed by Germany ; the harbour was name Lüderitzbucht, and a township sprang up about it.*

As the years passed, there came great trouble with

*The gist of this appeared in *The Times*.

the natives of this coast, especially with the Herero tribe. The Germans forced their labour ; they rebelled, stealing and killing German cattle, and a war of extermination against them was begun. Lüderitzbucht was the scene of dreadful events. Here took place a massacre of Germans, and here, upon a small island in the bay, the imprisonment and death of many Hereros ; cemeteries, and clumps of graves besides the barren shores, bear witness to these horrors. Hardly had the exterminating of the blacks ceased, when the Great War broke out ; a white army came sailing up from the Cape, and attacked the Germans, and again this barren coast was witness of killing, and of the deadly hates of men.

Meanwhile, the Germans had built a railway across the desert. With the starting of it, there arrived from Germany an inspector of the permanent way. Heaven knows what put it into his head, but he suspected diamonds there from the first. Telling his gang of " Cape Boys " to be on the look-out for bright stones in the sand, himself went scouring the country around. His work suffered ; for months it was frankly neglected ; a reprimand, perhaps dismissal, was on the way. And then a boy brought him the bright stones. They were diamonds—very small, but of the finest water—and were found nine miles along the line, in the sandy grit of the desert.

That was in 1908, when a " rush " set in. The stones were eagerly absorbed by the diamond market, and the field prospered. Lüderitzbucht became a town of 1,000 whites, their houses built on the sand, or perched upon the rocks. Dominating these was a great building which sheltered a gas producing plant ; it developed high power, and drove all the machinery of the diamond-field.

Upon the headland above the town, where Diaz planted the cross, was now a lighthouse. Climbing it, I saw, a mile or two distant, Halifax, a small island.

Its surface appeared black, almost glossy ; the gloss being that of a multitude of penguins, who stood there beside their nests, profoundly reflective. The penguins will attack you if you violate their seclusion. But there is one they do not attack—the island's lonely, elderly keeper, a 'varsity man once, whose face is now red and blotched, and his hands a'tremble.

Consider, upon this desert coast, these sedate, philosophic birds, gravely living their life, preening their coats, enjoying their food, and by their guano adding steadily to the world's wealth. And consider, upon this same coast, these devils known as men. White, black, half-caste, their lives seem one welter of fighting, torturing, killing, one long negation of all that that cross stands for, there on the hill.

Let killing cease, peace momentarily overtake them, and they go mad over glassy pebbles ! These they gloat over, wrap in tissue, deposit in safes ; for these, many of their women will sell themselves body and soul ; and let other men but wander along, seeking their share, and all the fighting will burst out anew. That they are not lunatic, nor raving ; that they must rise at moments to the stars, yonder marvellous gas-and-electric plant bears witness ; but oh ! Sirs, were Human Nature and Penguin Nature along this coast to be put to the vote, the birds have it !

I travelled. I saw. I thought. And my experience grew. How different the real from the ideal ! And the quality of the brain from the emotions ! Beneath the beauty of Nature, everywhere horror lurked. The good in mankind seemed to be equalled by the evil and the littleness, and the joy of the many offset by the misery of the many more. Beauty and Horror ! Good and evil ! Happiness and Misery ! Everywhere in the world there seemed to be Balance—the Opposites—swaying eternally and in ceaseless rhythm between their two poles.

CHAPTER II

A JOURNEY TO TIMBUCTOO

WHEN African travel again became possible after the Great War, I set out with a companion on the long trail to Timbuctoo.* It was here, you will remember, that I was to begin thinking out this book.

The route was going to lie through French territory, and when we landed at Dakar, France's capital in West Africa, her Governor-General placed us under his ægis. I stood with him on his palace tower. Behind us lay the sea, and at a distance of a few miles Cape Verde, with its lighthouse. Before us, dotted with the uncouth baobabs (the Cream of Tartar trees), and all hazy in the heat, stretched the illimitable plain of Senegal.

Said the Governor, with a sweep of his arm, "The territory I administer from here is many times the size of France. We believe it contains twelve million blacks." He might have gone on to say that French Northern Africa contained many millions more, and that French policy had decided, should Germany attack again, that a trained black army would be ready as a second line of defence.

A number of trained Senegalese had been sent to the war. They are a brave people, and fought well; but their biggest hit was with the European women. Like all Arabized blacks, they are very good-looking; while in physique, and strength, they leave the average white man far behind. It was stated that the low-class French and Italian women had gone crazy over them;

* The gist of this appeared in *The Times*.

and from the way they were now elbowing Frenchmen off the Dakar pavements, it seemed as if the statement were true.

A ramshackle railroad, running a weekly passenger train, crossed Senegal, and brought us, seven hundred and fifty miles inland, to Bamako, capital of Upper Senegal, a native city of mud huts, with a French quarter lying beneath avenues of trees. Here, above Bamako, some French Governor had built the palace on a dominating hill, as it were a palace of Rajputana, and when the sun was sinking I walked on the terrace by the hill's brow. Glamour lay over Africa. Bamako, half ringed about with tobacco gardens, was spread below; the plain stretched away to distant hills; and winding silvery across it, lit by the slanting sun, flowed the Niger, now four hundred miles from its source—the river of Mungo Park. He it was, first and greatest of Africa's white explorers, who discovered that source; ten years later he sailed down the river in a canoe, and he was murdered in its lower reaches by the natives.

Bamako is a considerable market, the natives of the region having a fair spending power, and spending freely. During the war, it was attempted to withdraw silver coinage out here, to remit to France, and a paper issue was made, ranging down to a half-franc note. Almost at once, over a vast native region, all silver coins disappeared; Gresham's Law, by which an inferior currency ousts a good one, was operating in the remotest wilds of Africa. I shall show, later on, how Gresham's Law is valid for human beings; how, when inferior people are breeding too freely, the superior ones simply withdraw from the contest.

The Niger was running low. We had come late in the season, and our destination lay six hundred and fifty miles down-river; but the Governor, having promised to get us there, placed a *chaland* at our disposal. Two other *chalands*—a sort of rude house-

boat—carrying officials, were ready to leave, and a *vedette*—a diminutive steamboat, drawing eighteen inches or so—making the last journey of the season, was to tow us all. Engaging a Senegalese cook, buying food, wine and bedding, we got aboard ; and upon a scorching midday we were off.

I lay behind the shutters, reading about the Theory of Relativity. I may even have fallen asleep ; but after five o'clock we threw the shutters open, going out on the *chaland's* prow. The little *vedette* was towing stoutly ; she had already grounded on the shallow bottom, and was to ground many times more. The evening air was utterly mellow. The river flowed like glass ; I judged it half a mile wide. The banks were wooded, a placid and park-like country stretched all around. Could this, I thought, be the Niger, and these placid lands the African wilderness ? But straightway, a hundred yards ahead, two crocodiles slithered into the water ; the native who stood beside me suddenly prostrated himself Meccawards, and prayed ; a canoe laden with black people passed by, and I came back to my bearings. At the dark we tied up. We lay under a high bank, and after supper, wishing to stroll before I slept, I climbed the bank and came upon a halcyon scene. It was the bright African moonlight. Afar, there seemed a forest ; but here, save for a solitary great tree, it was open country. Under the tree a fire burned ; and grouped beside it, the flames playing upon their black faces, stood three shepherds. Around them, clustering in very close, lay more than a thousand cattle, with their calves. They lay silent and placid, every head turned shepherdwards, ruminating, wondering at the flames, drinking in the cool of the night—as it were some pastoral of the long, long ago.

Where we now passed, for some hundreds of miles along this middle Niger, villages lay thickly on each bank. The people are mixed up. You cannot assign one

tribe to this region, another to that ; but the Bambaras appear the dominant tribe. And as you travel Eastward, the Arab blood in them flows always stronger. - All these tribes are Mahomedan. They are not fanatic ; but they pray at the prescribed hours, observe the hygienic rules of Islam, and are better ordered, more self-respecting than the pagans. The *pères blancs*, the French catholic missionaries, have long tried to influence them, but it is admitted that they never secure a convert.

Mahomedanism has spread over Africa almost like fire. There are still a few pagan tribes ; and the so-called Christian Abyssinians ; and the Native-Christian communities in various British possessions ; but speaking broadly, Islam extends to-day from the Mediterranean shore to the Zambesi—and does not look like stopping at the Zambesi ! Christianity, in the opinion of those who know best, is not suited to the African. It tells him the joyful tidings straight away—that he is saved. That is all he needs ; his future observances become outward ones only, and the idea of behaviour—the real guts of Christianity—quite fails to reach him. My own observation, and the overwhelming opinions of the whites who know, is that the African Christian, in these Mahomedan countries, is too often untrustworthy. Mahomedanism, on the contrary, is well suited to the African. He mostly has Arab blood in his veins, and Mahomed was an Arab. Mahomedanism gives him the fine conception of One God ; it disciplines him, and raises his self-respect quite notably ; while its hygienic routine keeps him healthy in the great heat. But the social aspect is the most important of all. The white missionary speaks to the black man as to an inferior ; claims deference, and does not sit with him at meat—although inferring that he may do so in heaven. But the Mahomedan missionary, an Arab perhaps, or one as black as his catechumen, has no caste. He sleeps

in his hut, eats with him, even casts an eye, with a view to marriage, upon the village maidens. "Sup with me, brother," he will exclaim. "Afterwards I will explain the Koran to you ; and to-morrow make offer for your daughter's hand." Can we wonder that Islam has already reached to the Zambesi !

I am not against our white missionaries, as many are. The men and women who go abroad for their faiths, and often suffer great hardships in exile, are generally good and devoted. They have their weaknesses ; with notable exceptions, they are seldom magnetic people, and the women are not beautiful ; as they fail to hold the limelight at home, so they seek it in the wildernesses. They are rarely intellectual ; nor do the vagaries of ten or twelve creeds, each calling itself the True Way, go unnoticed by the astute pagan ; but my summing-up of missionaries, the world over, is in their favour.

The best missionaries I have known, have always been the Jesuits. (Let this be placed to my credit when they make up the Index !) These have been mostly Frenchmen, Belgians, Alsatians and Southern Germans. They are mostly of higher caste and better education than Anglican and Dissenting missionaries, and absolute masters of one or more callings, which they teach thoroughly to their native flock. They go out to their mission and settle there for life ; they live sparingly, don't think about money, never seem to trade for their own gain, and so far as I can judge are the salt of the earth. It annoys missionaries of Protestant sects to be told about the Jesuits, and their mastery of practical trades. Such an one remarked to me :—"I give my people nothing but the gospel." "God help your people !" thought I ; for such repetition, to the native mind, soon loses its meaning ; had he said "nothing but brick-making," or "nothing but carpentering," I should have felt that the Kingdom of Heaven had advanced.

The most interesting region of Africa for missions, is Nyasaland. The tradition comes down through Livingstone, who started there. Curiously, although so venerated by us, he does not seem to have had prestige in the eyes of the natives. His name, in Nyasaland, was "The man with the dog," and few legends cluster round his memory. Livingstone, as I see it, was at heart an explorer, fired by the doings of Mungo Park; potentially he was an empire builder, who helped the British to large chunks of Africa.

Livingstone's mantle, these many years past, has rested on Laws, head of Livingstonia, a mission with a vast territory of its own. I ascended there from Lake Nyasa one daybreak, and came upon him at his labours. He was not praying. A skilled surgeon, he had just operated on a native for African elephantiasis, and had cut away sixty pounds weight of it. I spent the day with the old missionary, for so, by convention, I will call him; but if ever I met a masterful, restless, governing soul, with "empire builder" written all over him, and the management of all Africa if needs were, it was he. Then I spent a day with the head of Blantyre. Of course he was Scotch—the accent oozed from him. But lo! under the disguise of a Presbyterian, another empire builder. All the masterfulness was there; all the *genuis* for affairs; as between two Scots, I parted with a five-pound note. Here was another missionary gone wrong! There are many who can spread the gospel; but few who can sway and govern men.

So long as we send these sort of men to Africa, whether as missionaries, soldiers, or civil servants; and so long as the French send the types of officers and *administrateurs* such as those with whom I came in contact, the white man will retain the loyalty of the African black. The ultimate holding by the whites of Africa, therefore, resolves itself into the word "gentleman"; the alternative is the use of machine-guns.

Upon a small island of Lake Nyasa the Anglicans were established. They were the Universities Mission, and I judged them about as High Church as is possible this side of Rome. They had there, out in the wilds, a bishop, a bearded archdeacon, and some twelve smaller fry, men and women, celibates—a group of kindly gentlefolk, to whom Ritual seemed the breath of life. A large number of native converts had settled on the island. Their presence, and that of the bishop, had demanded a cathedral; and an elegant little cathedral, with red brick walls and a roof of fine native timber, had been built. It was consecrated by the bishop; rich services were held daily; processions of little black choristers, in red robes, filed up and down the aisle; the swell of the organ passed over the waters of Nyasa, and God, the Lover of Ritual, showered down his blessings. Till one day something happened. White ants were found eating the roof of God's cathedral. It looked like falling, and killing the little red choristers; so it was removed, and a hideous galvanised roofing took its place. To the kindly ritualists this had meant nothing at all; but me it interested profoundly. *A bishop had consecrated it!* How dared the white ants! And why had God allowed it? . . . Could it be that He had not cared . . . or was tired of cathedrals . . . or knew nothing about it . . . in fact, carried on by different methods altogether? Whatever the reason, it was more interesting to me than anything on that island.

About this time, somewhere South of Zambesi, a bishop was enthroned, and the eight or ten Anglican bishops of South Africa, there assembled, were photographed. They sat in semicircle, each one grasping his crook; they were mitred, and robed in cloth of gold, and behind each stood a surpliced figure, his chaplain no doubt, with the episcopal appurtenances. The group was rich and mediæval and pagan, and had no bearing whatsoever on the teaching of Jesus Christ, or on the

problems of life. Holding the photograph out, I remember to have thus apostrophised it:—"You pathetic persons! This is the twentieth century, not the twelfth! You are quite fantastically out of touch with reality. The people, their minds seething with modern problems, ask you for comprehension: and you give them—this! That's why men scoff more and more openly, and why your churches are empty. Will you not think it all out?"

The bird life of this Middle Niger is extraordinary. Eagles, vultures, kites, hawks, falcons, and black-and-white crows are everywhere; while innumerable cranes, storks, herons, terns, egrets, ibis, darters, spoonbills, dotterels, waders, plovers and king-fishers, hover eternally over the water, and live, one and all, upon the teeming fish. In certain regions, too, in the early morning and toward sunset, unnumbered thousands of duck, whistling teal, and spurwing geese fly circling round. The natives, like the birds, are great fishers. Where the water was shallow; where there were no crocodiles, and the fish were large and sluggish, we used to see forty or fifty men driving them to the nets. Night after night too, until all hours, they would be wading the river with torches, spearing the fish, while in the distant villages those who remained would be making a night of it, beating their drums till three or four in the morning.

At last the Niger, now a mile wide, makes its great "buckle" to the North, reaches the Sahara, and skirts it awhile. Here the land is sparsely peopled. Such natives as are seen are notably of the Arab cast; the homely negro features have become sharp and clear, the curly hair straight. And then, upon the river's North bank, the stark desert breaks in.

Soon we come to the first encampment of the Touaregs—the desert people. These slender, hawk-like men, doing neither manual work nor tilling, tending

only their flocks of cattle, horses and sheep, are of a strain a little white, a good deal Arab, and no negro at all. Widely dispersed, the same people are to-day, more or less, the Berbers of Morocco, the Kabyle of Algeria, the Bedouin of vast desert stretches ; I have seen them encamped outside Jerusalem and Damascus, and it is my belief they are also the gipsies.

The gipsies ! Even as I viewed these first tents, some nerve in my memory was touched. At the last Lammas Fair (would it be the year 1879 ?), held on the moorland under the Eildon Hills, a little boy had wandered up the day before it to take stock. Many gipsies had arrived, and pitched their tents. He remembered the slovenly, comfortless air of these, their low heights, their peculiar tilt, the swarthy occupants ; and here they were again to the life, on the Middle Niger, at the very first Touareg encampment ! And then we came to Kabara, our landing-place.

There arrived with us the officer commanding in Haut-Senegal, and a new *administrateur*, with their wives. To welcome them, the Commandant of Timbuctoo, with the half-dozen French officers stationed there, rode up after sunrise. Welcoming us too, he indicated that we were his guests. As our procession took to the desert, a squadron of black Senegalese Lancers, in their gay red tunics, headed it. The two French colonels, with my companion, a British colonel, rode next. Amid many straggling horsemen, the two ladies were carried in chairs, ten bearers to each. The servants followed, with not less than fifty asses, laden with baggage, while another squadron of lancers brought up our rear. It was heavy going in the sand.

After an hour, on a slight rise ahead, a low brown town was seen. It was Timbuctoo. Why did it lie out in the desert, and not on the bank of the Niger ? The answer was given when our cavalcade came to a small, natural canal, winding from the river to the

town; there it ended, and there the founder of Timbuctoo had chosen its site.

An hour later we reached the outskirts. No such distinguished visitors had arrived in years, and the populace had assembled to do us honour. Native horsemen, on their caparisoned Arabs, galloped by, shrilly greeting us; and where we passed up the slight rise, the notables, in their long white or blue gowns, stood grouped. They saluted us profoundly, bowing their foreheads to the ground. Then the romantic music of pipes broke out, and the beating of desert drums; these throbbing a furious repetitive until long after we had reached our quarters.

In the records of Africa, Timbuctoo comes into being in A.D. 1087—the year William the Conqueror died. A woman, probably of the Touaregs, seems to have been its founder; and her name was Tombouctu—"She of the knotted navel." The site she chose lay out in the Sahara, where that little canal ended; desert sand and mimosa thorns lay all around.

Yet the site of Timbuctoo was its making. Every caravan which crossed the Sahara made for it; while a fleet of great canoes, assembled at its back door, carried the caravan goods to the furthest ends of the Niger. It seems to have reached its zenith in the fifteenth century, when the population, a blend of many Arab and negro tribes, possibly amounted to seventy thousand. It was a holy city; at one period its school of theology was famous in Islam, and scholars and holy men repaired there from as far as Fez and Tripoli.

At no time did Timbuctoo produce things—not even its food. It was merely the forwarding station. One commodity, however, it has sponsored for hundreds of years—salt. Along the Niger, and in those countries to the South, there is no salt. But in the heart of the Sahara, on the caravan route to Morocco,

there is a solid belt of it for many miles. Twice a year, for centuries, the merchants of Timbuctoo have sent their camels to Taodenni ; they were manned by slaves ; who hewed the salt, trimmed it into bars, and brought the laden camels back to Timbuctoo ; whence their loads were distributed to the ends of the Niger.

Timbuctoo, then, was just the forwarding station—the Clapham Junction of Africa. And the goods it specialised in, and forwarded with most profit, were slaves. The caravans from Fez and Marrakesh, from Tunis and Ghadames and Tripoli, brought dates and sugary goods, cottons, silks and scents, books, and all the more easily carried merchandise of Europe ; they conveyed back quills of gold from Guinea, ivory, gum, all sorts of vegetable fats ; but the prime product of the region, a business mainly in Arab hands, were the negro slaves, captured and brought up from the South.

First and last, many million slaves must have passed through Timbuctoo, and its toll upon them, a capitation fee as it were, enriched the town for centuries. A toll was also levied by the Touaregs ; no caravan was given safe passage across the desert except for value received.

It is customary for white men to think of slavery with horror. Are we sure that the African blacks—the slaves themselves—thought that way ! I have told how the “opposites”—the balancing factors—seem to appear everywhere ; you will find they were not absent from slavery.

This Relativity I have been reading, is not wedded to things like absolute standards. My judgment, or yours, about slavery, is one thing ; the judgment of the average slave is sure to be different, and not at all what we should imagine. The African black never had our nervous system. An admirable creature in many ways, he is yet cruel and callous ; and the cruelty and callousness inherent in slavery therefore, when felt in his own person, were astonishingly mitigated.

As the creature of his tribal chief, even of his village headman, he never knew our type of freedom; I am not sure he even wanted it; and to one inured to heat, sweat, vermin, malaria, "smelling out," tribal war, and precarious old-age, slavery must often have supervened with little shock. Indeed, careful treatment of slaves, who represented a cash value, must have been the normal thing—at least, of young slaves; and when they had become old, human nature being everywhere the same, they had probably so often endeared themselves—as nurses, as body servants, as friends and confidants of the family—that they were at least tolerated. Millions of slaves, without any doubt, especially at Arab hands, at times suffered misery; but millions must have been reasonably content, and probably happy.

When the Americans abolished slavery, they showed immense emotional excess, which included a Civil War, but no forethought whatsoever. The slaves were freed. But having now to compete with white labour, and with the lower-class whites in general, they became exposed to such fierce racial hate, and such disabilities, which still continue, that the good done by Abolition has been easily balanced by the evil. I shall return to this particular question again.

Abolition in the West Indies turned out more happily for the blacks. Their owners were compensated, and did not become hostile. The freed slaves were able to acquire the land; nor had they to face competition with white labour. Finally, they became the wards of a kindly, though despotic white government: their happiness was manufactured for them. Where they have tried, being freed, to govern themselves, as in Hayti and in Liberia, they have failed, and been unhappy; the black man is no ruler, and was probably meant to be ruled from the beginning.

Early in the nineteenth century, Timbuctoo received

its death-blow. Slavery had been abolished ! To the outer world, the ruin of this remote and almost fabulous place was not to be revealed for a long time ; but the great caravans of twelve or fifteen thousand camels came no more, and the population dwindled steadily away. When the French arrived, in 1894, they found some eight thousand inhabitants ; and not more than five thousand was now its figure. It lay, too, in dilapidation ; it had been a town of mud at the best of times, but much of this was now collapsed in shapeless heaps.

A fierce sun beat down by day, but there was glamour over the desert at dawn and dusk, and the nights, at this season, were cool. Timbuctoo is not unhealthy. Its people, stark black though they be, looked wholesome, with healthy children, and few beggars ; nor was it a foul and stinking place, as the towns of Islam so often are. I entered Timbuctoo's upper school. In the dim light of windowless rooms, the students worked at Arabic and French and arithmetic ; their black faces were keen, and the black faces of their teachers were good. I talked with their chief, a Frenchman, who had lived here twenty-five years. Trained as a *père blanc*, he broke his vows, married a woman of the country, and raised a family. He was now venerable looking, with a long beard, and his treasured possession a folio, in which he had concentrated all the lore of the Sahara. " Do you," I asked him, " despite the heat, and the sand, and the remoteness, like Timbuctoo ? "

" Yes, I do," he answered in his beautiful French. " One must live out his life somewhere. I am happier here than in Europe. I have my work. I never go out in the sun. Of an evening, my friend the *Kabia* (the native magistrate) often visits me. We sit on the roof and talk ; if the night is hot, they carry my bed there."

In the terms of my promise, made beside the Australian shore, my thoughts were now shaping themselves. That the subject of this book would be the minds and bodies of men, and their reactions, I had known ; but that the African wilderness should be adding subtly to the material, I had not expected. The old Frenchman though, lying awake on his roof, would have known this.

I got a sunstroke at Timbuctoo. On the return journey up-river, a journey of twenty-six days, I lay on my mattress. But I could see. And I could think. Opening the shutters, I watched the innumerable birds of the river feeding on its fish. Nature here, as ever, was pitiless, and the taking of life was woven into the very web of things. And life itself, I saw so clearly, was but a flicker, an evanescence. At intervals came the cook, to kill a fowl or a duck. He cut off the head, and the carcass, after convulsive bounds, lay still. When our crew had poled well, and we were tied up for the night beside a village, we bought them a sheep. They would cut its throat ; and presently it, too, after some contorting, lay still. These men, a pagan tribe, were of the lowest negroid type ; their faces, as they sat gloating round the meat, were purely animal. Let *their* throats be cut—death come to them in any form—and the trivial flickering out of the fish, the fowls, the sheep would but be repeated. That they had souls ; that a divine emanation left their bodies at the moment of death, seemed unthinkable.

And *we* ? . . . of the same clay, of the same order, in the grip of the same Laws . . . was a certain subtlety of brain, a certain refinement of living, going to exempt *us* ? Laws were Laws ! As I lay there, face to face with things, those Niger boatmen were poling me into uncharted waters.

CHAPTER III

NATURE AND EVOLUTION

I

WE come now to our subject-matter proper ; to the deep problems of the present and the future, of Man and his meaning.

The first of these I take, and that one which has made deepest impression on me, is Nature—the living world—so lovely on the surface, so reeking with horror and wantonness beneath it. The beauty is there for all who have eyes ; and surely to me, of all men, it has been revealed. The horrors lie deeper ; but everywhere I have seen them too. It is of the world-wide horrors of Nature I am first going to write.

* * * * *

A clergyman stands at his study door. It gives upon a lawn green with the greenness of the English June, and upon a garden bright with flowers and banked by old trees. The sun is shining ; the air is mellow ; the freshness of the morning is there ; many birds are a'twitter, and a thrush pours forth his rich song. The clergyman's being expands to the ecstasy of it all ; drinking in the air again and again, at last he stretches his arms out to so much beauty, and declaims Pippa's song :—

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hillside's dew-pearled
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world !

Magic words ! And beguiling not theologians only.

But *is* all right with the world? The clergyman's little daughter joins him. Her head is swathed as with a bandage; she has got ringworm, and all her hair has been shaved off. The thrush has ceased to sing. Alighting on the lawn, he has seized a worm in his beak, and is eating it. A hen, with her chickens, crosses the grass; they peck as they go; and at many a peck some little insect dies. A number of spiders' webs are glistening; in one of them prey has been caught, and the spider swings himself along to kill it. There is a swoop—a swish of wings! A hawk has dived, seized a chicken, and flown away. The clergyman, too late, runs forward; unwittingly, he has trodden to nothingness a number of industrious ants. He returns to the study. The flies are troublesome there; they would be worse, were it not for the fly-paper on the table, to which some hundreds of dead ones are sticking. Another sort of fly, he remembers, is destroying the budding fruit; he will go out presently and kill them by spraying. Where, he wonders, can the gardener be? Then he remembers he will be absent that morning; his wife has developed a cancer of the breast, and he has taken her to see a doctor.

Our clergyman is a good and kindly man; but he has never observed, never had to think. Not one of these nine happenings, although occurring in the space of one minute, and revealing disease, suffering and utmost waste of life, causes him a moment's thought. Why should it? They are everyday happenings, and he has been taught that he must not question them. His ecstatic mood is still upon him, and he sits at his desk. Next Sunday his sermon will deal with *Creation*—a world set apart for man and beast, and radiating love. He will tell how our going out and our coming in is ordered How all things work together for good That the very hairs of our head are numbered, and not a sparrow falls unconsidered to the ground. Surely an unmeaning rigmarole? Just

empty words from the time of our fathers' fathers, and a blind man leading the blind.

What goes on in the clergyman's garden, happens, too, on a far vaster scale, in every nook and corner of the world.

The seas of the world cover an area two and one half times greater than the land. We love the seas, think of them as romantic, always varying, leading to far countries; nor have the poets ever tired of their waves, of the surf breaking eternally on the shore. But beneath their surface, from end to end, the seas are one vast charnel-house. They teem with life; and that life, whether it be, let us say, the walrus eating the seal, the seal gulping the salmon, the salmon feeding on the immature herring, the herring taking the minnow, and the minnows sucking in the larvæ, feeds to great extent upon itself—the larger, swifter, and fiercer upon the smaller and the more defenceless. It is true that there is vast vegetable matter in the seas, and that the lower forms of sea-life feed upon this; but the higher forms kill each other for food, and fish eat fish, to an extent far beyond our calculation. The most knowledgeable, most pessimistic of men, gazing out over the sea, can only faintly picture the horrors beneath its surface—the panics, the flights, the tearing of flesh by cruel teeth, and the immense loss of life every moment of the day and night.

Amphibians and reptiles, living beside the seas and rivers, no doubt because we often see their acts, seem even more horrible. Crocodiles and alligators, on land, bring their victims low with a sweep of the tail. On the Congo, we frightened a crocodile away from an ox it had brought down and dragged to the water's edge. In Brazil I saw the electric eels. Lying in wait in the swamps, they surround a beast bogged in the mud, and by repeated discharges shock it to death. In these swamps, too, are leeches, which fasten imper-

ceptibly on flesh and suck in their victim's blood. I have seen the tentacles of the octopus sucking, and the claws of crustaceans closing on their living prey. On many a tropic shore I have watched some colony of land-crabs. These sit at the mouth of their holes, their telescopic eyes on the alert. They are looking for food ; and that food is often some smaller crab than themselves, which has ventured too far from its hole ; in a flash they have rushed out, grasped it, crushed its shell, and dragged the palpitating body to their lair. There are myriads of these loathsome types all around the seas.

So much for the waters. As for the air, we find the birds are also loved by poets and men ; their song, their beauty, their vision and swiftness and seasonal migrations causing in us never-ending interest and delight. But study their instincts, and their food. You will find very many sorts of birds live mainly by taking life, and many other sorts do so whenever they can. Have you ever looked into a seagull's eye ? It is the most remorseless thing you will ever see. I have described the extraordinary bird life of the Middle Niger, where every known variety seemingly, and in vast numbers, gorge their fill upon the fish. I have told of a million pelicans gulping down fish off the coast of Peru ; larger fish, also seeking food, had driven this shoal into the shallows, where the birds, signalled there from hundreds of miles away, were waiting. A pelican's pouch, adapted through a million years of fish-eating, has become the most perfect receptacle for a pound-and-a-half fish that you can imagine. I think of the circles of *aasvogels* on the Transvaal highveld, watching a dying ox ; of the vultures on the Towers of Silence, who assemble as they see a funeral wending up Malabar Hill ; of the Kea parrots in New Zealand, which alight on sheep, unerringly plunge their beaks into their backs, and kill them in order to enjoy the rich fat which surrounds their kidneys ; of the joyous feathered excitement anywhere

as a flight of locusts passes by; of the colonies of minahs in the South Seas, putting to death all other birds in the vicinity, and of the commoner tragedies of the clergyman's lawn, seen daily on every lawn and countryside in the world. Even that multitude of intelligent penguins, living so sedately on Halifax, draw their life and sustenance from killing fish.

The birds render us much service by killing insect pests. But why does Nature create vast quantities of insects to be killed, or leave the killing of them to birds? My point is that the instincts of the birds are remorseless; like the fish, they too are steeped to the eyes in murder.

Now we come to the solid earth.

Firstly, there is the vast vegetable kingdom—life of its own sort, and glowing nearly always with beauty. Here, as elsewhere, only the law of the jungle exists. There is deadly struggle for soil, moisture, and sunshine. There is prodigious waste; a thousand seeds may be shed by a parent-plant, where but one is able to, or will, take root and survive. And that survivor, if it be, say, an oak, will thrust aside, oust, and finally kill a thousand weaker and smaller plants as it expands to gianthood and full personality. The adapted plant will live; the unadapted will be killed by it. It is so throughout the world of vegetation; on any small plot of foliage, even on our clergyman's smiling lawn, the war of plant against plant is being waged day and night. Over and above all this, plant life is swept by blights and fungus, by parasitic growths, by slug and insect pests, so that continuous warfare against these other enemies must be waged. A number of plants eat insects; but such retaliation is not appreciable. The truth is that if plants could speak, or the forests groan aloud for what goes on in their depths, a volume of heartrending sound would rise from the green places of the earth.

The beasts, like the fishes, the birds, the plants, have been furnished with the same old instincts—

to kill or be killed, eat or be eaten, and live at the expense of the weaker. It is true that many kinds of animals do not kill. Some kinds seem put there to be killed ; and would have been, but that Man has preserved them for his own needs. Many others are simply pests ; but the amount of carnage among animals, by animals, in order to provide food, is appalling.

Watch with me two scenes. In the first it is the Arctic winter, and the sun has risen for one fleeting hour. A polar bear sits patiently beside a hole in the ice ; a seal, sooner or later, will rise to the hole for air, and the bear will kill it. A mile away, a pure white fox steals across-country ; to-night his nose will lead him to a covey of white ptarmigan, crouched in the snow, and he will eat two of them for his supper. When he has lain down, a wolf will spring upon him, and there will be no more fox.

The second scene is this game track, in the tropical Congo bush. At daylight, a lion slew his buck there ; to-morrow on this spot, a python, winding its coils round a young pig, will swallow it whole.

The killing by the smaller animals, and by the army of insects, is on the vastest scale, and their lethal weapons are most gruesome. Snakes fascinate their victims with their eyes ; they reserve their poison till attacked. The weasel tribe go for the throat. Scorpions and their like sting to death. The vampire, like the leech, sucks blood ; its gullet is so narrow that only blood can pass down. Spiders spin a web, and then lie in wait. After the sexual act, many female spiders eat the males ; while the female mantis eats the male during the act. In Natal, I have seen hornets build nests in my room ; stinging then, other insects, which they paralysed, they filled their nests with them, and only killed them as fresh food was required. In many parts of the tropics there are vast armies of killing ants ; setting out across-country, these will eat every living thing in their way. Especially do they enjoy

wiping out the colonies of working ants, which are perhaps the most admirable insects we know of. Ichneumon flies lay their eggs in living bodies. The *tsetse* fly, and certain types of mosquitoes, feeding on blood, introduce parasites, which kill animals and men on a gigantic scale.

Man, head of all the animals, is also the chief killer. Nature having woven killing into the very web of things, he needs must kill, and on a vast scale, for food, for clothing, for protection, for keeping pests in check. Unfortunately he does not stop there. He kills for ornaments—kills such as elephants, furred animals, egrets and birds of paradise. He kills for sport—shoots pigeons and game of all sorts. The leisured classes kill for pure wantonness—sometimes a thousand pheasants or rabbits of a morning—just as, for wantonness, the Canadian Indians slaughter the caribou by hundreds for their tongues. For pure love of killing, I have seen white men, from the deck of a Congo steamer, putting bullets into the harmless hippopotami, just as I have often seen children kill flies and moths by tearing off their wings. If men must kill, why not concentrate upon noxious things like house flies and mosquitoes; and make expeditions abroad to kill snakes, or the young locusts before they can do damage. Men kill each other on an enormous scale. But while animals kill each other for food, men kill each other for ideas, human flesh not being tasty. It is true that men eat men occasionally; but they are mostly eaten as a cannibal rite, their power and prowess supposedly passing to those who eat them.

In this survey of Nature's killing for food, we must remember that among the simpler organisms there is no fear, and little or no pain. But just how simple need they be? A lobster is said to "shriek" when plunged into boiling water. A rabbit's scream is familiar to any poacher. Those geese at Strasbourg not only knew pain but fear. Among the more complex organisms, pain is more acute, and it is

precisely amongst these that so much killing goes on. A gazelle in the grip of a leopard ; a dove pierced by a hawk ; or a seal being dispatched by a polar bear, while not suffering as we should suffer, must experience anguish. I need say no more about this aspect of Nature—the killing for food. But it is well-nigh universal, and the sum of it, since life was life, must be far beyond our computation.

If the killing throughout Nature shocks, Nature's appalling waste of life, through over-production is even more shocking.

Everywhere, at Nature's urge, life swarms into being and sentience ; and everywhere, because there is neither room nor need for it, it is swept away in masses to death. One can understand creatures killing each other for food ; but that Nature should blot out wholesale the life it has brought into being, is beyond understanding. The world being chock-full of plant and animal life, there is just room for any two parents to produce two offspring to take their place ; but let us see what really happens. We talked of a plant shedding a thousand seeds—a thousand potential new plants. A thousand in Nature is trivial ; there are many species which produce tens of thousands. How long, given opportunity, does it take for two rabbits or rats or mice to become ten thousand ? There are creatures which spawn millions of eggs, where but two solitary eggs on the average survive. The female codfish, for example, spawns two million eggs a year. A couple of 'American oysters will produce twenty millions of their species. The conger eel spawns fifteen million eggs—eggs that are swept straight into the void, or sucked down some voracious throat for food. The female of the boll-weevil gives birth to twelve million weevils a year ; the female sea-urchin produces twenty millions ; so large a reptile as an alligator numbers its young by hundreds ; a queen

bee in her breeding season lays over two thousand eggs daily, and the birth-waste of thousands and thousands of species is equally fantastic.

On Lake Nyasa, I used to see black smoke-clouds rising. These were formed by myriads of flies—flies born upon the water, growing, rising for a brief hour, pursued by an army of hungry birds, dissipated by the winds, disappearing and dying almost as you watched. In the neighbouring Rhodesia, after heavy rain, I saw beside each old tree a white cloudlet. These were formed of flying ants, which issued in countless numbers from their nests, rose into the air, hovered a while, shed their uncouth wings, collapsed, died, or became the sport of their enemies.

In the tropics, say in India in the rains, or on a Congo boat, you have but to light a lantern, and leave it burning; by morning some thousands of insects will be lying round it, burnt, or dashed to death because of a faulty instinct. Why, I always keep saying to myself, why these unwanted and wasted myriads? And truly fantastic, when it comes to birth-waste, is Man. A woman is impregnated with one single sperm; but Nature causes the man to use many millions of sperms for the act.

Nature's vagaries are no less mystifying than its wantonness. When it evolved something fit or seemly, something malign, to attack that, was also evolved. For example, cattle and horses were produced, and rich pastures for them to crop; but at the same time such things as the tick and the bot and the fluke (glanders being a bacterial disease) to fasten upon them, suck their blood, or undermine their stamina, and often drag them down to death. It may be argued that a tick has as much right to existence as a cow. If we were tick-eaters, and not beef-eaters, we should certainly say it had. But the point is this: when a cow, surely a fine product of Nature, is being dragged down to death by ticks, a loathsome product of Nature, does Nature approve, or disapprove, or does it not care?

Again, it may be argued that the modern types of cow and horse are Man's artificial breeds, not adapted in Nature, and that Nature is only taking its revenge on Man. But the reply to this is that the tick and the bot and every other malign organism in Nature were in existence, and doing their dirty work, before Man arrived on the scene.

I will continue the list of vagaries which occur to me. The grape, king of all fruits, issues from Nature's workshop; and with it phylloxera, the vine-lice, to blight and kill it. The apple, another superb fruit, also issues, and with it the codling moth. The potato is started on its course; and also the Colorado beetle, to kill it. The cotton pod appears; then the boll-weevil steps in, whose speciality is to feed on the pod and ruin it. Fine timber grows to maturity, and is cut when perhaps a century old; but in many countries white-ants and borers appear, whose special instinct is to eat and honeycomb the wood, so that it rots. In dry countries, irrigation furrows bring in water, and rich crops of grain and alfalfa grow upon the desert; but often I have seen flights of locusts, desert-born, settle on these crops, and leave not a vestige behind. Certain animals, Man amongst them, are given nails; and jiggers are created, whose instinct is to burrow down behind the nails and lay their eggs; which often cause festering, and at least the loss of the nail. Teeth, in the same way, which are not only useful but an ornament, are attacked by pyorrhœa, and drop out. Fine crops of hay mature, a beneficence to graziers; and at the same time comes hay-fever, a torture to many an innocent person. In the South Seas, Nature has placed fine coconut groves; but also voracious rats, who have learned to climb the trees and eat the young nuts. Where grain is stored, Nature seems to place mice to eat it; and the more grain there is, the more mice. During the Great War, millions of sacks of wheat, the property of Britain,

were collected in Australia awaiting shipment. And there came, almost overnight as it were, a plague of mice—millions of mice—eating and ruining the grain. Trappers used to kill ten thousand in a night, and one day's killing yielded half a ton of dead mice. People in Australia began to ask if Nature was pro-German. Nature created (amongst many others) the microbes of yellow and malarial fevers; then two obscure varieties of mosquito, *Stegomyia* and *Anopheles*, were pressed into service, to act as hosts to the germs, and carry them broadcast, which they did to perfection. The mosquito, except in its own eyes, serves no useful purpose; yet the amount of torture mosquitoes have caused to animals (and incidentally to men) is stupendous. They are not limited to the tropics, and night-time. In summer, far northern countries become nearly unbearable because of them; you dare not venture out without gauze veil and gloves. On the fringe of the Arctic, I have often had mosquitoes settle on me by the thousand, and I have seen them drive the Eskimo dogs nearly mad. In the mosquito, and the sandfly, useless creatures, yet inflicting vast misery, you see Nature as soulless.

Another feature in Nature we cannot understand, is its encouragement of those degenerate types, the parasites. They rarely seem to serve any purpose useful to their host; yet Nature allows hundreds of different kinds to live permanently in the blood and tissue of animals, while in Man, whether as the itch, or in tape-worms, which can grow to many feet in length, they are no less prolific. If we add to the parasites such other types as variola, tubercle, ring-worm and hydrophobia, as well as lice, maggots, earwigs, centipedes, fleas, bed-bugs, clothes-moths, and the common house-fly which makes its home in ordure, we realise that the disgusting among Nature's *protégés* are legion.

Nature's champion vagary is Man himself. Having

brought him to being, and raised him very high. Nature seems doing its utmost to drag him down again, and torture him. Quite aside from diseases of childhood and old age, or those due to vicious habits and recklessness, we are beset by many and diabolical ills, wanton products of Nature, which cause untold suffering and death out of due season. Cancer, most dreadful of diseases, is increasing. Diseases of the heart and nervous system are increasing. Spinal meningitis, rather seems to be increasing. Epidemics of the plague and of influenza are sweeping away millions. In a village of Malaya, which I visited during the plague, thirty or more dead Chinamen lay each morning out in the streets. Sleeping sickness has ravaged fearfully. I have seen its victims range from old men to chubby boys of eight. In the Congo, and around Victoria Nyanza, I saw large regions cleared of human beings, and its victims in my time run into millions. "Sleepy" sickness, a different disease, also increases. In its grip, I have read, young people undergo change in their moral nature, and unless truly cured, may remain permanently more or less debased. The coloured races keep losing millions in epidemics. Diseases mild to us, but severe to them, like measles, scarlet fever and whooping-cough, from time to time decimate them, and consumption is always making its world-wide ravages. Why did Nature think out asthma, or that ghoulisn thing leprosy? Untold numbers of lepers have died in anguish. Why did it think out the hook-worm, and so bring depression and futility upon generations of the poor Southern Whites. Why, above all, did Nature think out the bacteria—the many kinds of good bacteria which often save our lives, and the many kinds of bad which draw a fearful toll. We have seen how the germs of yellow-fever and malaria are carried; these the scientists have located; but many others remain, probably ultra-microscopic, the deadliest enemies of the human race.

And why, when Nature attacks Man, should it attack capriciously? In the Kuchin tribe, in the Shan States, I saw that every woman was hideously goitrous, and not one man. What had the Kuchin women done? In the state of Cochin, in India, a multitude of the men have elephantiasis—that ghastly swelling of legs and feet—and far fewer of the women. What have the men done in Cochin?

Diseases of the glands, especially of the ductless glands, come under the head of Nature's caprices. These seem frequently to secrete too much or too little, for no apparent reason, but with disastrous results. If you see a poor uncouth creature, with great hands and feet, his pituitary gland has secreted in excess. If your thymus gland persists after childhood, as it occasionally does, your moral character may go to pieces, and there is quite a chance that you become a criminal.

I believe with it all—with all the hideous array of diseases he is faced with—that Man is destined to stamp out many of the untoward and wanton ones, and to die, in the future, much more often from peaceful old-age; but the struggle with Nature, before that comes about, will be a tremendous one.

Yet many people think of Nature as actively benevolent—as Man's best friend; a view contradicted by all we have been considering, and due to a too vague use of the word.

By others, Nature is spoken of as being just; as being merciless only to those who outrage its laws. Retribution certainly comes to those; but Nature's victims, such as we have been recording, are innocent victims almost from beginning to end. What had the men done in Cochin? Or the victims of sleepy sickness? Or the lepers? Or the little sparkling fishes? Or those admirable working ants?

Other people, who are not ignorant, picture Nature as having early reached a state of internal harmony, and

as only showing fight when interfering Man appeared on the scene. How the killing for food, the struggle amongst millions of offspring for survival, and the continuous blotting out of life could be called "harmony," is difficult to grasp ; but there is no doubt that the coming of Man, with his increasing fancy breeds of animals and plants, roused Nature against him to the uttermost, and that a deadly war must be waged for ever and ever between the two.

II

The indictment of Nature could have been amplified ; but I have let it rest mainly on things seen by myself. It is easy for the unobservant, and those who do not think, to tell us we must not question such things ; those of us who have seen, and have been given reflecting brains, cannot but question them. We can all agree about one thing : Nature has achieved the marvellous. Not for one moment would I deny that. But the question I am always putting myself is this : " All methods being at Nature's hand, why did it choose the ways of cruelty and wantonness ? Was the marvellous only to be achieved by killing and flinging aside ? "

Humanity has been taught to believe that God, Creator of the Universe, is behind Nature ; that Nature was even created for the use and enjoyment of Man. The logical thinker, on the contrary, who has seen Nature's ways, is driven to an entirely different conclusion. He says, in effect, that Nature has just happened. That it may be merely a gigantic accident. That there is no beneficent force behind it. And that a man has no more standing in Nature's eyes than a cockroach.

Along those lines of thought, Nature becomes understandable ; and the nightmare of God, the Divine Essence, lending Himself to Nature's horrors, and even thinking them out, passes away. Do not imagine me denying God. But I see now that His is the purely

spiritual universe, where is neither killing for food, nor deadly struggle for survival.

Having considered the cruelty and wantonness in Nature, and its hostility toward us, you must wonder how Man worked his way up, in spite of it all, to the headship of things. Let me give you a sketch of what seems to have been his history.

We must go back quite a long way. When the architect of the inchoate—of space, time, and rushing winds of protons and electrons—declared things open for business, it was found that the force we call Nature proceeded to take charge. Presently a second force was realised to be at work. It was a blind, unconscious thing, related to Nature, yet working almost entirely on its own, and was to become known as Evolution. Its great speciality was moulding things, or somehow inspiring things to mould each other. For example, it inspired the electrons to whirl in the same direction, and the protons to whirl with them.

Many æons passed. The electrons and the protons had whirled themselves into solid matter. In the next phase, this particular world of ours had broken off, and was whirling in its own orbit ; it was cooling fast, and the oceans condensing around it. Evolution, in its blind, unconscious way, seemed somehow responsible for it all.

More æons passed. The world had become cold. Matter had formed into all sorts of rocks, and their molecules were seen to be extremely complex. Amongst the most complex were the crystals ; Evolution owned a superb collection of these, over which it kept eternally brooding.

A few aeons more, then came the great event. A minute organism appeared. It was just a cell—nothing to look at. But it divided into two ! And the two into four ! *It was Life* ; and Evolution, the blind, unconscious process, had apparently done the trick again !

Agnes continued to pass. But Life, which had now

taken up the running, burgeoned in the most extraordinary manner. It evolved, through these ages, from the one-celled to the multi-celled ; from the simple to the highly complex ; into greenery and movement which covered the earth ; and after an infinite period, into things like a giraffe or a peacock's tail. Nature supplied the raw materials. Evolution, the unconscious force, kept moulding them, polishing them, elaborating them, and getting rid of all the failures in the most callous way imaginable.

It had to. When the world had become chock-full of plant and animal life ; when, at the urge of Nature, every two parents in every species, produced ten or a thousand or a million more offspring than could be provided for, a gigantic, unconscious struggle set in among the progeny. This was not one species eating another for food. It was a struggle between brothers and sisters and cousins in each family, whether they were herrings, or rabbits, or artichokes, whether they were a few individuals in excess, or a few millions, for survival.

All except the merest fraction had to die, or be killed. But seeing they had to die, a process of comparing and rejecting, by which the best adapted were singled out to survive and carry on the breed, came into being on a gigantic scale ; and that process again was part of Evolution.

Amongst the innumerable offspring, although Heredity was the dominant note, all sorts of variations were always occurring. For that matter, they occur still ; we see one rare shade in a bed of flowers, one black lamb in a flock, one dwarflet in a plate of mature shrimps. These variations were a main factor in the process. Many of them were useful to their owners ; if a fish, for example, spawned two million eggs, and one egg among these was of an unusual colour, another fish, eating the rest of the eggs for its supper, might overlook this one, and it would escape.

In Evolution's eyes that had become a good egg. It grew up into a fish, had two million eggs of its own, and among them perhaps twenty of the unusual colour, all of which were able to survive. The unusual colour, in time, would win out in the struggle, and become a standard variety; whilst the egg that attracted notice, according to Evolution's inexorable requirements, would disappear for ever.

A variation in colour, unfavourable to its owner, suggested itself to me in a snowstorm in Alaska, where I nearly trod upon a covey of ptarmigan, in their white winter plumage, crouched in the snow. A few feet distant they were undiscoverable. But supposing one of these, by variation, to retain its darker summer feathers, it would be quickly descried by its enemies and gobbled up.

Variations were of all conceivable sorts. If they helped species to adapt, they were good, and survived; if they hindered them from adapting, both species and variation were liable to disappear. There was "survival of the fittest" for many, struggle and death for many more; it was all merciless, but in the long run it made for perfection—and again it was Evolution. Some organisms did not evolve. Some degenerated, like the parasites. But ultimately the great majority of plants and animals, numbering millions, were evolved and perfected out of all recognition.

More æons passed. There had been a session of the Gods in Valhalla, where Æolus had remarked: "There's something in the wind! Evolution's brooding over the simians, as it used to brood over the crystals."

When Æolus spoke of anything as "in the wind," he had professional information. Not more than a thousand generations after that, at a crowded meeting of gods, a paper was read on a new sort of animal. It was stated to be of the ape type, but ever so much more sagacious, and readily adapting itself to things.

The lecturer predicted that it would become the leader of the animal world.

And so Man appeared. He resembled the anthropoid apes, which also appeared about that time ; but as the lecturer had remarked, he was ever so much more sagacious and adaptable. He kept evolving, too, at a furious pace. In one hundred thousand generations he hardly looked a monkey. In one hundred thousand generations more he had become a well-advanced man, using weapons, drawing pictures on his cave walls, and taking his mate out for an airing.

The rest is plain sailing. When Man's body seemed to have reached finality, Evolution commenced moulding his brain ; and this change, although invisible, was far the greatest of all. Man simply left other living things standing at the post. He became separated from them by a mental gulf. Not only did he become their unquestioned master ; he turned the plant and animal world into his private preserve. He now knows more about them than Nature ever knew, and keeps improving on Nature all along the line. His character is still unstable ; but his intellect pierces time and space. It has already produced Newton. With his faithful Evolution at his elbow, there is no saying where he may eventually end.

That, briefly, seems to be the history of Man. His pedigree is supported by an immense amount of evidence, and disproved, so far as one can see, by none at all. The last link in it—the link between the animal world and Man—we all recognise as the most important ; let us go into it in detail.

Much more than a million years ago, when all life was struggling for survival and precedence, an ape-like creature seems to have taken first place. Why, we do not know ; perhaps it was his way of handing nuts.

At any rate he got into Evolution's direct stream, and never looked back. His descendants soon began

changing, a very little in each generation, and after many generations evolved into those earliest men. And those earliest men evolved, very slowly but quite naturally, into us.

There are millions of people who don't believe this. Their official representatives, as it were, are certain theologians, conning their mythologies, who tell us that Man cannot have risen from a speck of protoplasm, or from the animal world, or risen at all, because he suffered a headlong fall instead, and became defiled. That is mediæval nonsense; such theology, of course, has nothing to do with true religion. On the contrary, Man has risen up out of the slime to the highest place in Nature; he looks like rising a great deal higher, and we ought to feel extraordinarily proud of him.

Those who refuse to see the likeness between Man and the higher apes (or between Man and hundreds of the animals), are beyond reasoning with. For those, however, who feel that Evolution *must* be the key, but desire evidence, let us consider some of the "vestiges" which link up Man with his ancestors. He is not descended from any ape we know to-day; but he on one side, and the anthropoid apes on the other, seem to be collateral descendants of a species now extinct.

Man's whole anatomy, with the same nervous system, with the several hundred identical bones and muscles, the same teeth, the same constitution of the blood, and many other organs, are similar to the anthropoid ape's. In the womb, the earlier fœtus of Man is not only similar to an ape's but indistinguishable from a pig's, a calf's, or a rabbit's, with tail complete.* In after life, our tail is the merest rudiment, and people in high society ignore it, but there it is! When I explained to a stout lady once, that she had the vestige of a tail, she snorted with anger. She was the cousin of a peer. The hairs all over

* See diagram (Page 27) in Hird's *An Easy Outline of Evolution*.

a man's body are a "vestige," to say nothing of his beard. Another is the appendix—so useless to-day, so necessary when his ancestors ate quite other foods. The appendix is atrophying, and may one day disappear; biologists think that the little toes, as being of no great use, and the teeth, as less and less adapted to modern foods, may follow it. Man's excretory process brings him entirely into line with the animals; if he were some special creation, put there by an æsthetic agent, surely certain things would have been different. Another purely animal quality is Man's fantastic waste in the act of generation; many millions of sperms are wasted on this, when but one solitary sperm is needed. Two sperms are used by the woman on rare occasions; when three are used, she is entitled to the King's Bounty. The "herd instinct" in Man is another relic of animal days. This may take the form of conventionality, the desire to appear and to act in the same way as others, and can be a power for good; or it may break out for evil in the mob-mind of a crowd. Very relevant to me, as showing our pedigree, is our Human Nature, so often a poorish and capricious thing, and yielding little meaning. But regard it in the light of Evolution: we are just so many generations away from the brutes; if we look at it that way, it takes on new meaning, and we become more tolerant.

Not only are we descended through the apes. Each of the three main human types, white, yellow and black, seems to have affinity with one of the anthropoids. The white corresponds facially, and in other subtle ways, with the chimpanzee (a portrait of Darwin, in old age, shows this!); the yellow, or Mongol, corresponds with the orang-utan; and the negro with the gorilla.* These seeming affinities, though extremely interesting, are hypothetical. Science may not endorse them.† But our descent, and the anthropoids'

* See *The Mongol in our Midst* by Dr. F. G. Crookshank.

† See *The Antiquity of Man*, by Keith.

descent, from a common ancestor, it endorses unanimously.

A summary of Nature and Evolution shows, first of all, the widespread killing, blotting out of life, and wantonness throughout the organic world. It seems therefore impossible to associate the Divine Essence, which we call God, with such things, or with the material world at all. His Kingdom is of the Spirit.

The immense fact in the material world is Man's rise, despite Nature's hostility, from a speck of protoplasm, to be the master or the coming master of it all. His body may have reached finality; but his brain, if he will breed according to the laws of Heredity, seems capable of raising him far higher still. This brain in Man has become the vital factor in the world. Nothing seems to curb it. It can leave the body, as it were; soar through the heavens; pierce time and space and matter; and summarise vast knowledge within its grey convolutions. Because of his brain, Man is outstripping his teachers. He can curb and improve on Nature in many ways. And he finds that Evolution, the blind process which set him there, is handing over to him many of its powers. Literally, this world is being placed in Man's care; Nature stands by scowling, but Life, Matter, Energy and Evolution cry to him "Carry on!"

He is the new Trustee. The new Managing Director. But a tremendous and ceaseless fight lies ahead for him, and there is no millennium in sight. By no reckoning can he turn this Nature-made world into elysium; but he can do ever so much more for it than he yet realises. His task is quite glorious. That he has the brain—the capacity for the task—is certain. Whether he has the character; whether he will prove worthy of his trusteeship, is what we must now try to discover.

CHAPTER IV

HUMAN MATERIAL: THE WHITES

I

BY choosing Nature and Evolution as the first of our problems, we found that Man, and his destiny, provided the key to most of the others. Considering Man, therefore, as the *leit motif* of this book, we pass on to a stock-taking of the human race.

The reservoir of early mankind is thought to have been Asia, or perhaps some near-by region, now submerged. But recent discoveries of very ancient types of skulls, in Africa, may bring a change of opinion; Darwin himself inclined to Africa as being the cradle of our race.

The very first men may have emerged half-a-million years ago. We can only guess at this; but there seems good reason to think that men of our own type, our particular ancestors as it were, had been evolved at least fifty thousand years ago. Differences of physique and colour and brain among them then were probably small; but climate, food, and the passage of innumerable generations were to prove tremendous factors. Hence the different groups came to differ greatly, and to-day, in mind especially, they are seen to be profoundly unequal.

As Man stands out at the head of Nature, so I believe the white race stands out at the head of humanity. This may seem self-evident to us whites; but to a cultured Chinaman, say, or a haughty Arab, who thinks of us as upstarts, it may not be evident at all. Let me at least give my reasons.

The underlying reason of the whites' supremacy has been their age-long environment. It must have been pure chance, in the beginning, which race was to come out on top. It all depended on where they settled, and on the food they could secure. Those who settled in the tropics were most seriously handicapped. Those who settled in the cool were advantaged. Above all, after the ice age had passed away, those who settled in Western Europe, where both climate and food supply were the best, evolved, as they were bound to do, into the highest types. A cool but varied climate,* and a diet appreciably of animal food, are recognised concomitants of brain power; first-rate intellect rarely emanates from the tropics, or from nations in the main vegetarian.

It is true that the white Europeans, though secure in this splendid pedigree, did not flower early. Asia took the lead, by thousands of years; and Eastern peoples like the yellow Chinese, or the brown Egyptians, Assyrians, Arabs, and certain races in India, then led the world. The Chinese developed high art and philosophy. The Egyptians were mathematicians and engineers. The Indians achieved a deep spirituality. The Japanese valued behaviour as more than life. I would not depreciate any of these, nor the debt we owe the East; but much of the East's so-called knowledge was nevertheless nonsensical, and when the European brain took up the running it left all these peoples far behind. It ranged, from imagination to practicality, with a wider sweep; and when the modern era of science dawned (its own fruits), accumulated more knowledge than Asia or Africa had ever dreamed of. The white, or European brain is clearly the originating brain; the white race throws up more originating brains in five years than all the others in a century.

Our claim that the whites lead innately, holds good.

* One should read *Civilization and Climate*, by Huntington.

But that it is not made vaingloriously, this stock-taking will prove. It will show that the whites neither realise, nor have risen to the height of their great position, as leaders of the Human Race.

The White Race, since historical times, through wars, massacres and crossing with inferior strains, has wasted its choicest blood. Until our own times, there never seem to have been prophets of breeding in all its history. Let us go back two to three thousand years. Fine white tribes, splendid strains of white blood, kept emerging in those days. Because of their great capacities, they were certainly meant to oust inferior strains, and ultimately inherit and people the earth. Have they done so? Of the Ancient Greeks, the flower of the earlier intellect, many were killed off in trivial local wars of jealousy, while the ruin of the strain was completed by breeding with Levantines. The Greeks of to-day can no more reproduce the Greeks of that day than can the Hottentots. There is a theory that malaria, due to a change in the climate, caused the Greek deterioration, and put an end to their great period; but why should the *Anopheles* mosquito have waited so long to strike in this dramatic way? The great white Persian strain also disappeared in wars, and the Persians of to-day are equally run to seed. The small community of Parsis, the most enlightened people in India, trace back to this great race. The Jews, a nearly white and a most remarkable strain, because of jealousy, have always been subjected to massacres, and are to this day. The exceptional strains of Romans, Venetians, Florentines, Genoese and Lombards, from lack of careful breeding, long ago watered themselves down to the normal Italian. The Roman Church, with its brains, ought to have realised the need of conserving good blood; instead of that, it became good blood's especial enemy. When it found a man of superior fibre, who resisted

its will, it invariably put him to death, instead of encouraging him to breed. There was a persisting idea : that God preferred a physical or mental weakling who grovelled to Him, rather than a fine paganish sort of person with a mind of his own. Rome inspired the Crusades, when, for two hundred years, the flower of Europe withered away in Syria ; and through celibacy prevented its finest and ablest men, who were mostly found in the priesthood, from begetting their kind. The Spanish *Conquistadores*, a wonderful company, begat half-castes in South America, leaving Spain deadly poor for great men ; and the Portuguese, by allowing not only Indian, but black blood to mingle too freely with their own, fell from their estate. The Moors, or Berbers, great in learning, in art, and in husbandry—then a white strain—were killed off by the Spaniards, or driven back into Africa. There were many other religious massacres of fine minority types, such as the French Huguenots ; and later came the Revolution, which sent much of the best French blood to the guillotine. Revolutions invariably destroy the superior types ; thus Bolshevism, descending in these last years on Russia, has nearly wiped out her finest people and her best intellect.

From earliest historical times, too, the white peoples decimated each other by war. Had their kings, statesmen, and editors gone out and fought each other, all had been well ; but the toll taken was always of the bravest and physically finest—of the men the race needed most. For example, the Thirty Years War in Germany literally cut the fine Teuton stock to pieces, and in the Napoleonic wars, between their beginning and their end, the stature of the French recruits fell nearly four inches. We saw what happened to those peerless Greeks, and what were the lasting results to Greece ; yet a few years ago Europe doomed millions of its young and physically finest men to be killed off in the same way, leaving the

physically inferior to breed future generations. We see in all this, over thousands of years, a deliberate thinning or wiping out of the best white stocks. To-day many of them are gone, and cannot be replaced, and their loss, in the light of Evolution, must be irreparable.

Meanwhile, much knowledge and experience about breeding had accumulated. Long ago, among animals and plants, Man began applying this knowledge to his advantage, and now has come to do so on the greatest scale. Ask the farmers of the world ; ask the dog or poultry breeders ; ask those who live by growing trees, flowers, fruits and vegetables, and they will tell you that the laws of breeding are the essence of their business. Or let us visit a show of horses, cattle and sheep ; another of fowls ; another of flowers and fruits, and see things for ourselves. Why is it that the professionals produce animals and plants of so superior a quality ? The answer is that they carefully select the types to be mated , and await Nature's almost unvarying response.

The laws of breeding for men and women are the same as for animals and plants. Only a lunatic can have failed to grasp this. They are also inconceivably more important—yet what do we find ? We find that men and women, who never dreamed of ignoring these laws for their flocks and their fruits, ignored them freely for themselves. They said, in effect : “ We dare not leave the breeding of animals and plants to chance, because the results are uncertain. But it doesn't matter how *we* breed, because we are God's creatures.” The theologians had butted in again, disseminating ideas which struck at all the roots of proper mating. “ Seeing that we are to pass eternity as spirits,” they said, “ what matter these three score years and ten of the flesh ? The future life is everything ; this life is nothing at all. Earthly imper-

fections, therefore, being nought, let all men marry, and breed freely for the heavenly harvest."

With such teaching for tradition, it is not surprising that men and women have come to choose their mates and beget children almost at haphazard. Animals and plants, as I have said, they breed with extreme care and much success, but to the quality of their own offspring give hardly a thought.

Thus gradually came about the perpetuation of the unfit. This is in the main a modern evil, due to modern conditions, and is rapidly worsening; even more than wars and massacres, or blending with inferior peoples, it now threatens the white future.

There is still plenty of fine white stock: many first-rate individuals remain. Were they all to mate wisely, and have large families, our race might regain much of what it has lost. But the first-rate are ceasing to have large families. They know that children, to succeed in life, need care, good food, sunshine, wholesome surroundings, and a prolonged education; they are probably of limited means; they find the cost of living go up and up; they find themselves taxed more and more to support the poor and the inferior, with their numerous children, and they cut down their own children as it were by Gresham's Law.

At the other end of the scale is chaos. In olden times the inferior died off; if physically weak, they mostly died young; if mentally weak, they were elbowed aside and rarely secured a mate. But to-day the inferior don't die off; in each generation now millions of physical and mental weaklings are saved. To-day, in Britain alone, it is estimated that there are one hundred and forty thousand mental defectives. Many are supported by some State or private charity; but those who breed, breed on an average one half as many again as the mentally stable. Then there are the far-reaching effects of syphilis. Becoming rampant in Europe some four hundred years ago,

this disease has lowered the health of the whole white race, and its fitness for parenthood. There are the consumptives, the epileptics, and all sorts of other physical weaklings ; we bring many of them back to a sort of health in sanatoria, then encourage them to marry and have children. There is that deadly scourge—alcohol. Alcohol in moderation, I favour ; but I mean its excess ; are those sodden drunkards, those red-faced loafers we see by the thousand in our cities, the types to breed children ? There is that vast slum army of the very poor and feckless—mostly inferior and degenerate types. These are they who used to die off. But to-day they are breeding furiously, without any forethought, bringing children into the world by the million—children who will grow up hungry, and ailing, and inferior, without stamina, whom the State must support, and with whom Evolution can do nothing at all.

How fantastic it is that the White Man, ruining his own strain by wrong and wicked breeding, has greatly improved, by most careful breeding, the strain of horses, cattle, dogs, poultry, and all his particular animals. He has even appreciably improved pigs ; but to improve his own children, and his children's children, he will not raise his little finger. When he *does* decide to come to his race's aid, it may be too late.

This chapter, and the next, will be a stock-taking of the Human Race. It will deal with the one thousand eight hundred millions, or thereabouts, of mankind in the light of racial strain and pedigree ; indicate the more favoured, and the inferior strains, and the vitiating of the white race in particular ; and will try to peer into their respective futures upon the earth.

II

No peoples are pure in blood to-day ; but many of them are reasonably pure, and the racial instinct is very deep indeed. Colour instinct is also deep. It

is, of course, limited to the whites—and to Northerners at that ; many whites in Southern Europe do not share it.

It is usual to divide the whites into three stocks.* Firstly, there are the Nordics, the taller, fairer peoples of Northern and Western Europe. Secondly, the Mediterraneans, shortish and dark, occupying the South. Thirdly, the Alpines, also on the short side, sturdy, but not so dark, occupying the European East. Roughly speaking, Scandinavians, Baltic peoples, Dutch, Northern Germans, Flemings, English, Scotch, and North Irish are predominantly Nordic, while South Germans, Swiss, and Northern French have a great deal of Nordic blood ; Southern Irish, Welsh (when pure), Southern French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians and modern Greeks are Mediterraneans ; and Slavs, Czechs, Hungarians and Poles are Alpines.

It is usual for the Nordics to assume that Nordic is the choicer stock, with superior powers of imagination and balance—Evolution's finest flower. Theirs, they say, are the solider qualities ; they lead in science, as well as in war, and throw up more great men. Of the Mediterranean stocks, we say they are more brilliant than the Nordics, but less stable. The Alpines are difficult to generalise ; but we regard their qualities as least valuable of the three.

My own idea is that the ideal white strain needs all three stocks. I imagine that the Life-force well knows the solid quality of Nordic, but like a tea-blender, finds that a certain mixture of Mediterranean or Alpine, or both, brings out the flavour. Nordic may thus always remain the basis ; but some of the blends may turn out the best strains in the end.

More or less blended stocks are found across a great belt of Europe. You find Mediterranean Welsh blended with Nordic English. In Belgium, the Nordic

* See *The Rising Tide of Colour*, and *The Revolt against Civilization*, by Lothrop Stoddard.

Flemings are blended with the Alpine Walloons. The French are a composite of all three stocks, and the Swiss of at least Nordic and Alpine. Alsatians are a blend of the three. Southern Germans are Nordic with Alpine. The Alpine-Mongol Finns are much blended with the Nordic Swedes. Great communities in Eastern Europe are Nordic and Alpine in blend, while in North Italy, and South East Europe, Alpine and Mediterranean bloods often flow together. In all of these you have a blending of two—sometimes of the three great stocks. One cannot say that they are inferior in any way because of it ; because of the blend, indeed, you will probably find these peoples above the average, and some of them quite in the first flight. For example: the Jesuit missionaries from Belgium, South Germany, Northern France and Alsace-Lorraine, as we have seen, are of the salt of the earth. The musicians, painters, sculptors and scientists congregated in a city like Vienna, with German, Czech and Slav blood mixed in them, are not surpassed anywhere. The Swiss are a curiously sane people. Northern Italians are goodish stock. Paris, that peerless city, and all it represents, lies in the belt ; the three stocks of white blood meet there ; and if Nordic hands gave us the North transept window of Notre Dame, Alpine or Mediterranean palates may easily have given us *bisque d'ecrevisses*.

To sum up : the Nordic may be the richest packet in the basket. But we may find that a certain mixture of Mediterranean or Alpine, or both, best brings out the flavour, and yields the choicest strain of all. Our stock-taking, nevertheless, shall commence with Nordic peoples.

The Scandinavians, that is to say Swedes, Norwegians, Danes and Icelanders, are the purest Nordic peoples. (The Finns, their neighbours, are not Nordics, although now leavened with Swedish blood.) These peoples,

with whom I have mixed in their countries, are downright good stock. Blood, and a searching cold climate will always tell; they tell throughout Scandinavia in fine physique, in good looks, in brain-power above the average, in ordered living and a philosophic outlook. As a consequence, the many Scandinavians who emigrate to the United States are held there in high esteem, and often climb to distinguished positions.

These are poorish countries. Life in them is simple, and work is hard. Over their peoples lies the sadness of the sea, whose storms have beat in their ears for hundreds of generations. And ever they have been seafarers. In the winter, far up the Norwegian coast, a vast Nordic fishing-fleet assembles. In the piercing cold, and the eternal night, these many thousands lie tossing there for months, casting their nets—the Viking of old in them undimmed.

Yes, Scandinavia is sad, melancholy, introspective. Look at the faces when they play the *Death of Ase*, or when an old man and two old women lay bare their souls in *John Gabriel Borkman*—those gloomy masterpieces of the North. But behind their introspection is strong mentality; a thirst for knowledge saturates these countries. In the forests of Sweden, where the saw-mills are whirling; in the great byres throughout Denmark, between the milkings; aboard northern craft innumerable, fair-haired, tousy men are always reading and thinking, reading and thinking. And in Iceland most of all. No tree grows on that lonely island, hardly a bush. The life is hard and bleak. But here you find the deepest students, the people most avid for knowledge in the whole world; in the long winter months, when storms are lashing by land and sea, they sit there still and placid half the night, lost in their books. The mentality and solidity of these melancholy Northerners means more to me than Latin brilliance; we must think of Scandinavia as a sheet-anchor in the world.

As I lay on the sands at Noordwyk, watching the Dutch children disport themselves, I said to myself "here is a first-rate stock!" By any reckoning, the Dutch, a Nordic people, are in the first flight. Holland is a small and now crowded country. In order to live within their bounds, and the country's economic limits, the Dutch now practise birth-control on an increasing scale—what else would you have them do? That they are wise to do so; that their deliberate choice of quality rather than quantity is a right choice, these fine-looking, well-nourished children bear witness, no less than the ordered and placid life of Holland.

As a side issue, one may draw attention to the fatness of Dutch women. It seems to me that four out of five become really stout sooner or later—and sooner than later. But as there is no reason to think that Heredity disapproves fatness; as it does not prevent them having fine children; and as their own men don't seem to worry, we may dismiss the matter as academic.

There is one jarring note. In the Dutch Indies, especially in Java, a number of Dutchmen marry the native women, and a largish half-caste population is already in being. Little or no prejudice exists against these people. They mix socially with the Dutch; many become officials; their children are often sent to Holland for education, marry there, and so spread the blend. It is the old story: men apply the laws of breeding to everything but their own children. A Dutchman will breed a Friesland cow or a new tulip with infinite care, then, journeying to Java, he will casually turn out a family of piebald Malays. This is a serious mistake. The Dutch are one of the choicest white stocks; for the future of the white race, it is required of them to keep that stock pure.

The German peoples in the main are Nordic. In the North, almost purely so: in the South, much

blended with Alpine, but welded into the main Nordic frame—a vigorous and pulsating race. No inferior race could have waged the Great War as the Germans did, when they held off the men, money and resources of almost the whole world for four years, and almost conquered. I will predict, a century from now, that that feat will seem herculean ; in it there culminated the Nordic instinct for war.

If they pay reparations, the German people must discipline themselves for fifty years. In those years they will be working harder than the rest of us ; thinking deeper ; weeding out the physically and mentally unfit ; and so, through reaction, may thus emerge the fittest nation of us all. If I read things aright, they are going to do more for Heredity and Evolution in this century than we are ; and these are therefore liable to do more for them.

The German strain has “ made good ” in many lands. The Baltic peoples, Nordic Germans in the main, gave Old Russia her economic status, and may do so again. The Alpine Germans of Austria and Bohemia are solid stocks, and the German-Jews are brilliant. Overseas, the tale is the same. We may say what we like, but the naturalised Germans in Britain have done us more good than harm. The Americans would freely admit the same of the millions of Germans naturalised there ; as would the Brazilians of the many Germans naturalised in Brazil. They are a deadly efficient people.

So we pass on to the British.

The success of the British comes from blending, a thousand years ago, with fine Nordic strains like the Danes and the Normans, and even more from their environment. The climate of Britain, neither too hot nor too cold, is one of the healthiest in the world. The soil, without any question, produces the finest food in the world. British cereals are first-rate ;

while beef and mutton and poultry, fruits and vegetables, are nowhere surpassed in quality and flavour, nor the fish of the British seas. A thousand years of such environment would have brought any race to the front.

A people, however high its achievement, is leavened by a relative few. What is good in the British comes, so far as I can see, from about one man or woman in twenty-five; that is to say, from some two million individuals in the nation. You may believe this to be too small a figure. Averages, if they could speak, would tell you it was far above the normal. The ruck of the British are ordinary; their mentality is low, their outlook trivial. They are not the Icelanders. But they have it in them, because of this leavening, and when emergency calls, to rise to a standard of national tradition, and acquit themselves to it. The two millions, who hand on Britain's redoubtable name, are not all lords and ladies and Members of Parliament. High and low, rich and poor, they are found among all sorts and conditions—and often are never found at all. One may be a dissenting minister, radiating fortitude from house to house; another a riding-master in Rotten Row, with his neat gaiters and little cutaway coat; this one a stewardess on a steamer, going placidly about her daily task; this other a Northumbrian miner, hewing coal, supporting a stout wife and three whippets; and this one perhaps a plumber, plumbing joyously, and singing at his task—though here I may be optimistic.

Whoever they be, they possess the qualities which have put the British where they are. These qualities are: being practical, steadfast, seeing things through; a sense of fair-play; respect for law and order. You can sum them all up as Character. They are not showy qualities; but their exhibition for some hundreds of years, backed by fine national physique, has raised the British strain to near the top of the tree. Intellect is not part of the equipment. There

is intellect in the British, of course,—and supreme intellect; the strain of such as Newton, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Darwin, Clive, Captain Cook, Faraday and Clerk-Maxwell is flitting somewhere; but the nation as such does not recognise it, and is embarrassed by it on the whole.

The British, to sum up, are an ordinary people, raised to prestige by the bedrock character of a couple of millions, and shot through, here and there, with genius. They have been the right stuff; but their deterioration—their excessive propagation of the unfit—for the reasons already given, has begun, and is well on the way.

The British who went overseas, especially in their energy, were people above the average. Their success in securing new and rich countries, with fine climates, was prodigious; these are now the coming countries of the world, and just how their peoples are going to breed, and how evolve, is one of the great questions.

Firstly, there are the Americans. This powerful community do not like to be reminded that they were once British; but the old American strain is as British as can be. This old strain, too, is physically fine—very fine indeed. To me, it is a tragedy to see it so quickly being watered down: not by the best Europeans, who do not injure it, but by all the races of Eastern Europe and the Near East, who have streamed in.

Americans start off, racially, with several tremendous assets. They have a splendid country; a cool yet varied climate; lots of food; unexcelled sources of raw material, such as coal, oil and iron; and freedom from the war clashes of Europe. They cannot fail to become very numerous, tremendously wealthy, and materially the most powerful white community. But they show no eugenic outlook. Not only are they watering down their strain, but all their diseased

and degenerate types are breeding freely, as with us, and a surprising deterioration already exists. In the Great War, five and a half million Americans between the ages of twenty-one and thirty were examined for the drafts, and twenty-two per cent. were rejected as unfit.* Since that incident, America has restricted its immigration. Entrance to the States is now mainly limited to quotas of the Northern European peoples, while the coloured are excluded altogether. That is good so far as it goes ; it will keep the strain purer, but is no solution of the physical and mental deterioration already there. Americans, like us, are full of false theology ; and where there is that the unfit multiply.

Another serious menace to the future of the good American strain, exists in the presence of ten million negroes and half-castes or mulattos, who are increasing. The negro, big and large, is a good and joyous creature, but the blend of his blood with ours can only be disastrous. Yet I can see these blacks, and especially the half-castes, mating more and more with the inferior whites, such as the South Eastern Europeans who have entered the States, and in the long run undermining the white strain.

While the English peopled early America, and the Irish followed after, the predominating strain in Canada was always Scotch. When Western Canada opened up, especially the wheatlands of the prairies, Scandinavians, Russians and Northern Europeans in general flowed in, leavening the British strain, but not lowering its Nordic basis. But of recent years, foolishly crying out for more population at all costs, Canada has eagerly accepted the riff-raff of Europe and the Near East, and has not even drawn too fine a line at colour. In consequence, the Canadians are less fine than they were, and in a few generations will have bred themselves down much more.

* Quoted by Dr. H. G. Brainerd of California.

Then there are the Quebec French : one talks of them as a people apart. That they have remained apart, is a fact not at all to Canada's credit, because they are admirable Canadians. In British Canada to-day, the drift is from the land to the cities ; the people won't face the winter in the country, nor the continuous hard work. In French Canada, the land-owners are wedded to their land ; hard work and the cold don't seem to affect them at all. These people are quietly building up Canada. Some years ago, I travelled along a new railroad built through the wilderness of Northern Ontario. Many thousand pioneers were taking up the lands so made available ; they were clearing the forests, fencing, ploughing, bringing in stock, and building numerous villages ; and almost without exception they were the Quebec French.

As I see it, the future of Canada, British and French, will be a sort of federation with the United States. This is a political matter, not for discussion here—but the idea does not shock me ; all I ask is that North America, one nation or two, shall be the eternal preserve of the best white blood.

Now we come to South Africa. In this romantic land, with its heavenly climate, you will see the hate of two white races ; you will also see the watering-down and degenerating of white stocks. There is only a small population to observe—a matter of eight millions all told ; the easier therefore to reach many centres, and trace causes and effects.

The South African Dutch, mixed as they are with French Huguenots, are excellent Nordic stock. If you watched the young men and women at the Cape-town University assembling of a morning, you might give the palm physically to the Dutch over the British. In sport they equal us ; nor are they inferior in brains. This holds good throughout the Union—

throughout a thousand miles ; that is to say, the quality of the two races is fairly equal.

Yet to-day, after two wars, and many years of misunderstanding, the two races are far apart. It is the declared intention of many of the Dutch to cut loose from the British Empire, and form a republic. The idea is fatuous ; it would mean the end of stability for Dutch and British alike ; the British, with their political experience, know this, but they have alienated the Dutch too deeply to get a hearing. And there would be another war first. The politicians, the *predikants*, and the journalists withdrawing, the youth and chivalry of two of the finest strains of blood left in the world, for no apparent reason, would proceed to wipe each other out. Six million black men would look on exultingly ; the physical rejects would commence breeding a new generation, and the white race would be dealt another staggering blow.

While the leaders in this sunlit land have long been at each others' throats, and the two peoples obsessed with hate, racial degeneration has been going on fast. The poor Dutch of the *bijwoner* class, since a generation have turned more and more into wastrels ; they have left the farms for the towns and the *dorps*, where they have bred large families, who have often gone to seed. Many of them are mentally defective. At the Tzizikama Forest I came across some hundreds of these low-caste Dutch, living like Kaffirs, doing odd jobs about the saw-mills, timber carting and the like. It was clear that they were breeding like rabbits, and their children going completely to seed. Similar decadence can now be seen about the precincts of many towns and *dorps* in South Africa, so that this white community, only a million and a half all told, is becoming fringed with a wastrel element, Dutch and British, already estimated at ten per cent., which will multiply by geometric progression.

Everywhere the natives are drifting into the towns.

They are increasing fast, and there is not enough free land to put them on. In the old days, they came in for a period to work, and returned to their *kraals* ; to-day, many of them have no *kraal* to return to. The effect of town life upon them is always degrading. Some struggle on ; many take to crime ; but for good and bad alike the white man has no longer prestige, and they are fast learning to hate him.*

In South Africa as a whole, blacks outnumber whites by four or five to one. These blacks are pure-blooded tribes, and physically are admirable people ; but the blend of black blood with white blood is a hopeless blend, to be ruled out once and for all. There can only be one policy if the white strain is to survive in South Africa—a strict separation for each colour. Yet already the barriers are falling. The many thousands of “Cape” people are spreading. The many thousands of “poor white trash” are spreading too ; interbreeding among those, and with the natives of the towns, will be the next step in the country’s degeneration.

How are we going to govern, yet give a fair deal to these black millions ? Poor devils ! Evolution left them in the lurch, with a restricted cranium. They are not in the running ; and yet they are a lovable folk, whom you may easily mould for good or ill. We are not moulding them for good. We forbid them to raise as much as a finger, tribe against tribe ; yet show them Briton and Dutchman in deadly struggle. We kill each other off ; but make them breed to the limit, keep alive their weaklings, and so vitiate their stock. And as they increase, so do we fail to provide them with land, and drive them to degeneration in the towns. Our missionaries, Dutch and English, and our schools, teach them that black and white are alike in the eyes of God ; but when they have become

*To understand this, one should read *Daniel Vananda*, by W. C. Scully.

disciplined and educated folk, they find they have no standing in the eyes of Man.

A few millions of these people have now looked into the white man's brain, and into his heart, and vast disillusionment has spread among them. They respected him once ; to-day, hatred of him is spreading wide, and they dream of his ultimate overthrow.

These deeply serious things—disintegration, racial decay, and the wise governance of those black millions—are the real questions for the two white races of South Africa. If the Dutch and the British, standing back to back, would fight and overcome all these, the present things which separate them would then appear very small things indeed.

This South African community, better than any other, shows how Evolution is hindered, and racial degeneration assisted. Firstly, you have the two small but fine white stocks, more intent on "downing" or killing each other off than on anything constructive. At the fringe of each you see wastrel and decadent strains forming, and beyond them a rapidly widening fringe of half-castes : all of them breeding furiously. Then you see the pure-black multitudes, admirable in their own way, but of no possible value to Evolution, also increasing fast, fit and unfit, and getting educated ; yet with less and less land to live upon, and in the utmost social subjection. How long do you think it is all going to last ?

The racial outlook in Australia interests me very much. Here again is a vast new country, with fine resources, and an untrammelled people, who can make their future, racially, just what they please. The Australians, as to three-fourths, come from British stock a little above the average, and as to one-fourth are Irish. The two strains blend well ; but in that environment seem to be evolving a racial type not quite like either. The young men already tend to

be big-boned and lanky, whereas the young women, from their meat diet, take on a sleekness which is not unattractive; as time goes on, the climate and the food are going to evolve a racial type as different from the British as Americans will be.

Excepting Tasmania and Victoria, the climate of Australia is not first-rate. Most of it is too warm; the Australian of ten generations hence will be a thin-blooded individual. A large slice of the country even lies in the tropics; but it has been proved over and over again that British stock will not thrive in the tropics. Grown people may go there and thrive; but their children, if born and reared there, will deteriorate, and the second generation will begin running to seed. I do not think tropical Australia will prove the exception. Little Queenslanders, in time to come, will be sent to the South Island of New Zealand for several years, to recapture something they have lost. But Australia is large enough without her tropics.

This small community of five millions, owning a continent as large as Europe, have taken a momentous decision. They are a pure-white people; and they have decided, in face of all the races of Asia who lie over against them, to remain so. They exclude coloured people from entering or settling in Australia, and intend to do so for all time. "How splendid!" you say. "At last we shall have a Nordic race, with the appropriate Mediterranean blend, growing up under ideal surroundings." It *is* splendid. But you shall learn once more the vagaries of our Human Nature. No racial idealism lay behind this decision. It was economic, not eugenic; it came, nine times out of ten, from the working men, and the "small" people, in deadly fear of competition from cheap Asiatic labour.

I am all for a white Australia—ideally! Indeed, I will put this to the people out there: "Having gone

so far, go the whole hog ! Keep yourselves not only white, but the best white. You are getting scared about your emptiness ; in order to fill up with whites, you are taking any whites—the dregs of Europe. They won't do your strain any good. The Greeks for example ! You are letting in too many Greeks. They are not the people you need ; a person named *Æneas* warned you about them long ago. They have already fastened on your fish and your fruit ; you don't want them to get into your blood ! Go slowly on the South Europeans ; your ideal should be quality, quantity means nothing at all. And one thing more. The danger to your strain is not only from without ; it is vitiating within. You also have your physical and mental weaklings. Alcohol with you is rampant. The slums of Sydney and Melbourne are extensive, and producing as degenerate types as anywhere in the world. Why do you allow these to breed ? ”

There, then, is your White Australia. But has Asia, with her teeming millions, got nothing to say ? What about those vast Australian tropics ? Are they to remain empty, while Asiatics crowd each other out into the sea ? Is Japan in particular, with her two hundred and eighty Japanese to the square mile, going to take it lying down ?

As for the Australian tropics, vast though they be, they are mostly poorish, unwatered country ; they would reach the saturation point of population without relieving the pressure in Asia. And as for Japan—we must call in Dr. Marie Stopes. If that redoubtable woman can persuade the Japanese toward birth-control, all will be well for Australia. If she cannot ; if Japan continues to breed to overflowing, the Japanese will be face to face with world-wide trouble. They will become involved with the Chinese ; with the Americans ; with the British in India ; with the French in the South Seas ; with the world in

general. Australia may then face a crisis, but will find she has many allies to help her through.

The people of New Zealand are also setting out under the fairest promise. Their blood is rather more British, less Irish, than in Australia. Their climate is much cooler. Their country very fertile. Subject to the limitation of New Zealand's area, nothing need bar their progress.

Australians and New Zealanders still have it in their power, by excluding colour, limiting entry to the best whites, and preventing the unfit from breeding, to become, and remain, about the finest white strains in the world.

I will summarise what has been said about the British strain. In Great Britain there will be fairly rapid deterioration, due to the breeding of the mentally defective, physical weaklings of all sorts, syphilitics, alcoholics, and slum dwellers in general. This will level the nation, physically, toward the "C₃" standard; and there will be no recovery until we learn that the rights of those to be born are greater than our own, and our most solemn trust.

In the United States, the British strain may disappear outwardly, but many of its qualities remain. The Americans will become materially the greatest white people, and they will probably federate with the Canadians. Whether they evolve into a racial type, or remain a composite blend of Europe, is hard to foretell. They, too, must face eugenic problems at once, or deteriorate.

In South Africa, the British and Dutch must come together. They must rigidly segregate themselves from the blacks, and from the half-caste fringes which are forming, or the white strain will gradually disappear.

In non-tropical Australia, and more ideally in New Zealand, there is opportunity for great new strains

to arise, which could become perhaps the finest white peoples in the world. These may be the very strains Evolution is waiting for ! But they can only arise and be kept fine, by the most rigid exclusion of the inferior.

III

Mediterranean peoples—dark, and shorter—will now be contrasted with the blond, taller Northerners.

One must never depreciate this Southern strain. A certain dash of it, so I think, will enrich any blood. But after seventy generations of in-breeding it flows cloudy ; it seems tired ; to refresh it, let ten million Southerners seek their mates in the North.

The French of Northern and Central France are hardly Mediterranean. Their blood is mostly Nordic and Alpine, with that Southern dash, and they show us how successful these European blends can be. The leaven, indeed, has spread throughout the nation ; I see nothing at all wrong with the French strain.

The French are hardly increasing. Their limited families are partly to be explained by their laws of inheritance, but not by their selfishness ; it is not that they care less about children than other people, but that they care more, and have more forethought. The wife of a French peasant, earning thirty shillings a week, will have two or three children ; because there are only two or three, and because of the parents' thrift, they will be well fed, well looked after, and started in life. The wife of a Pole, or of an Italian labourer, earning little more money, will have eight children. Several will die in childhood in their slum ; the others will grow up half-nourished, poorly tended, in evil surroundings, and end up God knows where.

The French, whether they intend it or not, set a tremendous example. If the other nations follow France, and limit their numbers, an era of peace may be possible in the world ; if they continue to breed

wildly—especially Germany, Italy, England, the United States, India, China and Japan—continuous wars, revolutions and epidemics will be humanity's certain lot.

As regards France, I can see Germany, unrepentant, and bursting with people, again attacking in fifty years. The Germans of that day will be weeded out, and highly efficient. They will outnumber the French at least two to one ; yet their victory is doubtful. The French have a rather finer intellect ; and the war of those days will be more an affair of brains—in the air, in the laboratory, in the staff-college—than of mere numbers.

The French, of all white peoples, are least prejudiced against the coloured. They do not readily mate with them ; but they mix freely and socially, tolerating their customs and religions. With the peoples of Islam they show particular understanding, especially in their religion ; yet it was a French doctor in Morocco whom I saw vaccinating Moorish arms with a cross, their owners' protestations being loud and deep ! In Africa, the French now hold a great native empire. In the North, Algeria has been incorporated as part of France ; its people, white and brown, are French citizens, as I expect those of Tunis and Morocco to become one day. In the West, Senegal has also been incorporated in France ; its black men are French citizens, subject to conscription, while a Senegalese army, as we have seen, fought against the Germans in the Great War, and fought well. It is the declared intention of the French, so long as the German menace looms, to organise their African empire on a military basis. Thus organised, should the Germans again attack, probably two million trained blacks and browns would take the field. These would not be of the fighting calibre of the Germans ; but in the second line would supplement the French army enormously. The creation of this great coloured army, to fight a white

race, must have untoward effects : and not in Africa only. Its repercussions on the world, especially in Asia, are likely to be appalling. But it is logical ; the French, their existence at stake, are entitled to take even this step.

The Italians are typical Mediterraneans, dark and short. Those in the cooler climate of the North have a finer physique ; Southern Italians and Sicilians a poorer ; but a racial beauty of face belongs to all alike. Their good looks cover a certain mental and moral enervation. The strain seems tired ; one feels that a dash of Northern blood might give back the Italians their pristine qualities. I say "tired" advisedly. University professors will tell you that young Italians are the most brilliant scholars in Europe, but that they fail to sustain the pace.

To a beholder, Italy is being strangled by overpopulation. Each town, great or small, as you thread its many poorer streets and alleys, seems congested to the limit. Most of these millions are of the very poor ; and that they are breeding fast, without forethought, these greater millions of swarming children bear witness ; her birth-rate, I repeat, seems likely to strangle Italy in days to come.

In the Spaniards you lose the good looks, but find a people more sturdy. They are not too highly gifted ; yet original in their outlook, they go their own way, curiously remote from the world, and content to be so.

Spanish capacity is not rated high these days. Men like Velasquez and Cervantes, or like Las Casas, Nuñez, Orellana and many more of the *conquistadores* no longer appear. There were many great Spaniards then ; there are none now ; has the blood tired, or the fine Moorish strain in it thinned out ?

Several other things happened, as well as the loss of the Moorish strain, to stamp out the Spanish genius.

High-born and able Spaniards, for centuries, entered the Roman priesthood, and became celibates. Many more, daring to call their minds their own, were put to death by the Inquisition. Among each of these groups must have been a number of great men. The third category, a marvellous band, crossed the seas without their own women, and bred half-castes in Latin America. Men of very high calibre are exceedingly scarce. That among the *conquistadores*, first and last, were probably a hundred, stamps the Spanish strain of those days as amongst the finest.

To-day, not a single man of this calibre seems left to Spain : the weeding-out must have been complete. It is the perfect example of a nation flouting Heredity, and of the coming of Nemesis : Spain is impotent to-day because of it.

In the creation of coloured half-castes, other white races pale to insignificance beside the Spanish. When they reached Hispaniola, in the wake of Colombus, spreading over Mexico and Central and South America, they took possession of the Indian women, and for three hundred years, in ever increasing numbers, became the fathers of large families. After three hundred years, the half-castes they had brought into being fought and defeated them, and drove them back to Spain. But the damage was done ! The half-castes didn't know it. They don't know it to this day. But the blend of Spaniard with Indian had been all wrong ; it was unstable, and it always will be ; on this great scale it had dealt Evolution a knock-out blow.

To-day these half-castes populate some seventeen republics, and are numbered at nearly fifty millions. I repeat that they are an unstable blend, with no particular biological value ; outside of that they have their good qualities, and their aspirations, and I confess to a liking for the seventeen brands of them—all of which I know in their own countries.

To discriminate, it may be said that Chile, Argen-

tina and Uruguay have the cooler climates. For this reason, they were more frequented by the Spanish women, and have thus remained whiter; pure-bred Spaniards are still fairly numerous throughout this belt. The Mexicans, in the far North, have also a coolish climate. They too have some pure Spanish blood, and the veneer of many American customs; but I judge them less stable than those in the cool belt of the South.

Between these belts, you have all the republics of the tropics and of the high Andes. Their peoples range from swarthy to quite dark; the half-castes forming the élite, and the Indians the commonalty. They mean well—all of them; they love flowers and music and statuary and fine buildings and fine words and the rhetoric of the politicians, but their history so far has been one long futility.

Of the Portuguese I write with sadness. Like the Spaniards, they were fine once, producing their great men; but the same fate overtook them. There was the celibacy of the Church. There was the Inquisition. There were the great adventurers to the Indies, who never returned. Gaining a tropical empire in Brazil, and in Africa, the Portuguese not only produced half-castes on the Spanish scale, but brought them to Portugal, where they intermarried and watered the white blood down. There is colour to-day all through Portugal: not the Indian blood of Brazil and Goa only, but the negro blood of Africa. What is the result? However well-meaning the Portuguese be, their strain has lost its fibre and will-power. The nation is slowly sinking; there are probably not enough pure-blooded individuals remaining to raise it again.

It is tragic: there are such admirable types among Portuguese! The peasantry, for example, seem to me among the best in Europe, and their blood remains

pure ; the peasantry of Madeira, with whom I have mixed, I found to be gentlefolk.

The Brazilians, a people approaching thirty millions in number, are the blend of Portuguese with South American Indian. Many African negroes were shipped as slaves to the Brazilian plantations long ago ; to-day their descendants number some five or six millions, with full rights of citizenship, and their black blood is now mixing freely in the blend.

As if that were not enough, half the races of the world, coloured as well as white, are pouring into Brazil. Germans, Italians, Portuguese and Russians, are balanced by Syrians, Levantines, Chinese and Japanese ; none of them show colour prejudice, so that you have pure white, brown, yellow, native Brazilian and African negro spawning freely in almost infinite permutation. Stand with me in those gorgeous forests behind Rio de Janeiro, where orchids hang from the trees, and water rushes down, and watch the married couples who come walking by. A blond young German passes with a Brazilian girl ; a Syrian, with a woman three-parts Indian ; an Italian, with another of the same ; and a Brazilian and a Chinaman with two elegantly dressed negresses. They are human beings, and physically fine ; they mean well by each other, and by Brazil ; but they are piling up a ghastly reckoning against the future, and dealing Evolution deadly blows. Brazil is glorious. I like her people. But this miscegenation horrifies me, and must lead to a vast futility.

Brazil, in fact, is preaching the communism of colour. Its policy is deliberate ; especially do its leaders glory in the absorption of those millions of negroes into the strain. They declare all colour caste a fallacy, and foretell that the white strain is doomed to disappear. Their menace is very real. Brazil is not only one of the vastest countries, but one of the richest ; it is destined to be a nation of hundreds of

millions, strong in the sympathy of the whole coloured world, and preaching ultimate extinction for the white.

A better little people than the Brazilians are the Goanese, a blend of Portuguese with East Indian. They are dark, and of no racial value ; but in their own way are perhaps the most useful community in the world. As ships' stewards, cooks, hospital orderlies, even doctors, this small community render services, mostly in hot and malarious regions, out of all proportion to their number. In brief, the Portuguese and the Brazilians talk, while the Goanese work ; my casting vote goes to the Goanese.

IV

We now come to the great Alpine stock. And here, I think, the white race faces its subtlest problem. The Alpines, mentally, are not the equals of the other two, and nothing suggests them becoming so : in Stoddard's words " they are a peasant stock." But if inferior mentally, they are tremendous quality physically. They are far the most prolific of the three stocks, and extremely tenacious of life and land. Where they reach, like MacMahon, they stay. Given the chance, I see them swamping Nordics, swamping Mediterraneans, swamping all Europe ; and a mediocre peasant proprietary taking hold of half the earth.

The Alpines seem to be of undoubted Asiatic origin. Though white, their ethnic make-up is not really that of Western Europe, and I feel that they bode Western Europe no good. But here the complexity creeps in. Certain Alpine blends give the white race many of its best peoples. There was reference to the Finns. This admirable people are largely Alpine in their make-up. The Central French are partly Alpine ; and I take the Canadian French, whom we have meritoriously mentioned, to be so too. South Germans are full of Alpine blood, as are such particularly well-thought of peoples as the Swiss and the Czechs ; and

there are others. There would thus seem to be a gulf between blended Alpines and pure ones.

The most numerous pure-Alpine type is the Slav, and that particular Slav, the Russian. This tremendous human stock, with vast territories, and knowing no restraint, is capable of outbreeding all the rest of Europe, and I half expect it to do so. It is the women who embody this tremendous vitality. For unnumbered millions of them, motherhood is the one instinct in life; in their eyes, again and again, you will read that longing, and always, in Russian crowds, I have seen many women heavy with child.

The riddle of Russia's intellect will not be read yet awhile. It has been so thinned out by Bolshevism that it may not flower again for centuries—but a riddle there is. The Russian physique is splendid; their Life-force unexampled among the whites; their achievements here and there remarkable; but there is *something* they lack. That something may be their climate; it is an impossible one for seven months in the year, and is also much too placid all the time. Compared with Western Europe, there seems to me a gap in the Russian mind; and I do not see Russians bridging it.

Russia will shake off her present troubles. Her placid women will breed Alpine peasantry until Europe, in despair, shall cry "Stop!" But whether this colossus of the birth-rate is ever going to mean much more than just—birth-rate, for the life of me I am not able to guess.

Besides the Russians, there is the thick Slavic fringe of the old Austrian Empire. The Balkan peoples are also Slavic. Of these, the Bulgarians are the least favoured physically, but the most cohesive and intelligent. The Servians, though much finer-looking, are less stable. Their kindred, the Montenegrins, I think the finest-looking white people in the world. Varying from swarthy to quite fair, mostly

tall, and with fine figures, they carry themselves always with an air. I often wonder as to the origin of this gorgeous stock, which is surely mixed with Nordic blood ; the Albanians, their neighbours, with Turkish blood in them, would be fine-looking in any other company.

All these Balkan peoples are unstable. Only in physique do they compare with Western Europeans. Those splendid Montenegrins, for example, have the minds of children, while the whole of Balkan mentality and ethics is primitive.

With Balkan people in their instability, although of another stock, we may place their neighbours, the Greeks. These modern Greeks, clever and subtle, and brilliant traders and financiers, are often poorish human material. But unlike the Balkan peoples, they know better. They are like chameleons : they assume the hue of wherever they are. The Greek colonies in London and Manchester number many admirable citizens. The one in Alexandria is not of that fine calibre. The Greek traders in the Sudan are little thought of, and those in Abyssinia, where they are the liquor-sellers, are not even rated as Europeans. In the market-place of Harar, I have seen a Greek led by on his way to prison. He had knifed someone. Four black Abyssinians held him by ropes, and handled him as if he were dirt.

The remaining Alpine races of Europe, lying together in the Eastern belt, are the Poles, Czechs, Hungarians and Rumanians. Of these, the Poles seem the purest Alpines ; the Czechs are leavened with German ; the Hungarians are partly Asiatic, and the Rumanians nondescript.

Of these we may select the Czechs, or Bohemians, as a rather admirable race. Physically, they are less robust than the Slavs, mentally and morally they outstrip them. To-day their little country is an ordered and constructive oasis in a desert of human instability.

Their range of capacity is wide, so that Bohemia is highly organised in manufacturing, and expert in many products. But in art this people mean even more ; as musicians, especially, they are almost supreme ; in thousands of cottages throughout Bohemia you will hear the violin played divinely. The Power Behind Things may, or may not, have an ear for music ; but in the category of the white peoples the Czechs must be ranked high.

The Poles are an unstable people. I suppose they are instability's classic example, for they have never cohered and they never will ; there is a screw loose somewhere. Their peasantry, as is the Alpine wont, are goodish material ; but as they rise in the scale their qualities become brilliant rather than solid. With its elegant élite, dressed in black, and speaking beautiful French, Poland is to-day the same old disappointing land as of yore ; and as an entity I do not believe it destined to survive.

The Hungarians, a fine physical people, blessed with a fertile country, are another race who ought to have, but have not, "made good." There is an Asiatic "throw back" about them. Like the Poles, they are in the main area a people of the plains—plains of deep, black soil, growing the world's finest wheat. The peasantry, here too, are sound, but there is racial instability as a whole. Hungarians bear out the old saying—that disciplined Europe ends at Vienna.

The Rumanians were a Roman strain in origin, but the blood is now mixed up with all Eastern Europe. In the main they are a peasant people, controlled and exploited by a few great landowners ; but neither master nor man has yet contributed anything to Europe.

V

With the white strain of the world I am going to include, as worthy of being included, the Jews and the

Parsis. These were Oriental strains, perhaps neither of them purely white ; but of greater value than many that are white, and fit to blend with them. The Armenians I reject ; also Turks, Moors and Levantines of all sorts ; many individuals among these peoples are worthy of inclusion, but nothing like a majority of any of them.

The Jews are much scattered, but are thought to number twelve millions. Half of these live in Russia and Poland, and are as much Mongol as Hebraic in race. They are notably inferior to the true Hebrew strain, which I single out as the most talented in the world. If we took, at random, six million Europeans, and matched them with the Hebrews, the Jews would be found outmatching the Gentiles in every way by ten to one. That is why jealousy of the Jews has been world-wide, and why massacres and banishments have followed them down the centuries. Jealousy apart, Jews are antipathetic to most Europeans. They are often blatant. Their self-assertion is the logical reaction from centuries of debasement ; but it offends nevertheless. And then their in-breeding, through thousands of years, has evolved a too rich facial type ; in youth it can be beautiful, but its maturity, especially in the women, is over luscious. When I visited the small community of the Samaritans, in their ancient Shechem, I saw this Jewish type raised to the nth. By the strictest in-breeding, over two thousand five hundred years, Samaritans have evolved into super-Jews, with beaks like eagles, and have almost bred themselves off the face of the earth. There are said to be fewer than two hundred remaining.

The Jewish constitution must be sound as a bell. Their ghettos, which I have wandered in from Fez to Bokhara, and from Amsterdam to Basra, are crowded and filth-smelling warrens, yet they serve generation after generation of Jews, who live long, rear large families, and continue to excel their Gentile neigh-

bours both in body and mind. In their own way, too, Jews are hygienic ; many of their ancient customs, both as to health and feeding, are extremely sound. The Hebrews, of all people, have done their duty by Heredity. They marry carefully. The men are good husbands and fathers ; the women are extraordinarily faithful ; their children receive devoted care. The family life of Jewry, I rather imagine, has been the best on record.

What is the white world going to make of this most talented people ? We cannot go on letting them be massacred in the East, just as we cannot go on letting them wear solitaire shirt-studs in the West. The Jewish strain has in-bred long enough : we must not risk it running some day to seed. If we can get the Hebraic Jews more and more to blend with the Gentiles, and their dominant strain to stay blended, we enrich our mentality for all time, and we save them from a fate like the Samaritans'.

The Parsis were perhaps themselves Jews. Living mostly in Bombay and numbering, I believe, one hundred thousand, they are almost super-Jew in appearance, while their advanced ethics and unusual brain-power suggest the Jew strongly. Far back in history, when the Jews were in Assyria, some sect or tribe of them may have broken away, and crossed into Persia. Inter-breeding, as usual with them, would have preserved the type ; while the Indian sun, burning them now for many generations, accounts for their greater swarthinness. At any rate, with their pure strain, their advanced ethics, and exceptional brain-power, the Parsis are first-rate stock. They have no true affiliation with India ; I should like to see them, together with the Hebraic Jews, absorbed more and more into the best white blood of the world.

These form the white stock. And I feel sure that stock was meant to become the trunk and sap and

highest shoots of the Human Tree. This was shown several thousand years ago, when white brain-power and adaptation far outdistanced the other races of men ; it has been shown since in the white strains which have continuously led the world.

The quality of white peoples, as they have been evolved, varies greatly. Physically, except as to stature, there is not much to choose ; mentally and ethically the differences are far greater. The races of Eastern Europe are inferior. They are unstable ; their ethics are of the emotions. The great Slav strain, so immensely potent physically, is not of our Western mould. The Poles always collapse from within. The Hungarians are always about to be, but never are. Balkan peoples are eternally lawless, and the Greeks are the Greeks. Excepting in the Baltic Provinces, and certain strains in the old Austrian Empire, the peoples of Eastern Europe lag far behind.

We peoples of Western Europe are more stable ; our brain-power is solider ; our ethics have taken deeper root. Whether as well-balanced Nordics, more brilliant Mediterraneans, or blends of these with some Alpine strain, we ought to be capable, breeding from our best, and through Evolution, of moving much further on.

CHAPTER V

HUMAN MATERIAL : THE COLOURED

THIS chapter will be the stock-taking of coloured peoples. Once we might have thought that Evolution had passed all of these by : that they had no say in the destiny of the Human Race ; to-day, when white blood is everywhere losing quality, we can say so no longer.

Three coloured races, of pure lineage and exceptional vigour, begin to stand in the limelight. I mean the Chinese, the Japanese and the Hindus. These are not new stocks. They were established before we were. But we have squandered and are squandering our fine strain, while they have conserved theirs. You will tell me that the Chinese, however great once, have not progressed for thousands of years ; that their mentality is hidebound. But the Chinese racial strain is perhaps the strongest that has ever flowed. Of the Japanese, it is said they are a race of imitators. But are they not deadly imitators, who can go one better ? They imitated us by contracting syphilis ; but they will have it stamped out before we may even mention the word in public. The Japanese are much more than imitators. As for the Hindus, you will tell me that white men are their over-lords : that they are a spineless mass of castes and superstitions, living in a torrid climate. Quite true. But they are of a pure lineage, and blood will tell. It has at least overcome the climate, and swollen their strain to hundreds of millions. The Hindus to-day, like the Chinese and the Japanese, having long conserved themselves, are surging forward. The white peoples,

who have dissipated their strain, and continue doing so as it were by geometric progression, are falling back.

The Chinese are a world personality. They reach back to the beginnings of history, yet stand out to-day like a young people in the morning of life. Their racial energy is appalling. Numbering, in their own country, a fifth of the human race, they have long overflowed their borders and permeated the Far East. Being brilliant and daring traders, always bringing prosperity in their train, they have *made* the Far East. They would "make" the world, if they had the chance. They are a protean people. Whether in the depths of the Manchurian winter, or in the equatorial life of the Dutch Indies, they are equally at home. When Stamford Raffles secured for the British that lonely island, with its one Malay fishing village, half a million Chinese came along and turned it into Singapore. I have seen these people, who are the greatest of all carpenters, clear a forest and build a village almost while you watched. I have stood in Sourabaya and observed hundreds of rich Chinamen motoring to their offices, while the Javanese, the people of the country, passed by on foot; but that is their way: the Chinese conquer by sheer capacity. Their powers of work are prodigious. In far Australia, where the Chinese market-gardeners are the only coloured people, you will see them working early and working late, and often I found them watering their plants by the light of the moon.

In their own way, the Chinese are the most capable and efficient race in the world. They are a deep and pure strain, whose weaklings have not been fostered; their life-force as a race is unequalled, while their powers of physical work leave all white races behind. They have no military skill. They conquered always by being more efficient; they never needed to kill their rivals as the whites needed, and their warlike

instincts have atrophied. But so capable a race can acquire them again. The real thing China needs is modern knowledge, and especially knowledge of science. When it acquires that, we shall see tremendous ferments at work; and when a modern China at length gets going, with its appalling energy, the old economics of the world are liable to go up in smoke.

The Chinese strain is found to the South in the French possessions of Tonkin, Annam and Cochin China. But in these warm climes it has degenerated a good deal. The intelligence is there, but the abundance of energy has gone. Saigon, the French capital, is a city of French officials and silky little Southern Chinese. It is quite a charming place; but the "guts" of the colony is Cholon, a few miles distant, a town of real Chinese, who do the big business of the country.

The Chinese strain penetrates Westward through Thibet, and to Himalayan peoples in Bhutan and Sikkim; to the Khirghiz tribes of the Steppes; to the aboriginal peoples of Siberia; and more strongly to the Mongolians. The Koreans look as Chinese as Spaniards look French, but there is something lacking in their fibre; they are the only people of Chinese strain, in a cool climate, who have struck me as degenerated. Finally, the admirable, sturdy little tribe of the Eskimos have the Chinese strain. They look like Chinamen who have never had a wash, but under their filthy exteriors they are strong-nerved and genuine.

The Japanese are a people of pure and ancient lineage. Sturdier than the Chinese, they are not so tall; neither in their physique, nor their personality, nor their racial energy, which is remarkable in its way, do they rival that redoubtable people. Yet in those very things the Chinese lack, the Japanese excel. They are a highly military people; outnumbered by Chinese by six to one, they could nevertheless overrun

China ; and no white nation could hope to attack them with success. All modern knowledge, too, is an open book to them. They have got science at their finger-tips ; it looks like making Japan impregnable at home, and Japanese goods an economic menace throughout the world.

The limitation of Japan, her relatively small area, is a fact of the first importance. She is already crowded to excess, the population being estimated at two hundred and eighty to the square mile. There is no room for more ; yet the fecundity of Japanese is excessive, and there is no staying the flow. They have overflowed into South Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, and Sakhalin ; but those were already inhabited, or poor territories, and hardly count as reducing the surplus. In desperation, Japan casts her eyes round the Pacific. She finds the choicest lands there, with the finest climates—United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, which all belong to the Whites—closed to her entirely. She sees, afar off, Latin America ; but knows that trouble would arise there too. What is she to do ? That her surplus people should take themselves to the malarious tropics, or to the Siberian North, will not be Japan's solution. She can fight. But fighting three or four thousand miles from her base, against the United States, or the British Empire, or both, is not an attractive outlook. She can restrict her birth-rate. And that, I believe, is what she will do.

Meanwhile, if Japan is deliberately to localise herself to the Far East, she will determine, with all the strength of the national will, to be supreme there. Most of all, she will claim the right to exploit large areas of China, and the unlimited Chinese markets. Here she will stand no dictation from the whites ; she will surrender China to one people only—to the Chinese themselves, when at last they awake from their sleep.

To-day the Japanese are leaving happiness behind. Over-population, poverty, the slavery of industrialism have descended on them ; they live no longer in that happy morning of the world. The great decision must soon be made ; they must limit their breeding absolutely, or enter upon a cycle of misery and strife. I believe they will limit it. The decision will not be taken without tremendous mental conflict ; but once taken, it will be carried out inflexibly. Breeding will then be by the fit ; the unfit of all sorts will be eliminated as parents. The whole Japanese blood-strain will be revitalised ; Japanese will become the premier eugenic people, and their racial challenge to the whites will be in full blast.

Hindus enter a category with Chinese and Japanese because they are of ancient lineage and pure blood. That they are to-day their equals, as the world rates values, is not suggested. Many strains met in the Indian blood-stream ; and flowed together, thereafter, between the retaining walls of "caste." The caste system of Hinduism, whatever its demerits, has had great eugenic value. Among large sections of the people, for many centuries, the young have been mated with care, and the inferior weeded out. That the higher castes are to-day physically fine ; that they have overcome their torrid climate, have increased to vast numbers, and are now, with the beginning of modern knowledge, surging forward, is due far more to caste than to anything else. Many Brahmins, and other high castes, are fine-looking people. In the State of Travancore, where many Brahmins live, as also the fair-skinned, high-caste Nairs, the physical charm of the people is very marked. The people of Mysore, another native state of the South, as well as the Mahrattas of the Deccan, I also recall as fine physical material. Again, in the Uriyas of Orissa, you have a handsome people ; at Puri, at a great

festival at the temple of Jaganath, I saw thousands of handsome Uriyas in the crowd. The Sikhs of the Punjab are notoriously fine people. The men, who are all six feet, with silky black beards, are the policemen of half Asia. They show breeding through and through. The Ghurkas of Nepaul are a sturdy and valiant people, and the qualities of many of the hill tribes show the Hindus' response to a cooler climate. In the great riverine lands of Bengal, where villages are dotted by the ten thousand over the plains, you will find the average villager a man of good height and attractive features. There are many tens of millions of such throughout Hindustan; they do not flourish by accident in that torrid land, but have been conserved by careful breeding over many generations.

Hindus, for all their good blood, are spineless. In a world of affairs, among men of action, they talk, they criticise, but cannot *do*. In Hinduism it is impious to *do*; if the gods are not offended, they will do it for you. We therefore see the mental élite of India taking to the law, the civil service, the priesthood—to the talking trades—and resting there. Science, too, with its thousand by-paths, is closed to them; in Hinduism, where gods become peacocks or monkeys, and cast their loaded dice, there is no science, and people like engineers, electricians, chemists, surveyors, surgeons and airmen are anathema. Hindus, under Hinduism, must remain spineless. They are unable to become anything else. But the strain is there, and it will out; Hinduism, for the educated, will pass; science and action will come into their own. In olden times a Genghiz, or a Tamerlane, with his Central Asian hordes used to annex India. A time may come when the Hindus, men of action at last, decide for a cooler climate, and in their turn annex Central Asia.

In this India of fine strains and careful breeding, the saddest sights are the white half-castes whom we

call Eurasians. The Nordic blood in them failing to blend with the Indian blood, they have lost their fibre. Despised by the natives, ignored by the British, who treat them detestably, their one little bit of social recognition comes from the Church of Rome. Breeding with each other, they are now quite numerous ; yet their increase seems to me the perpetuation of a tragedy.

These three races, Chinese, Japanese and Hindus, I have called Evolution's possible heirs. The more the white peoples dissipate their strain, the nearer will these three coloured races, with their ancient lineage and pure blood, rise to the white level.

There are no other coloured races who look at all likely. If we compare the Human Race to a tree, all these others are the smaller branches, or even the tiny twigs, whose lopping off or shrivelling up does not affect the tree in any way. These peoples must come into our stock-taking ; but that they are in the main stream of Evolution, or that their blood ought to mingle in the best human type of the distant future, I cannot believe.

One may divide the remaining peoples of Asia into three groups. In the Far East, between China and India, you find the Malay group—small, well built, almond-eyed, neat little peoples of the afternoon. These include Malays, Javanese, Siamese, Burmese, the tribes of the Archipelago and of the Philippines. They are very numerous ; the inhabitants of Java alone number thirty millions ; but none of these peoples have any racial personality or national will-power, and are not destined, finally, to win through. They cannot stand up against Chinaman or Hindu—who already begin to exploit them. The Chinaman is in control in Malaya. He is the power behind things in Siam. He is so successful in Java, and the other Dutch Indies, that he is being shut out,

or admitted under a capitation tax. He shares Rangoon with the Hindu. The Hindu has closed upon Burma. He is beginning to settle in British Malaya, and I have even seen a flourishing colony of Sikhs in Sumatra ; their energy, at work, was in contrast to the languid movement of the Malays.

The Malay peoples, as I see them, are doomed. Not in any sensational way ; but by minute displacements over hundreds of years, by possible absorption into the two stronger strains, and through sheer survival of the fittest. It will be a painless death.

Another great Asiatic group is that of the Mahomedan races. Just as a hundred or more tribes of India come together under Hinduism, so do many and far more diverse peoples group themselves together under Islam. On the one hand you have the Semitic Mahomedans, such as the Arabs ; and on the other the Turks, Persians, Central Asiatic tribes, Afghans and some sixty millions in Western India—all brown peoples. It is often supposed that Islam is experiencing a great revival ; that she will arise purified, yet terribly militant, and conquer the world once more. This is nonsense : the human material to do so is not there ; you find certain high-minded people all over Islam, but there is no great Mahomedan strain of blood or of intellect remaining. It is true that there might be sporadic risings in Islam, and that the Mahomedans, particularly in India, might first and last kill millions of unbelievers. Killing has always been their speciality. But outside of killing, what have they got to offer the world ? They have the conception of One God, some goodish notions of hygiene, and the open-air life. Outside of that, Asiatic Islam is decadent, her political life non-existent, nearly all her officials corrupt, and her purification mostly rumour. Science, which is organised knowledge, is a closed and forbidden book to Mahomedans. But

science will more and more guide the world, and the races which ignore it, with Islam well in the van, will go more and more to the wall. Islam is notably, I would say almost fatally, weak in intellect. The Arabs of to-day, the Turks, the Persians, the Afghans, although individually they are often sympathetic to me, are very poor stuff mentally ; that they can all kill, and enjoy killing, is freely granted ; but which race among them can really build up, or add anything to the world's value ?

Then Islam is riven by religious differences. The two great sects, Sunnis and Shiahhs, hate each other more than do Catholics and Protestants, while sub-sects of each of these hate and quarrel down to infinity. The Arabs, the founders of Islam, because of religious schisms and intrigues, have been futile for a thousand years. They have never cohered. They never will. The history of the other Islamic powers, for centuries now, has been futile too. That Arabs, Turks, Persians, Afghans and the rest, have it in them to join together in a Holy War, hold together, and finally conquer without science, is a fantastic thought. We may write off all the Mahomedans ; their blood strains will not flow in Evolution's final stream.

The third and last of these Asiatic groups, as well as the smallest, is formed by the peoples of the Near East, who are often mixed in strain, but are mostly of Semitic blood. The Jews, belonging to this group, have been described. There remain Armenians, Syrians, Copts and mongrel Levantines. Many of these are white, and certain Armenians and Syrians are worth absorption by the white race ; but not so the generality. Physically, these are normal peoples, but among them, unlike Islam, you get brains and subtlety. Deep ethical longings well up in these peoples, and at the same time such cunning and trickery in the conduct of affairs, as to give them an

evil repute. Once in Jerusalem, an Armenian barber poured into me, in a passion of emotion, his desire to earn enough money to take his wife and family, who were risking massacre in Armenia, to free America. The emotion was genuine ; but his calculation that it would draw an extra shilling from me, as it did, was the upper thought. I have seen the Armenians crowding their churches, and worshipping earnestly ; yet it was the matured verdict of my Armenian servant in Persia, that his people were " bloody liars."

Among the Syrians, there is a high level of astuteness. In the last thirty years, many thousands of them, with their paltry savings, and their little all in a bundle, have set out for distant countries, and have made good. Beginning as itinerant vendors, tireless, and living on native foods, they amass in a few years a small capital. Some compatriot then sets them up in a store, where they settle down ; and still living on native food, and remaining open till bedtime, they undersell, and begin making money. In a few years they send to Syria for a wife ; begin shipping produce on a largish scale ; deal astutely in exchange, and become very well to do. To-day many thousands of itinerant Syrians are tramping over the whole of South America. They swarm in the heart of Brazil. I have also seen hundreds of them on the Argentine *pampas*, in the villages of Colombia, and high up in the Andes, and everywhere they are settling down in their stores. Light-coloured Syrian hawkers are tramping the back-blocks of Australia. They are beginning to share South Africa with the Polish Jews, whom they will drive off the face of the *veld*. A territory they have peculiarly marked for their own, is the empire of French West Africa. Being the *protégés* of France, they have easy access here, and their stores are found everywhere ; I saw Syrian traders all along the Niger, and quite a number at Timbuctoo. Until well established, they live like

the natives ; they are under-cutting, both the French in their lands, and the British in Nigeria, and in fifty years look like controlling one quarter of the whole African Trade. Syrian aspirations as yet seldom rise beyond money ; but they are easily the keenest type in that sphere whom I have met.

The hundreds of races and tribes inhabiting Africa, belong almost entirely to two types—the Arab and the Negro. At the extremities of the continent you find pure blood : such as the Egyptian, the Berber, and the Moor in the Arab North, and the Mashona, the Zulu and the Basuto in the Negro South ; while certain pure Negro peoples also stretch up the West Coast, and into Central Africa. In the vast remainder, not at haphazard, but gathered into tribes, you find every possible blending of the two stocks. Physically, nearly all the African peoples are fine. The Arab type is slender, with great good looks ; the negro sturdier, with a splendid physique. The two strains blend extremely well ; and these blended peoples, with their Arab looks and Negro proportions, though black, seem to me among the best-looking races in the world.

In my belief Evolution has left all these peoples behind. The Arab remains unenlightened ; the Negro is primitive ; out of Africa comes everything except mind. Not less than three-quarters of all Africa is Mahomedan. Islam, as we have seen, is more alive there than in Asia, is well adapted to these primitive peoples, and has done them good. It is militant, and spreading ; but that the African races have it in them to unite in the name of the Prophet, and win back their country, is not in the least likely.

The Arabs of Arabia, and these North African Arabs, were doubtless one. Whether they first came to Africa in the great days after Mahomet, or much earlier, we do not know, but the races they

found there they Arabised. Modern Egyptians, Tripolitans, Tuaregs, and Moors—call them what you will, are either Arab, or shot through and through with Arab blood. The Berbers were white ; but are now Arabised like the rest.

The Arab, who gave Africa good looks, filled it with anguish. The cruellest of men, he carried slavery wherever he went. For centuries he was the raider of happy negro villages, despoiling the women, killing the old men, and carrying off the young ones into captivity. He spread syphilis through the continent. He turned young males by the thousand into eunuchs. Always he robbed those weaker than himself. His treachery became a by-word ; he outraged every instinct of God and Man.

To-day his powers are curbed. Europeans have annexed his countries and become his overlords ; the slavers of Zanzibar and the East Coast are in subjection, and even the Tuaregs of the remote Sahara may no longer rob and slay. In Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco, such is the glamour of these lands, their peoples take on the hue of romance. Certainly they have their qualities : but among them thousands of human tigers may still be found ; were the Europeans to withdraw, in ten years Africa would have sunk again to all it ever was.

If the Arab gave Africa good looks and cruelty, the Negro gives it splendid physique and joyousness. Directly you leave the Arab stocks of the North, and meet the blended or negroid races, you find sturdier people, more laughter, a greater zest in life—a wholesomer feeling all round.

The Soudanese, the tribes of French West Africa, the Senegalese, the peoples of Northern Nigeria, the Somalis, the Swahili, and the peoples of Nyasaland are the principal blended races among whom I have mixed, and I bear witness to their happy nature and good qualities. These are Mahomedan peoples. The one

race among them I dislike is the Abyssinians. The blend in them is highly semitic—as if it were Negro with Jew. They call themselves Christians, with the vile Christianity of the Near East, but I did not see one in Abyssinia whom I would trust. All these negroid peoples live in the tropics. Their villages, their flocks, their patches of grain dot the face of Africa for several thousand miles. Black and primitive, with sexual powers and a sexual life much more potent than ours, they are yet mostly people of decency and kindness, with deep affection for their children, and their sense of humour is infinite ; if you are able to draw this out, they will reward you with a remarkable devotion.

The Negroes proper, though far down the human scale, are in no sense a dying type. They are multiplying fast. Everywhere we see the white races killing each other, or getting ready to do so ; but the black races whom they control, must not kill each other ; they must not even kill off the weaklings ; we expect them, on the contrary, to breed to the very utmost—and they are doing so !

The negroes of America and the West Indies, whose forefathers were taken from Africa, multiply too. The Negro in America is an unsolvable problem to me ; he will become a tragedy. The Negro of the West Indies, who does not compete with a white race, lives happily as yet. The Negro in Brazil is being absorbed into the Brazilian stock. The Negro of Africa, many times more numerous, is the one to concern us here.

Evolution does not need the Negro. That his species should be multiplying by millions throughout Africa, is a vast futility. But seeing he is there, and going to be there more than ever, we must make the best of him. That ought to be easy. Paradox though it be, the Negro is the hero of Africa. Not that he cannot be cruel and callous like the rest ; but his

instincts are better, even if his brain is smaller. Easily reached through his vivid emotions, he is capable of great good ; and, as I said, he is a joyous being.

From the Cape to the Zambesi he exists pure-blooded—the Bantu proper. The finer types like the Zulu*, Basuto and Galeka live along the East Coast ; toward the West, the inferior and remote Hottentot strain creeps in. North of Zambesi, the Arab blends begin. These are continuous through East Africa ; but on the West, surrounded by Arabised blacks, dwell pure-blooded Negro peoples such as those of Southern Nigeria, Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone, the most intelligent Negroes in Africa.

I love the Negro. I love him for his physique, his gentleness, his ready laugh, his white teeth—for his good manners most of all ! No such innate gentleman elsewhere exists. At one time or another, I have been *persona grata* to thirty tribes ; I have gone out of my way hundreds of times for some black man or other, and I suppose some black man or other has gone ten thousand times out of his way for me.

The last group of coloured peoples in our stock-taking we may compare to twigs on the trunk of the Human Tree. Twigs shrivel up and drop off, one hardly knows why ; these races are shrivelling up and dying out in just the same way.

I speak of the aboriginal peoples of the Caribbean, North and South America, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and the islands of the South Seas. They were doomed when first Columbus saw the sun go down in the West, and began thinking ; that epochal man, and those who followed, carried to them the decree of death. New races, with stronger wills, crossed their path. New habits undermined their health. New diseases swept them away. An environment came about to which they could not adapt ;

* The good looks of the Zulu indicate some far-back Arab strain.

the will-to-live was not there, and they went quietly to the wall.

Where are the Caribs, who used to bring Columbus little bags of gold? Where are the Aztecs and the Incas and the people of Tierra del Fuego? These, and many other American races, simply faded away. Those who remain have a frail grasp; more and more, whether it be in South or Central America, or in Mexico, they blend with *mestizo* blood, that poor half-caste strain, yet with a vitality greater than their own. The Indians of the North American prairies, like the buffaloes, have mostly left for the happy hunting-grounds. The Indians in Canada follow them fast; soon, in both countries, only half-breeds will carry on the tradition. Almost in our time the last Tasmanian died. The natives of Australia will hardly last out this century. The Maoris of New Zealand were fading away; only at the eleventh hour did they become New Zealand's wards, and find protection. Their numbers, for the time being, no longer decline, but I do not think the pure strain will survive.

They are Polynesians; their kin inhabit half the islands of the South Seas. These are charming and kindly little races, who garland themselves with hibiscus and frangipani, and go through life singing; yet are galloping everywhere to death. European clothes and foods, liquor and tobacco and narcotics, play havoc with them. Diseases we have hardened to, like measles and whooping-cough, carry them off in great numbers. Some years ago, when influenza swept the South Seas, many thousands of them died. In Samoa, in the height of the fever, they would stagger from their huts and lie in the sea; and they died where they lay. On Rarotonga, the fairest island of these seas, the sacred *Utu* tree grows; under each *Utu*, it seemed to me, rested a group of graves, and on many a grave lay a little food, or a piece of clothing, for use in a world where Polynesians no

longer die. In the Marquesas group few now remain ; yet if you read *Typee*, written eighty years ago, you will find that thousands of happy people were living in each valley. In Tahiti, a fantastic ending has come upon them. Several thousand Chinamen have come to that island ; and while the Polynesian men die off, or are sterile, the Chinamen marry the women, and have numbers of children—the strongest children in the South Seas. The other island races follow the Polynesians down to the shades. In the New Hebrides I talked with a trader. Eight natives, in a certain village, had put their marks to a document for him. Some years later he had required their marks again ; but they were all dead. The tall Fijians, with their frizzy hair and snowy loincloths, gentlemen all, and the most debonair in these seas, are dying like the rest. The Indian coolie—our immemorial Hindu—has been sent in his thousands to the sugar plantations of Fiji ; it is he who will be the Fijian in the not-distant future. In a hundred years—certainly in two hundred years—I see the aboriginal peoples of all these islands, as well as of New Guinea and the Solomons, either dead, or blended in some Asiatic strain. The islands themselves will be full, and more fertile ; they will be peopled almost entirely by Chinese, Japanese and Hindus.

The twigs shrivel up and drop off, but the tree lives on. Evolution rejected these peoples, and knows best ; our sadness, as we see them pass, need be no more than sentimental. Evolution has spared *us*. Is not that the supreme consideration ?

CHAPTER VI

A PERIOD OF DECLINE

OUR stock-taking shows the Whites of Western Europe, because of their splendid pedigree, to be the world's best hope. We are raised above the Whites of Eastern Europe by greater stability, and above the whole coloured world by our originating brain. If we will breed carefully, and not allow our unfit to have children, there seem no bounds to set to our future on this earth.

But we show no signs, as yet, of breeding carefully. Still less of rejecting the unfit. And although our physical deterioration is now very marked, we contemplate it without alarm.

Deterioration of this sort does not stop at our bodies ; a vitiating blood-stream subtly affects a people's brain. The physical damage we have already taken note of ; this chapter will show those mental and moral evils overtaking us which go with it.

These mental and moral evils begin subtly, as false processes of thought. As our blood deteriorates, so does the fibre of our mind : we are trending to real flabbiness. The flabbiest idea of all, is that the unfit may bear children, and that the Almighty, somehow or other, will upset the facts of Heredity in their favour. Other false ideas of our time are that all men are born equal ; that the inferior can rise, given opportunity ; that the masses are fit to rule ; that the qualities of women fit them for power ; and that under the sway of the majority, that is to say of mediocrity, mankind will move toward progress and happiness.

These are false ideas, carrying us into a world of make-believe. The consequences of bad breeding are inexorable. Men are *not* born equal ; they are born profoundly unequal, and remain so. The inferior do *not* rise—although they are occasionally lifted. The masses are *not* fit to rule ; they will demonstrate this within a few years by pulling down the social structure. It is no depreciation of women to say that they were not meant to be the rivals of men. They are still the child-bearers, the mothers, the cooks, the home-makers ; the guardians of the old and the young—all first-rate ways of life, but unfitting them for the rough and tumble of the arena. Their rivalry with men, and reaching out after direct power, must do our white race infinite harm. Power and governance are not for the majority of men ; they are for the wise and the strong. The brains which think otherwise must be flushed by weakening blood, and that there should be millions of them among us, is the measure of our deterioration.

In the realm of reality, just in the background of all this make-believe, things are altogether different. We Western Whites are seen to be split internally into factions, struggling with one another, especially Labour with Capital and the poor with the rich. We find many of the rich, especially in the solemn crisis of the Great War, exploiting and profiteering in a truly damnable manner. We find the wage-earners, although their conditions have appreciably improved, deeply dissatisfied with their lot, fully intent, as a majority, to take over government, but not at all concerned to rule for all alike. The rich and the superior they hate as they never hated before. The rich they hope to exploit to the last farthing ; and the superior, whose superiority they do not admit, they will elbow aside. Organised Labour is preparing a world-wide programme, in which all will work less,

earn more, and draw comfortable pensions in old age. Where the money is to come from no one knows. The dark cloud on Labour's horizon is the coming competition in many ways of cheap, coloured workers ; in order to stamp this out when it arises, White Labour will go to extreme lengths.

Each nation is also seen in open or concealed struggle with the rest over a larger share of the world's spoil. Their peoples are more self-conscious, more self-willed, more inflammable than ever before, while increasing hatred of them by the coloured races exacerbates the state of affairs. On the flabby surface, there is much talk of peace and brotherhood ; but underneath it a vast struggle has begun. The struggle, seeing that the world in its choicer regions has become too full, is for the future supply of food and raw materials ; and for the world's markets—which must quickly become the most deadly struggle of all.

This chapter and the next will describe these things. This one will show our fine Western stocks losing mental fibre ; the next will show them struggling greedily within themselves, and with one another ; oblivious of the future, and heedless of the supreme need of the world—the breeding of finer men.

Facing, both physically and mentally, a complex and declining period in human affairs, what is the first thing we ought to do ? We ought to call upon the wisest living men to govern and pull us through. How can we discover them ? And having done so, how can we bring them to power ? It is one thing to choose your wise man, but it is quite another thing for the masses, to whom this responsibility has now passed, to elect them. One man, to them, is as wise or as foolish as another.

Majority rule, Democracy—call it what you will—is the levelling down of directive authority to the lowest common denominator. If this only stopped

at material things ; if it were the levelling down to a cottage, a comfortable bed, warm clothing, and a dinner of roast beef with two vegetables, I would say to Democracy " God speed you ! " But it is the levelling down of mind as well ! This man or that may have the finest brain, a profound knowledge, an exquisite imagination. But these qualities are not necessary to Democracy ; they embarrass, and cause jealousy, while mental aloofness, to the mediocre, is abhorrent. Only his vote is wanted—and hardly that ; the vote of the hod-carrier or the maid-servant is equally good, and requires less trouble to get. Do not think I scorn hod-carriers. Do you not remember whom I selected as potentially admirable among the British ? A coal miner, a stewardess, and very nearly a plumber. That our masses should find the world a pleasanter place, I have always desired. But if I must level my thought to theirs, become saturated by the quality of the collective mind, I had rather get away to the wilderness.

Majority rule, particularly the levelling-down of thought, is the equivalent, mentally, of the watering-down of our fine white blood. And it will also mean the end of our fine white blood. While the masses vote, and rule, it will be impossible for us to return to good breeding, on which everything depends, and to forbid bad breeding. The people among us we should forbid to breed in the interests of unborn generations—the half-castes, the mental and physical weaklings, the drunkards, the very poor and degraded—are themselves of the majority. Are they going to proclaim their inferiority ? *Are they even conscious of it ?* " Anyone is fit to breed ! " you will hear them cry—" and with anyone else ! " You will find, under the rule of the masses, that our blood-strain must vitiate more and more, and our mental deterioration must follow.

It is the belief of Democracy that the masses can be mentally levelled-up by education. The theory is that we are all born with more or less the same intelligence, but that it remains latent in many, and is only brought out by a good schooling. In the United States, where this belief is widespread, the finest buildings of countryside, village, and small town are the State schools ; Americans mean very well by education, but like many others they overrate human material.

Education will soon be universal ; but those who become educated, in the true sense, will remain a quite small minority, in America or anywhere else. What the scholar takes from the school was his when he went there. It was his when he lay in his mother's womb. Intelligence is innate. If it is there, it will usually rise unaided, although education supplies a ladder. If it is not there, all the schooling in the world, from ten years old to three score and ten, will not furnish even its similitude. Let me take figures from America itself. From two hundred and fifty thousand state-school children in California, one thousand were sifted out as the most intelligent. It was then found that eight hundred of these had as parents the intellectual élite, such as the professional classes. As to the remaining two hundred, we may be reasonably sure that ability could have been traced in most of their families. Said the maker of this experiment : " Half our genius comes from the top four or five per cent. of the population."

During the Great War, when the manhood of the United States was being drafted for service, one million seven hundred thousand men, after passing the doctors, were tested for their intelligence. The tests were certainly not infallible ; but they were approximate, and this was the result ; 4·5 per cent. of the total, in large part the officers, proved to be of " very superior intelligence," nine per cent. of " superior

intelligence," 16·5 per cent. of "high average intelligence." The remaining seventy per cent., in varying degree, though grown men, proved to be of the mentality of boys from fourteen down to ten years old. That mentality was born with them; it will be theirs to the end of the chapter; I often think of this as I pass one of those fine American schools.

In Britain, there was no such intelligence test; but it will be remembered that the drafting of the men revealed serious physical deterioration, a great number being placed in the inferior C 3 class. That leads to the same result as in America; for where the physical man deteriorates, the mental man quickly follows.

Indiscriminate, free education must work havoc with human affairs. It is everywhere bringing about discontent. Millions of the educated mediocre are turned out each year, demanding the good jobs and the genteel billets. But the good jobs remain few; they go, as a rule, to the really capable, and the millions, increasingly as the years pass by, take upon themselves the cast of bitterness and jealousy. Nor do they often stop at that. The modern state is honeycombed with enemies whom it has educated free of cost. Unable to assimilate true knowledge, yet determined upon self-expression, such men and women become labour agitators, ultra-socialists, communists, fomentors of every kind of strife, hating all that is superior, and secretly bent on pulling the whole structure down. The very teachers themselves, who are poorly paid, and live by routine, are often found among the bitter and disillusioned; their influence upon the students can be imagined.

Free education is also saddling the state more and more with parasites; that is to say, with men and women who acquire enough cunning to despise manual labour, and who try to earn a living without hard work. Take note of the growing army of third-rate

musicians, singers, painters, writers, actors, and cinema supers ; tipsters, touts, and the flotsam of the racecourse ; beauty specialists, herbalists, occultists, and quacks of a hundred varieties ; the army of small, inefficient shop-keepers ; and most of all the army of middlemen and commission agents (the astutest type of parasite), who batten on the genuine producers from the beginning to end, and greatly increase the cost of living. It is clear that the free education of these many is a serious and costly mistake. At the best, they are inferior stuff ; they have just learned enough to take the line of least resistance ; they produce nothing ; they fail to pull their weight in the boat ; they cost the State a great and increasing sum, and are secretly hostile to the solid citizen.

The conclusion must be that free education is a two-edged sword. For the right people it is the highest boon we can give ; for the wrong, who are in a majority, a waste of time and money. An illiterate peasant, producing food, or some useful material, is a better citizen, and probably a happier man, than a labour agitator, a theatrical super, a quack herbalist or the keeper of some trivial shop—any one of whom may be his half-educated brother or sister. If there must be free education, let us only give the grounding to one and all ; let us reserve anything higher than that as a prize to be worked for, an honour, bestowed by the State on brains and character.

After the half-educated masses leave school, the replenishment of their mentality mostly comes from the columns of the popular Press. There are superior newspapers, read by the few, which render us great services. The same cannot be said of the popular papers, which do much more harm than good ; but the masses read them eagerly, because they give the reading they like.

When cleverly run, a popular paper works up a

great circulation, makes big profits, and at last becomes capitalised for a large sum of money. Numerous daily papers in London, New York, Chicago and elsewhere represent a capital of fully a million pounds. That means such a paper is expected to earn at least a thousand pounds a week clear profit. Indeed, *it has got to* ; the whole policy is subordinated to that ; the staff, from editor to office-boy, know their living depends on it. Such profits can easily be made by a popular paper—at a price. It must write down to the people. Get inside their vulgar minds. Flatter them to the top of their bent. Especially must it flatter women ; who, by reading it, attract all those advertisements of women's wear, on which many a paper exists. Day in, day out, in order to sell, it must excite. Headlines always begin the thrill ; a political intrigue is good ; a lurid divorce or a murder is better ; best of all is some national quarrel, when the whole people can be worked up, and words or incidents twisted so as to suggest the inevitability of war. I wonder how often, conscious of some such vile goad, I have crushed a newspaper in my hands and wished the Press in hell !

Again, you always find the popular papers playing up to the credulity of mass superstition. New knowledge, great scientific work, is either pooh-poohed or ridiculously distorted. Anything like a rumoured miracle, ghost, instantaneous healing, or apparent breach of Natural Law, is seized on and given the fullest publicity ; the implication is always that it is fact, science in the wrong, and the masses, with their belief in the supernatural, proved right once more. Occasionally a popular paper takes up an important subject—a needed reform, a national ideal, some great appeal to reason—but it soon drops it for the latest murder or divorce. It has lost its “news value.” The paper never gives it a second thought, but the effect on millions of half-educated minds is disintegrating.

The controller of such a paper, who is perhaps its sole owner, wields great power. Our knowledge of this type of man is that he is not an idealist. He wants his thousand pounds a week. To further this, or any other end, it may suit his book to attack the government of the day, or individual great men, and all news or comment is distorted accordingly ; in fact, his interests, as I see them, are anti-social, and do but confirm the masses in their ignorance. That a group of men of this sort can mobilise the masses and the emotions and the mob-mind of the most advanced countries in a few hours, even against the wishes of governments, will be found one of the menacing facts in the coming years.

The journalists are human, no better than ourselves, no worse—on the whole rather a lovable crew—but they are caught in the dividend machine. The popular Press, like the half-educated masses who absorb it, is pushing us down the slope.

Now we come to the sphere of government. Populations, in general, have become too big, too unwieldy to be well-governed. Communities of three to five millions would seem to be the ideal units ; when greater than that, too many conflicting forces come into play. The lesser nations, like Switzerland, Holland or Sweden, will thus tend to be the better governed, and intelligent persons will call to mind that the model governments of the world, such as that of Pericles in Athens, of the Incas in Peru, and of certain Dutch rulers in the Low Countries, were the self-disciplining, under a great man, of quite small communities. In our flabby times, however, quantity, not quality has become the ideal ; and nations like the Americans, the British, and the French, already far too unwieldy to govern well, are in course of extending the vote to practically all men and women whatsoever—although not as yet to children and dogs.

The masses can neither govern, nor choose wisely those who can. Called upon to decide this great question or that, they will divide into partisan armies, with partisan cries, intent only on thwarting each other, and will be stampeded to and fro for no apparent reason. Endless laws, certainly, will keep being piled up ; but many will be rescinded or forgotten, and many broken as a duty, by some special sect formed for the purpose. There will be nothing greatly constructive ; but much hatred, many cries and general futility.

Parliamentary government has not quite fallen to this yet ; the masses are hardly in the saddle. But as they gather force, so does the quality of the men they elect steadily decline. Because they mostly judge a man by his tongue, statecraft becomes more and more a thing of talk ; in this declining period the doer is diminished, and the glib talker is more and more rising to power. Certain of them, obviously, possess great ability ; but I am not so sure about character. To enter Parliament in these days, you have to promise too many people too many things ; an honourable man often finds the words stick in his throat.

Good government, first and last, is mainly the wise and straight handling of public money. But no government to-day handles money wisely. Democracy, by electing glib and cunning men to govern, and not electing men of character, will bankrupt the State. All modern governments, to keep in power, buy votes and favour with the people's money on an ever-increasing scale ; of which we may note some choice examples.

The financing of the Great War, by the democratic governments of Britain, America, and the rest, was the most dreadful misuse of public money on record. Instead of capital being conscripted, material taken over at cost, and all industry set to work for the public benefit, governments as good as passed the

word round: "Everybody is to make a profit. Material is to be bought at the seller's price. Contracts are to be liberal. Labour is to be highly paid, and if it grumbles, wages are to be raised. The war must be popular!"

It was! The profiteers of Britain led the van, and some thousands of millions were paid to them needlessly. But I do not intend to linger over that shameful period. Three years after the war, Britain being nearly ruined, and staggering under taxation beyond economic limits, the government was forced, after resistance, to submit the nation's expenditure to an enquiry. It was then found that tens of thousands of people (each with a vote), held tens of thousands of sinecures; that all departments were extravagantly run; that many of the state's activities, in those bad times, were uncalled for, and that one hundred millions a year were being squandered.*

The American government's war expenditure also aimed at the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Countless millions of the people's dollars were flung away with both hands. In May, 1924, five years after the war, the Senate and Congress passed a Bill for providing each man who had fought with a handsome bonus. The President vetoed the bill. The two Houses passed it again, over his head, and it became law; and the sum to be paid out will reach several thousand million dollars. The anxiety of these American politicians to please some two million voters, and their friends, was due to the fact that many of them would come up for re-election six months later. The precedent they have set is novel, and is sure to be imitated; in the next war we shall find governments offering the bonus before enlistment, with special cash payments for "going over the top."

* Here is an example. The German fleet had been sunk, and no enemy faced the British Navy on any sea; yet the Admiralty had now 2,000 more clerks than before the war!

In Canada, there is a clamour for a government railway to Hudson's Bay, building a port there, and shipping wheat direct to Europe. The clamour comes from the influential wheat-growers, and the prairie towns, who sway many parliamentary votes. It is not a feasible scheme, as I myself saw on the spot; indeed, the technical reasons against it are overwhelming.* Yet a Canadian government, with the prairie votes in mind, using the excuse of the Great War, and Europe's demand for wheat, actually commenced the scheme. The line and the terminal were partly built; twenty million dollars of Canada's good money were spent; and the whole venture collapsed. That was a few years ago. But the wheat-growers and the prairie towns are still there. They are still determined upon this mad scheme. One government has already flung away twenty millions on it; if the Canadians do not take care, another, with the prairie votes in mind, will squander fifty millions more.

In Australia, too, my example of a government's extravagance is a railway. This is the trans-continental line, which the government of that day, to placate the great labour vote in Australia, built itself, by inefficient day labour. The line cost over six million pounds. It was known that any capable contractor would have built it for less than four millions. This means that the small Australian community, at that time just five millions all told, in order to strengthen a few politicians in office, was

* The open season in Hudson's Bay, being limited to about ten weeks in the year, is far too short. Specially constructed vessels are needed, on account of floating ice. Fog is frequent; the Bay is uncharted, unlit, dangerous, and the insurance rate therefore high. There are no return freights. The selected terminal at Nelson, with its shoals and open roadstead, is treacherous; the alternate harbour, at Fort Churchill, is too small; to enlarge it would cost many million dollars. The season's wheat would mostly reach the Bay too late for shipment; the ice would have formed again. Who is going to hold his wheat over a winter, up at Hudson's Bay?

saddled with one hundred thousand pounds a year of extra interest. The Australian government should have remembered the scandal of the gauges. Because of jealousy in the early days, New South Wales and Victoria built their railways of different gauges. The adjustment, when it takes place, will cost many millions of the people's money.

I have watched the government of the Union of South Africa, in its few years of existence, steadily piling up an excessive debt. In the boom period after the Great War, when millions could have been paid off, it continued spending up to the hilt. It was quite popular; but it was preparing a bitter day of reckoning. I remember that in the days of President Kruger, and his "corrupt oligarchy," the Mines Department of the Transvaal cost twenty thousand pounds a year. I should be afraid to say how many times more it is costing now.

In France, it is well known, small functionaries of the state exist in extreme redundancy. There are, in fact, tens of thousands in excess of strict requirements; but the votes that they sway are so many, and French ministers so greedy of office, that there is little chance of stopping the leak. Many French Deputies, too, as one of their regular functions, advise their constituents how they may scale down income-tax. Meanwhile, the franc is at a wretched figure, and the government of this rich and fertile country heads for bankruptcy.

In Latin America, of course, the State debts keep ever mounting. What else can you expect from these florid and frothy *politicos*? In Argentina, in the critical times of the last years, when utmost economy was called for, the budget rose from five hundred and twelve to six hundred and eighty seven million dollars. As for Brazil, you have only to read the inaugural addresses of, say, the last five Presidents. What they promise, what they perform, the steady rise of

Brazil's debt, and the steady fall of her exchange, are epitome enough for me.

Democracy, I repeat, will end in the bankruptcy of every state. On the one hand the electors, greedy and ignorant, will constantly demand from the State more than it can afford; and on the other hand the elected, who will be less and less men of fine character, will try to keep in power by giving it to them.

In this twilight period, it seems natural to find Western men of certain types becoming effeminate. Not of all types, of course. This is not so much a failing in the masses, but rather the contribution of men of the classes to the general flabbiness. Effeminate men love to proclaim their own inferiority, and laud women to the skies. Yet all experience shows that women despise weak and fawning men; their secret joy is a man stronger in body and brain than themselves, to whom they can look up. This relation of the true women to the true man is immutable.

A Tokio newspaper asked the Japanese women to vote for their ideal qualities in a man. They voted, in the order given, for generosity, manliness, decision of character, and that he should not be a "woman's man." Western women would vote the same way, stressing always the "manliness"; and yet we find effeminacy spreading over the earth.

Vis-à-vis these flabby types, women certainly show to advantage; and with the growing futility of many men, they are coming more and more to the front. Their cry is that they are emerging from an age-long subjection; but just as water finds its level, do you not think that woman long ago found hers? Her subjection has been mostly of her own seeking. Consider, as an example, Christianity and women; it always placed them in subjection. In pre-Christian days, the Roman matron was a personage; after Christianity came, she found herself down and out.

Yet women have supported the Churches much more than men, and have prostrated themselves before the priest for two thousand years. René Caillié, travelling in Mauretania a century ago, noted that the Moorish women had great influence over their husbands, that polygamy was therefore not practised in those parts, and even the king had only one wife. If women could get such a status among black Mahomedans, they could get it anywhere.

By analogy with my own experience, their subjection has been much less than is imagined. All over the East, in China, India, Burma, Japan, Indo-China, the Dutch Indies and Malaya, where woman is supposed to be a mere chattel, I have found her more often than not influential in the home, and always ready to speak her mind. Among many peasantries, too, both in Europe and Asia, the women have often given me the impression of a sort of social superiority. The men had the better mentality; the women's strength lay in the sum of calmer nerves, placid living, temperance, and a sort of sweet reasonableness, as against the less stable psyche of the male. Their subjection, outside savage tribes, has probably never been very real. Public opinion, it even seems to me, often sides unjustly with the woman against the man, the Josephs of the world being heaped with contumely, and the Potiphars' Wives with flowers.

Not only is woman's subjection a myth: the number of women who dominate their husbands is amazing. And why they do so is very obscure. They are seldom of a superior clay; they have no subtlety of soul; they just dominate! Sometimes, no doubt, the man has failed sexually. Much oftener he has become daunted by that incomparable weapon, the woman's tongue. But these do not explain nearly all; why one man should dissolve a woman with a glance, and another eat out of her hand, remains as yet among the Eleusinian mysteries. Do you think women

like dominance? They would rather stay meek with the right man; these effeminate products of a declining age bring them disillusion and anguish.

Democracy, in any case, is going to run women for all they are worth. They have got the vote. Even young girls are about to get it; the sex being then in a majority, the control of the White Races—certainly of the British—will actually have been placed in their hands. Of course, the pendulum will gradually swing much further. Many women will tire of politics; but many others will work their way into places of control. We shall find them in the pulpit and on the bench; the political parties will outbid each other flagrantly for their support; there will be many in Parliament; a number in every cabinet; and woman-made legislation will flood the statute-books.

Yet the arena is not for women. Every manly man and womanly woman knows that; had it been meant for them, they would have occupied it ages ago.

"And why not for women?" I hear one ask.

"Look at a man's wrist, lady! Or strip yourself, and dash into a football scrum; you will soon know! If you were meant to rival men, something was forgotten. Your muscles are puny. Your strength a figment. For long periods, when child-bearing, you are utterly dependent on our sex—yet you are preparing to rival us all along the line. But in a world where force is the ultimate resort, how are you going to succeed? Your power, when you get it, will but be pseudo-power. Who will exercise it for you? On whom will you have to lean at every step? Upon the muscular men you are trying to outrival—surely a ludicrous state of affairs!"

The emotional make-up of women, even more than their physical weakness, should remove them from the sphere of rough and tumble and of direct power. This is a region for colder-working brains. There really

is a mental territory belonging to certain males, just as there is a physical territory—that of child-birth—belonging to women. Why should a woman wish to become a second-rate man? there is no more shame to her that she does not think dispassionately, than to a man that he does not produce a baby.

Do you remember when America was deciding whether to come into the Great War? The vital issue was being voted on in Congress, and the only woman in Congress, in a thrilling silence, rose to cast her vote. At first, she gazed vacantly into space. Then, shaken with emotion, she burst into tears and voted NO.

War is an affair of men, involving their life and death. Also an affair of cold judgment, immediate decisions, swift attack and swifter retaliation. As America is heading, Congress, when the next war comes, may be more than half women, with a woman in the chair; and by the time they have wept, and all had their say at great length, and finally voted, a message will arrive to say that New York and Washington are in ruins from the air, and the President a prisoner.

The arena is not for women. If they insist in grasping direct power, thus entering the rough and tumble of life, they may gain the whole world, but they will lose their soul. That is to say, they will lose their charm. It is just as well to get back to essentials. When a man is choosing the mother of his children, is he going to prefer a sweet, feminine woman, or a rising official? If he wakes in the morning, and sees a harsh, dominant face on the pillow, will it console him to know that it belongs to a Judge or a Secretary of State? There may even be tear-stains, as like as not, on that lined face; for nothing is going to make up to a woman for the lost affection of her man.

The trend of our gradual mental deterioration

begins with the false reasoning that men are born equal. On that assumption they can be levelled up by education ; so we see masses of the mediocre and the inferior being educated at the public expense, with great discontent resulting, and the manufacture of enemies of the State. We see the lowering and vulgarising of minds to a dead level. In government, we see the masses, who can sway things with their votes, played upon more and more by cunning talkers, who keep themselves in power by reckless use of public money. We see the same multitudes, through the popular Press—and we may add through radio, and through moving pictures—more and more at the mercy of mass-suggestion. We see the growing effeminacy of certain types of men. Finally, by the tremendous thrust of women into the arena, we get the predominance everywhere of emotion and feeling, at the expense of cold thought.

Many of these evils have come about, and will intensify, subtly and slowly. The momentum behind " Democracy " will prevent men from recognising them as evils until too late. But one thing—sum total of them all—is already emerging : I mean the " mob-mind." Mob-mind is machine-made mentality. It is the sum of the same thoughts, the same emotions, the same mediocre and dead-level conclusions of many millions of people—thus a vague mass of inferior thought and emotion which in the long run will sway the world. Mob-mind will control our acts, and our behaviour. It will try to control our thoughts. For remember, the mob means well. In its crude way it is seeking the ideal. It lacks reason, and mistakes emotion for knowledge, but *it means well*—that is all it knows. Yet it is going to drag us far down. The time is coming when a foolish speech, a goading paragraph, a misunderstood gesture will be all that the mob needs. The rash or evil lead will have been given ; the mob, composed of ladies and clergymen and

Jews and shopkeepers and barmaids and members of County Families, as well as of village idiots and loafers and school-boys and bricklayers and Wesleyans, will do the rest, striking blindly, and will not regain its senses till something intensely foolish or harmful has been done. The mob-mind acts first, and thinks afterwards. Already we have seen it at work. The Australian cricketers, triumphing too easily over the British, and claiming some advantage which the rules allowed them, are hooted in the field ; an editor, in order to put life into a declining paper, attacks Lord Haldane as pro-German ; it matters not that he is a patriot, and the ablest War Minister we ever had ; the mob howls him from office ; at Hull a murderer is about to be hung ; in a fit of jealousy, he had cut a woman's throat in front of her young children ; forgetful of this, but remembering that another local murderer had received only ten years' imprisonment, a crowd of seven thousand, headed by a band, march to the prison ; they sing hymns, and as their emotions rise the murderer becomes a sort of hero in their eyes ; they sing with fervour " Where is my wandering boy to-night " ; there are cries of " sack the prison ! " " hang the hangman ! " and but for a police force on the spot, more murder might easily have been done ; a white woman, in the Southern States of America, is raped by a negro ; the mob, in righteous indignation, catches him, and burns him at the stake—but it is the wrong negro ; on a Parisian racecourse, the favourite for a race having been disqualified, a shouting multitude, waving sticks and chairs, rushes the paddock, and has to be charged by the police and by a squadron of the Republican Guard ; the paper adds, " This is the first time such ugly scenes have been witnessed here."

Precisely : we are at the beginning. The same day, a National Committee of the Democratic Convention was sitting in New York, to elect a presidential candi-

date. After many hours of bitter faction feeling, and complete pandemonium, a man shouted out to God to guide them ; and the hundreds present, among whom were many women, at once fell on their knees in prayer. What were they asking God ? That he should enter party politics, and indicate the likeliest man to " down " the Republicans. The mob-mind !

The Ku-Klux-Klan is an instance of mob-mind. It is bitterly anti-Catholic, anti-colour, anti-Jew, yet it marches under the banner of Christ. But Christ was himself a Jew. He was swarthy, if not coloured ; He was the soul of tolerance ; but if you reasoned thus with the Ku-Klux, they might set your house on fire. Consider the mob-mind in Tennessee and Kentucky ; a mob orator, having made the idea of Evolution disgusting in that region, Tennessee's legislature forbade it to be taught in the State's schools ; while Kentucky only failed to imitate them by one vote. (Evolution ! Man's only real hope !) Prohibition, with its emotional excess, and its attack upon freedom, where so very much was to be accomplished by moderation, is the mob-mind to the life. Most Prohibitionists are probably rather rabid Christians. If they believe in Christ's miracles, it is worth remembering that the first of them all, at the marriage feast, was the turning of water into wine.

Seeing what the Great War revealed, especially in Germany, of the power of mass-suggestion, governments and individuals in the future will increasingly know how to impose themselves and their propaganda upon a people. Deliberate use, under a guise of noble and ideal ends, will be made of the mob-mind. Cunning men will sway it with entire cynicism ; I can picture the time when there will be a formula for handling it, as it were so much horse-power. But in those days life will be less worth living.

CHAPTER VII

CERTAIN REALITIES

LET us turn now, from pretending things, to face the realities ; we shall find that these knock such pretendings sky-high.

The first reality is the coming struggle of Labour against Capital, and the poor against the rich. That looks like splitting the White Peoples, internally, from top to bottom. Another is Nationalism, with its growing hatred of peoples for each other ; and another is the fast-growing hatred of the coloured world for the white.

Closely bound up with these is the reality of over-population. When we have considered this, we shall understand the world-wide struggle which has already set in for food areas, raw material, and the world's markets. These menaces, quite outside the sphere of Democracy, are overtaking the Western Whites surely and steadily.

In the coming struggle of Labour against Capital, it seems as if the main arena at first might be Britain. The masses of Britain, who look like being in the saddle politically before long, are decent and law-abiding in the main ; but as their political status has risen, so has their dissatisfaction with their lot. The Great War brought this to a head. They were demoralised by wartime wages, angered by the way these have dwindled since, and by wartime promises which have not materialised ; the growing unemployment frightens them, and they are determined upon making work and wages secure ; finally, they are falling

more and more under the influence of extremists, who preach class hatred.

Can we be surprised? Have we ever really given the under-dog fair play? reaction, after centuries of his suppression, seems only natural. Has he cause to respect us? We need not cast back to history; our acts in this very generation will judge us. In the Great War, many of these people, loyal, and deadly in earnest for Britain, saw the profiteering, the colossal squandering, the jobbery, the showering of decorations upon thousands of the undeserving. Were these things likely to enthuse them? Or we may cast our thoughts back to the coming of the motor-car. Do we realise the class-cleavage that insensate vehicle has brought about? Pedestrians have their rights, yet you would not think it if you belonged to that class. In the United States, in the year 1924, nineteen thousand persons were killed by motor vehicles and four hundred and fifty thousand injured. Class-cleavage, over there, is the quick and the dead. I do not know the most recent figures for Britain; but who is ignorant of the daily truculence of motorists, their excessive speed, their nerve-wrecking warnings, and the callousness with which they bespatter the poor with mud or cloud them with dust? The motorist, only too often, is a bully; he and his car have raised untold hatred in the minds of the poor.

Be the British masses never so decent, their antagonism to the monied classes is inevitable. The attack will be led by Labour, organised in great Unions. A Labour Unionist is the aristocrat, as it were, of the masses. He has his vote; knows what organisation can do; feels that power at last is coming his way. He might easily have become brutalised by his work, made daft by eternally tending some machine, yet he probably remains a kindly and patriotic creature. What he has not got, and never will have, is brains. He does not begin to know how

complex economics are, and that unless he goes carefully he will bring England tumbling down. The coal miner, for example, is now producing thirteen per cent. less coal than he did, at double the cost. Those simple figures foreshadow Britain's decline--and his. But you cannot argue with him. All he knows is that Democracy has arrived; that he has the vote, and the majority, and the whip-hand; and that he is going to do as he pleases!

Labour's aim will be to pull down Capital, and install itself in its place. And to a certain extent Labour is right; guilds of working men, financing their own ventures, seems the proper solution for many evils. But a guild is itself a sort of capital; it will not flourish over the dead bodies of other sorts.

I know all that Labour can say against Capital. And I could add something of my own. It is often a very evil thing indeed. We see it suborning the Press, lying wholesale, bribing officials, cornering foods, battenning on war contracts, buying itself wives and titles--its poisonous power eating deep into Human Nature. On the other hand, the good it does is more widespread than the evil. It is the oil in the world's machinery. The builder up. The mainspring of a million benefits. For example, Capital is to-day feeding that army of British unemployed, with their wives and children, just as it is making life livable for those fatuous Trade Unions who would pull it down. The Russian Communists set out to abolish Capital; no such thorough experiment against it will ever be made again. It failed completely; Lenin himself, worsted by the very peasants, admitted ownership to be the universal incentive.

You cannot abolish Capital. It stands for brains; that is what your glib talkers in Hyde Park never understand. And brains belong to the mobile few. Threaten it, and the brains will go to other countries.

Destroy it, and the brains will invent something else ; they are bound to come to the top. You can destroy the brains, it is true ; but our working classes might as well go out and cut their throats. In the ultimate analysis, Capital is a power for good ; human selfishness is the evil. May enlightenment therefore fall upon the rich !

While continuing struggles of Labour and Capital loom ahead, other world forces, now blowing up, will cut across them and each other in a gigantic interplay. One of these is the spirit of Nationalism, which since the Great War has intensified in every people in the world. Just at present, the favourite brand of Nationalism is self-assertion. A state, at home, may be sinking into feebleness. Abroad, it may reach out for more territory, thwart its neighbours, place impossible restrictions upon trade, threaten war on the slightest provocation ; indeed, it is probable that democracies, under the sway of a sensational Press, and the mob-mind, will hover continually on the verge of war.

Just when the nations unfold their programmes of assertion and expansion, we find the world has become small. Rapid transport has brought this about—lengthy railways, fast steamers, motor-cars, electric cables, wireless, and travel through the air. The earth is big enough spatially, but its choice regions are limited, and are soon going to be too full ; over-population will soon be the master trouble of the world. The nations are taking stock of the outlook—watching each other. The masses, of course, neither heed nor care ; but the intelligent few realise that it is now or never for securing that which ought to be secured. The Great War revealed, once and for all, a nation's actual needs. These are no longer things of Church and State, nor questions for Democracy at all. The real needs of a nation to-day are

entirely economic ; they are food, raw materials, markets, and free access to them ; the rest being neither here nor there. That there will soon be not nearly enough of these to go round ; that the stronger and better-placed nations are sure to insist upon more than their share, are the real world problems of the coming years.

Still one other great force will soon be clashing with the rest. We White Peoples, however warring internally, have always pictured a world of white supremacy. A world in which coloured races asserted themselves, perhaps even pushed us back, has been unthinkable. Yet we find Nationalism as rampant to-day among the coloured nations as the white, and we shall soon be challenged by them in many parts of the world. The challenge, in the beginning, will most often be the competition of cheap coloured labour ; but will merge later on into a general economic clash of nation against nation, coloured against white.

The creed of Nationalism is not an evil. Love and duty toward one's own tribe is a better working religion, on the whole, than love for humanity at large, which involves so many contradictions.* Consider, as an example, the United States. How easy, for that great and rich country, to throw itself open to the distressed of the earth, such as Russians, Poles, Armenians, Syrians, or Greeks ; or to the peoples of the crowded lands, such as Italians, Chinese and Japanese. The whole world would be using America as a sanctuary, and blessing her. But in about one hundred years it would be found that the fine white American strain had disappeared ; that the American of that day was an almond-eyed dago ; and that there was "standing room only" from Miami to Seattle. It would be the height of folly for America to adopt

* One should read *Ethics and Some Modern World Problems*, by William McDougall.

humanitarian ethics of this nature ; a policy of selfish Nationalism is clearly the right one.

But when a people, led by demagogues, passes from an enlightened consideration of itself, to hatred and contempt for other peoples, and to unbounded self-assertion, Nationalism becomes an evil. Thus: the self-assertion of every state in Eastern Europe is notorious. It is equalled by that of the twenty republics of Latin America ; all of these seem to be continuously looking for trouble. We have seen the German people simply go mad through it. Undeterred by their fate, the Japanese are being moulded in just the same way. Their national ego is dangerously swollen ; they consider themselves of a superior clay. On the day of the great earthquake, in 1923, hundreds of Koreans were murdered in the streets of Yokohama ; they had been undercutting Japanese labour, and the Japanese labourers, far gone in self-love, and finding an opportunity, simply swept them away as of no account.

I believe the United States is also sickening for a Nationalism of this evil type. I do not mean its drastic limiting of immigration : that, as we have seen, is quite right ; but rather the " one hundred per cent. Americanism," and the growing contempt for the rest of the world. Going into the Great War when the other combatants were exhausted, and thus indubitably turning the scale, victory seemed to rush to the Americans' heads. Furthermore, the war enriched them immensely, while it left the other great powers more or less prostrate. America thus emerged, in 1918, as the greatest power in the world, and the Americans for the first time realised this ; in 1919, thousands of them wore a medallion reading " We Won the War." One is not blind to the great effort they had put forth. One item of it—the saving twelve million tons of food, and shipping it to the allies in Europe—will not be forgotten by me. But

those chivalrous days are past, and a rampant Nationalism has descended—as the following bears witness. Their tariff has been appreciably raised. Despite treaties to the contrary, there is a widespread desire to favour themselves over the Panama Canal tolls. They are bent on subsidising their own shipping. In order to enforce their Prohibition, they announced, contrary to International Law, that they intended to search vessels for liquor up to a twelve-mile limit ; a Senator, speaking in the Senate, claimed that this must be done “ with or without the consent of foreign nations.” A committee of a hundred Americans was formed, with great publicity, to enquire into Britain’s control of India ; and issued a report that the said control had been a very evil thing. America’s Secretary of the Navy announced that an airship would be sent to annex the territory round the North Pole—well knowing the implied rights to this, in the Western Hemisphere, were Canada’s ! There is reason to think that Canada protested loudly, for the airship was not sent. The Japanese being about to be excluded from the States almost entirely, their ambassador in Washington wrote a letter to the Press, saying that this step would have “ grave consequences.” No threat was meant, but the American Senate, and Congress, flying into a passion, at once passed a bill banging the door in Japan’s face, and bolting it. These are items selected over quite a short period.

All my life I have mixed with American gentlefolk, and think of them as I do of our own. But these stand less and less for America ; in their stead you have an Irish mob, a German mob, an Italian mob, a Jew mob, a Slovak mob—a foreign-born mob in general, played on by a Press out for sensation and trouble-making, and by low-class politicians who sway them this way and that for their own ends. The result is a growing mob-mind Nationalism, over-emotional, self-assertive, with a contempt for the rights of all

others. I foresee America, immensely powerful and wealthy, so asserting its power and showing its contempt as to be a menace everywhere. The test will come in the not distant future, when its great population compels it to secure food, raw materials, and markets at the expense, if need be, of the rest of the world.

We shall come later to Nationalism in the coloured races. In white and coloured alike, it is just a phase of the master-fact of the world—rapid over-population of the choicer regions, and the determination of the more vigorous races to expand, come what may.

Over-population, in itself, need not ruin the world. It has often existed, especially in Europe and Asia ; but pestilence, famine and infanticide always redressed the balance, and weeded out the unfit rather effectively. Modern medicine and hygiene, however, in the last hundred years, have changed all this. Pestilence is more or less stamped out. Famines are alleviated. Babies are saved to grow up. There are many more people in the world, and the unfit are no longer weeded out.*

Let us consider some facts about population and food-supply. In Britain there are forty-three million people. But she grows only enough food for one-third of these, and in no circumstances could feed more than one-half. The balance of food always comes from overseas, in exchange for manufactured articles. Britain has thus staked her fortunes, as well as her food-supply, upon foreign trade. But the Great War disorganised this trade. The intensity of Nationalism, as well as the growth of Capital, also set many countries which had been Britain's best customers manufacturing for themselves. These changes have curtailed Britain's foreign trade by one-quarter ; and if we add to them the coming menace from German competition, which in order to pay Germany's indemnity will be cut-throat and world-

* One should study *The Problem of Population*, by Harold Cox.

wide, we see how serious things are. At present, over a million British unemployed, who with wives and families doubtless number three millions, walk the streets. Economists tell us that this is merely a trade depression ; that it will right itself ; that it has nothing to do with over-population. But if most of these conditions are to be permanent—what then ? My own belief is that foreign countries will manufacture more and more ; that they will require fewer goods from Britain ; that they will have less food surplus to give in exchange, and that Britain's population must adjust itself downward accordingly.

Now turn to the United States. Here, it may be thought, is a land which will never fill ; a food supply which will never give out ; but the facts are very different.*

The population of the States is now one hundred and seven millions ; according to the present rate of increase it should reach two hundred millions round about the year 1980—and that is the saturation point. By disregarding a margin of safety ; estimating the present food-yield per acre to be increased ; and assuming all sorts of semi-desert, grazing areas, and poor land to carry a population equal to good land, the total population can be stretched to three hundred and thirty-one millions ; but no intelligent person, reading the evidence, will consider this to be possible. Furthermore, unless the soil now under cultivation is treated with fertilisers, the law of diminishing returns will set in, and the food-supply contract severely. Fifteen years hence, in any case, the States will be unable to export any balance of food.

America has had a fright : first about the quality of her immigrants, and now the quantity. Realising that her own soil will soon be needed by her own people, she has now closed her doors to Northern Europeans in great part, to Southern and Eastern Europeans almost completely, and to Asiatics entirely.

* An enlightening book on the subject is *Mankind at the Crossroads*, by E. M. East.

This act will have repercussion throughout Europe. But the country most affected by it will be Italy. Very many thousands of Italians, for whom there was no room at home, used to reach the States every year. These must now be diverted, and join the annual Italian throng sailing for Argentina and Brazil, where their children will merge with those half-caste peoples.

The time is fast approaching when the only test of a country's population will be the food supply, and by that test we shall find nearly all the Western nations of Europe over-populated. The condition of Britain and Italy has been described. At the root of the Great War, was the fact that Germany could only feed seventy-five per cent. of her people from German soil ; while to-day France, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Bohemia and Austria are all importing, on balance, a greater or less amount of food. We must also remember that Japan is much over-populated ; that she only grows food for some forty out of her fifty-eight millions ; and that her people are increasing at the rate of seven hundred thousand a year.

What will happen when the food-exporting countries are full of people, and can no longer export ? These countries have mainly been the United States, Canada, Australia, Russia, Rumania, Argentina, Uruguay and India. We have seen the position of the United States, which will have ceased to export food, on balance, in a few years. East, in his careful estimate,* thinks that Canada, whose population increases so fast, whose food area is so limited by the climate, must cease exporting in thirty years ; that Australia, which is but a rim of fertility round a vast central desert, will cease about the same time ; that Russia, and the East European food belt, may expand for a time, but that it, too, because of the extreme fecundity of the Alpine peoples, must also begin to slow-up at that same period ; and that Argentina and Uruguay,

* In *Mankind at the Crossroads*.

having then filled, must cease to export food in forty-five years. As for India, her own hungry masses could easily eat all the wheat she now exports, and ask for more. Were India to revolt, or gain Home Rule, we might find her ceasing to export wheat altogether. Potential food supplies, for a certain period, will exist in cool countries like Siberia, New Zealand and Southern Brazil. There is also the surplus which can come from the tropics ; but that is not nearly so great as the world imagines. There are the reindeer, a new food supply, from the North American Arctic. There are the seas, whose fish the world also believes to be unlimited. But the law of diminishing returns seems to have begun here ; for example, the Alaska halibut grounds do not now yield as they did. There is no reason to think that the seas will ever feed more people, in proportion, than they do now. All these supplementary sources, put together, do not amount to much.

We always get back to Malthus. He taught that people increase quicker than food ; that however fast the empty spaces be developed, and their food supply increased, population will soon catch up, and the problem of the human stomach be more pressing than ever. When he wrote, the developed world carried eight hundred and fifty million people. To-day, its cultivated area is infinitely greater ; but the population is one thousand eight hundred millions, and the pressure on the food supply much more serious. There is not now room for much further expansion. If the big nations, such as Britain, United States, Germany, Italy, Russia, China, Japan and India insist on breeding to their limit, there must soon be world-wide insufficiency of food for their peoples, as well as continuing wars and unhappiness. And for what end ? Is it still our false theology ? Still the old idea of the " heavenly harvest ? " Malthus, himself, was an Anglican parson. Him at least we must acquit · but how many theologians of to-day

still hold it ! Let us dock them of their dinners, when the scarcity comes ; that may startle them to look these great facts in the face.

The raw materials of the world are being used up fast ; how fast, probably few of us are aware. In a single day, in order to gain profit, an individual or a company will make away with some choice hoard, accumulated by Nature over a vast period of time. For example, elephants will soon all have been killed for their ivory, whales for their oil and bone, and seals for their skins ; these are not essential materials, but they illustrate the way we are squandering our inheritance.

The rich natural fertilisers will be next to go. Of these, the guano islands are exhausted ; the Chilian nitrates, and the phosphate deposits in the South Seas are going fast, as are the various lakes of borax. The generations which follow, helped by science, will no doubt reproduce these synthetically, but at a much higher cost.

Forests are being cut down at an immense rate, almost less for their timber than for the wood-pulp for making paper. To-day you see a lovely expanse of Northern forest, which was old when the Pilgrim Fathers landed ; next week it has become the Sunday edition of some Chicago newspaper, an inane thing, to be forgotten in an hour. A thousand feet of stout timber go to making a ton of paper ; in 1923, nearly three million tons of it were made from the forests of Canada and the United States alone. Only in Central Europe does there seem to be any real afforestation ; the vast and ancient forests of the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Sweden, Finland and Russia, now melting away, mark the passing of a priceless asset.

The base metals are being exhausted with rapidity. The demand for copper is only met by working all

the known, richer deposits simultaneously, including those in Alaska, the Congo, and the higher Andes of Chile and Peru. Neither of tin nor lead are new discoveries being made to keep up with depletion, while the world's known supply of zinc is shrinking too. Fifty years from now the richer deposits of these essential metals (including many deposits yet to be developed) look like being exhausted; and in a century from now the poorer deposits will probably be worked out too. Only aluminium, a widespread metal, and certain alloys, will then remain; but of quite inferior utility to those which will have gone. In perhaps two centuries, the world's iron-ore, most essential of them all, may be nearing its end, and a metal famine will then lie over the earth. Long before that, the oil pools, lying deep in the earth's strata, look like being drained dry. In America, which is swimming in oil to-day, the end may come well inside fifty years. In Mexico it will come far sooner. The careful Dutch, by conservation, may eke out their oil in the Indies for a century, and that of Persia and Mesopotamia be eked out as long, but it is an ephemeral product at best. Then will come the era of the oil shales, of oil as a by-product from coal, and the extraction of alcohol from vegetable products; but these will be costlier sources of fuel, and the countries which first fall back on them will drop behind in the race. Coal will outlast all these. Unlike many of the raw materials, this, the greatest of them, will not be exhausted for many hundred of years. But it stands alone.

We are fast skimming the world of its cream. My aim is not so much to demonstrate this, as to show that with the rapid exhaustion of many raw materials, will come a world-wide scramble for such as remain. Coal is pretty well distributed; this is fortunate, for no nation without it can expect to succeed in the coming economic struggle. France was short of coal;

but has annexed several fine coal-fields from Germany. Italy, alone among the Great Powers, has no coal; a fact which may yet have untoward consequences. So long as it lasts, oil will be the most eagerly sought after product in the world. At present, two-thirds of the production comes from the United States, and five-sixths from the States and Mexico together. There has been so much oil in the States, that the Americans have never conceived of it coming to an end, and have staked their whole mechanical future, as it were, on its continuance. But now, almost suddenly, they awaken to the truth: which is, that their reserves of natural oil, used at the present rate, may not last them many years; and that the wells of Mexico, close at hand, and also thought to be like the widow's cruise, are filling with salt water, and may have no life to speak of. I conceive a desperate situation coming about in the States over oil. First, there will be a local shortage. Supplies will begin coming in from other countries, but at an enhanced price. All sorts of industries will become disorganised. Then foreign supplies, due to the restrictions of foreign governments, will be curtailed. The States, in desperation, will turn for oil to their shales and coal. These sources will provide oil in quantity, but at a higher cost; and Americans, with all their power and wealth, will find themselves handicapped by the countries which are still likely to have their own natural oil. Nearly all those countries, strangely enough, are politically weak. Central America, Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, Southern Russia, Asiatic Turkey, Iraq, Persia, Celebes, and Borneo look like being the chief countries whose oil will outlast America's; and without exception, politically, they are in the hands of small or weak powers. How Americans will then comport themselves, drunk with success, swayed by demagogues and a Yellow Press, and in opposition to British, French, Germans,

Italians and Japanese who will also be seeking cheaper oil, will be one of the outstanding questions in the next fifty years.

The economic struggle will also centre over reserves of iron-ore ; over the alloys and hardening metals for steel ; over all raw materials for munitions, for self-protection, or for waging war—in fact, over very many staples ; and the bigger the populations, the more strenuous must the struggle be. But we need not go further into details ; we have seen the tremendous shrinkage going on in the world's food and raw material ; the coming struggle over what remains is no more than Cause and Effect.

The other aspect of raw material is markets. Countries like the United States and Britain can lay their hands on all sorts of material ; but their prosperity will lie in the manufacture of it, and selling it abroad. Markets to them are essential : almost a matter of life and death ; we see that those countries which fail to command markets simply fade away.

A century ago, the markets took all that was offering ; and it was then that Britain, far ahead in the race, made her vast fortune. Then the world opened up, raw materials became accessible, and one country after another “tumbled to it.” They began to manufacture for themselves. It paid, and they manufactured more and more. They sold things abroad ; competing with Britain, they began beating her at one article after another. Then came the Great War, when the nations equipped themselves with machinery on a huge scale. Assertive Nationalism followed. Each nation was now for itself, as never before ; each set out to make more and to import less ; high tariffs were raised against opponents, and often their goods were shut out altogether.

To-day most nations are equipped and organised to sell much more than they buy. Even new countries

like Canada and Australia are erecting factories at headlong speed, so that one market after another, hitherto open to competition, becomes closed.

The position, with all wanting to sell and few to buy, is becoming fantastic. But the nations cannot draw back; their populations keep increasing, and trend always into the cities; these masses must be given work in the factories, or starve. That is the problem of the markets. That it is only beginning, and must lead to the fiercest competition, seems clear as daylight.

The struggle may not be waged with weapons, but it will be deadly warfare nevertheless. Germany, under the law of reaction and rebound, will rehabilitate herself, working joyously, almost fiercely, underselling all the world, and capturing her markets by cheapness. The United States, unique in its possession of raw material, in its output per labouring man, and in its vast home market, can run awhile on its own momentum. But Americans are fast squandering their inheritance. In less than fifty years they will be drawing supplies from all the world, and the fine careless rapture of to-day will have passed. France, with her peasant proprietors, her rich land, her food supplies, and no insensate over-breeding, should come through comfortably; but there is the problem of a revitalised Germany on her flank. For Italy, with neither coal nor oil, with the United States barred to her people, and her rabbit warrens of humanity, the outlook seems bleak. As for Britain, the great struggle will not find her what she was of yore. She is overcrowded. Her labour fails her; the output per man dwindles and dwindles; markets, the world over, become closed. She may be entering a period of tribulation.

Thrice happy, in this economic struggle, will be the countries self-contained for food. A surplus of that they can always exchange; but the time is coming when piece-goods, or crockery, or ironmon-

gery, or watches, or glassware, or cutlery, or metal wares, or anything whatsoever a shade high in price, may be hawked unavailingly over the world, and its makers starve. The food-producing countries will shoot up in the world's estimation. Good land, when far enough away from hungry mobs, ought to steadily appreciate, and a world-wide cleavage arise between the producers of food—the peasantries—and the ever-growing proletariat of the towns.

As food and raw materials scarcen ; as competition for markets waxes fiercer ; the white peoples will reach out more and more to exploit the lands of the coloured ; and as White Labour becomes more exacting, Coloured Labour, whenever it is possible, will be taken on in its place. We shall need the coloured peoples and their lands far more than we do now ; only to find that they are rampantly Nationalist, that they hate us intensely ; that they have learnt a great deal from us, and that they intend to turn our own weapons against us and to try to throw us out neck and crop. I need hardly explain why they hate us. The arrogance of most of the whites, their open contempt for even the oldest and finest races of the coloured, is one of the great facts. Observe many of the British in India. Listen to Australian tourists commenting in the streets of Colombo or Yokohama. Watch Americans, or Germans wherever the coloured are about. The tale is the same wherever you turn.

Nor is it only contempt. If you have travelled widely, you realise how much of the feeling of the whites for the coloured is actually hate. I have seen seemingly cultured and charming women land in Africa, who upon seeing numerous blacks for the first time, at once looked on them with loathing. Thinking whites, of course, do not hate the coloured ; they appreciate them more often than not. But the thinking people of the earth are few and far between. The

common people ; those, above all, who fear the competition of cheap labour, hate the coloured most heartily. It is they, worse luck, with whom the coloured come most in contact. Worse even than these are the inferior whites—the “ poor white trash ”—living in certain countries alongside the coloured. These are the most insolent to them of all, and are detested correspondingly. The following couplet is often repeated by the American blacks—

“ For you and yours I don't care a damn.

“ I'd rather be a nigger than a poor white man.”*

The world hatred of coloured for white has much intensified in my own knowledge. It flared up when Abyssinia defeated Italy. It flared again when Japan beat Russia, when Turkey smashed Greece, and the Moors of the Rif overcame the Spaniards. The Great War set it in ferment. All sorts of coloured levies were brought to Europe ; and their illusions about their white overlords, whom they saw routed again and again by the Germans, were quickly shattered. They often found themselves, too, of a finer physique than these overlords. The prevailing thought, when they all returned to their distant homes, must have been : “ These whites use us when they are in trouble. When things go well they treat us as dirt beneath their feet.” Britain, for many years, has acted with unspeakable foolishness. Young Indians, Africans, and the like, have been encouraged to go there to be educated. They took their degrees, mixed freely, were accepted in good society ; then they returned to India or Africa, to be ignored by white men for the rest of their lives. Is it surprising that we are turning the coloured against us ?

The last indignity, in the eyes of the coloured, remains to be stated. The whites, exploiting the coloured lands more and more, are closing their own

*Quoted by J. W. Gregory in *The Menace of Colour*.

lands more and more to coloured people. The United States and the British Dominions are practically closed to them, and other countries will follow their example. Their plea is that they do not exclude colour as colour, but as cheap, competing labour; but the resentment caused over this in the coloured countries is strong and deep. The coloured are everywhere in open or secret revolt against white domination, and relations, world tendencies being as they are, will get steadily worse. They are not ready for actual war. Nor do I think they ever will be. The whites are too numerous; they are in political control of too much of the world; and they have the originating brains. Nor could the coloured ever combine. But they are going to fight us, as we are going to fight each other, with economic war. Whilst their cheap production demoralises our working masses, we shall gradually see embargoes placed on their raw materials, and experience their ever-growing competition in the world's markets.

Japan, strongest to-day of the coloured countries, hates the whites most fervently. Because of their birth-rate, it is essential for the Japanese to expand, but they find the choice lands round the Pacific closed to them. If they are to localise themselves, it will be on the condition that they get a free hand in China and the Chinese markets. There is no iron-ore in Japan; but it is probable that the Japanese will develop the immense iron and coal deposits of China, and capture the Eastern market for steel. We may indeed expect the Japanese, with their diligence and cheapness, to manufacture more and more intensively, and compete with white products all along the line.

The Chinese, in the mass, hate the whites. They also hate the Japanese; but may accept their tuition in the exploitation of raw material and the organising of manufactures. The coal and iron of China suggest

that she may become the Pennsylvania of Asia. Her cotton, and cotton mills, suggest an uncertain future for Lancashire. Greatest of all is her human material ; when China acquires science, and is equipped to manufacture on modern lines, let the whole world beware !

India is bent on independence. The hatred of those Indians we educated in England and then ignored ; the bitterness of tens of thousands we educated in India, for whom we have no jobs ; the contempt hurled by white underlings at brown skins, has leavened that great Empire and turned it against us. Australia has closed its gates to Indians. Natal has put disabilities upon them. Kenya has denied them what they believe their rights. They can't go to war with us. But they are going to "get" us in the markets. How long will an excise duty remain on Indian cotton, in the interests of Lancashire ? How long will India buy the piece goods of the West, when she can get them cheaper at home, or in China and Japan ? How long will it be till she is equipped with a thousand factories, making a thousand articles by the cheapest labour in the world ?

The Peoples of the Afternoon—Burmese, Siamese, Tonkinese, Javanese, Malays, Filipinos—a vastly numerous group, have mostly grown to hate the white man like the rest. But these are people of the tropics, with less energy, taking life as it comes. Their hatred will not be so militant. Besides, a cross current comes in here. The Chinaman overspreads their lands ; I believe him destined to eat them eventually up.

From the Mahomedan peoples of Western Asia and North Africa, competition will be less formidable. As their hatred of the whites increases, they will try to boycott white markets ; but Islam is not highly economic ; these countries will never produce like India, China and Japan.

There remains the African—the Negro. This admirable creature, of a lesser mentality than the peoples

of Asia, who might so easily be won for us, is fast learning to hate us like the rest. As always, it is the jealousy of white labouring men, and the insolence of the "poor white trash," which does the harm. In the States, the lower-class white has already alienated him for ever. In Africa the same thing is happening. I have just been reading of a Kaffir working in a Johannesburg mine, now being tried for murder of a white, and these are words he spoke: "I hate the white man. Even underground in the mine, I detest the sight of them. When I see one coming, I pull my hat over my eyes." I swear that poor fellow was brought to this pass by the contempt and ill-treatment of low-class whites. You can see why the Mahomedan religion is converting these blacks by the million; it does not, like Christianity, promise them kind treatment in the next world, but in this.

The time is nearing when the masks will come off, when we shall see the whole of Asia, and it may be Africa as well, try to throw off white domination, and come near succeeding. The attack will develop where we are most vulnerable—in the markets. In those days, too, we shall be waging the great economic struggle with each other—confusion worse confounded! and how Democracy, based on the opinions and prejudices of the ignorant masses, is going to handle an era such as this, I really don't know.

In the four last chapters I have tried to bring into juxtaposition two outstanding world-facts. The first is that the Western Whites have reached a state of achievement unparalleled in the history of humanity. The second is, that at this very zenith, we are faced within and without by a number of deeply disintegrating realities, which if not mastered in the years that lie ahead are likely to pull us down. This great subject will be summarised and judged in the final chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

PROBLEMS OF SEX

ALTHOUGH the heathen rage furiously, and the White Race be nearing the twilight, let us not lose our bearings. The problems we set out to deal with were not only those of Man in the mass, but also those of Man the thinker and philosopher. And in this transition chapter we catch him as it were without his clothes—just a creature of Sex.

When we considered Man *vis-à-vis* Nature, we found that Nature took no more stock of him than of a cockroach. We shall still find that condition of things here; Nature's disharmonies and caprices affect our sexual life from beginning to end.

The sex instinct is not merely another "vestige" of our animal days; it increases, while other instincts are passing slowly away. I expect that our earliest human ancestors took sex casually; their progeny conceived, they probably thought no more about it till the following season; whereas with modern man, the instinct has vastly grown in strength, occupies his thoughts at all times, and colours his whole psychic life. "The preservation of the species," said Emerson, "was a point of such necessity, that Nature has secured it at all hazards by immensely overloading the passions."

Nature, having soaked us in this deepest of instincts, plays us false all along the line. The deep instinct is there; the longing of man and woman to mate; the ever-recurrent feeling that they must be meant to do so. But how often, in real life, is this deep instinct

safe to follow ? It is nearly always unsafe ; like that of the moths and insects dashing themselves against the lamp.

First of all, it comes too early. It comes to boys (more rarely to girls) before they have knowledge, and great harm often results. It comes in overwhelming force to young men. The majority of them must satisfy it—I am quite sure of that ; yet often they cannot think of marriage. It is not merely the question of money. The youth of twenty or twenty-two may not be ready for marriage ; his character is but half-formed ; he does not know the world ; he is not likely to make a woman permanently happy. Yet he needs sexual satisfaction.

Nature thus drives him into promiscuity. If he takes no precautions, there will probably be a child. The economic effect of this on him will be serious ; while the woman will be driven out by the rest of her sex, and the child gravely handicapped in life. Perhaps he will be more cautious, and go with a prostitute. But Nature will be lying in wait ; it may inflict on him serious venereal disease, not only affecting his own health, but the health of his progeny, should he marry when still uncured, to the third and fourth generation. And there is the life of the prostitute herself to be thought of.

But let us suppose him married—a love match. Before the honeymoon is over, sexual reaction will often have set in. Sometimes it will lift, and further periods of mutual attraction follow ; but only too often the passion will have passed away. Nature is quite definite about sexual reaction. It is just as much a fact as sexual attraction, and is always ruining millions of marriages. Our wedding service is outspoken in its way ; why not give sexual reaction its own little warning paragraph ? As for the woman, another disharmony of a subtle kind may be upsetting her. Her husband's satisfaction may not be hers ;

neither of them, unless the man knows a good deal about sexual matters, may ever realise this, and their marriage, for the woman at least, turn into one long exasperation. This sort of sexual disharmony is quite common.

If a child comes, the woman's attachment and affection, nine times in ten, turn to the child. She does not, like the female mantis, now eat her husband, but he begins to fade insensibly in her mind. To many a woman, the routine or cycle of sex, from the embrace of her husband, to the day eighteen months or so later when she ceases to suckle the child, excepting for the actual pangs of child-birth, can be one long satisfaction, so that she lives within herself and lets the rest of the world go by. As the years pass, and more children come, the wife evolves more and more into the mother. Her figure is liable to evolve too, often most unmistakably. Lethargy is written over her. By fifty (I am trying to describe the average woman), her sexual life is mostly over ; and the one man, seemingly, has been all she needed.

But the man's instincts, deep down in him, are to one woman after another. When he hears that the anthropoid apes, such as the chimpanzee and the orang-utan are monogamous, he is not disconcerted in the least. Slim women charm him ; naughty women ; women with grey eyes, who look up at him slowly. His thoughts shoot out in abandonment. At forty he is in his prime. At fifty he is still well in the running. But his thoughts are not toward his matronly wife. He seeks fire, not lethargy. Affection for her he still has, perhaps strong and deep ; but the sexual love has gone. That she is now liable to enter an Indian Summer, to become for a time strongly amorous and jealous, is one of the tragedies of marriage. I do not say that all married men give way to such desires. Many do not. But Nature, on the whole, has made woman true to one man, and

man true to a number of women—a truth which bears frequent restatement.

I must be fair to men. Many women are only monogamous because of convention. If Mrs. Grundy were authentically dead, we might have to revise our ideas about feminine reserve. If we say that one-half of women are less sexual, and a number of these not sexual at all, the rest may be considered to be as warm-blooded as men, and as instinctively fickle. A very observant and philosophic man said to me "there is no real physiological fidelity." As I see it, Nature brings a man and a woman together with a tremendous urge; thereafter it turns round, laughs at the whole business, and sends them off, although tied together for life, along sexual paths which diverge more and more.

I have tried to describe the sex instincts as placed in us by Nature. But sex is a thing which many people drag away from its natural setting, and lift into the realm of religion. I believe they are wrong. A wide experience of life tells me that healthy sexuality, and that on a purely physical basis, is the key to satisfactory living. When a man or a woman has satisfied sex, they think no more about it; it is only when they cannot satisfy it that all the trouble begins. There are races who take sex as something purely physical and natural. For example, the Japanese. They have no mystical or religious or unhealthy repressed ideas about it. They give it free rein, yet in moderation; and you will find them satisfied, healthy, a rising people, and an example to many races in the West.

Over-sexuality is beastly. One comes across men and women who wallow in sex as swine wallow in a trough. But here we no doubt touch on pathology; normal people, when inclined to excess, are brought up sharp by sexual reaction.

There are many who look on the sexual act as something mystical. Numbers of the religious, too, hold that an act which creates life is much too sacred to be regarded as a source of pleasure. But it is neither mystical nor sacred. It is a purely animal process. Nature shows us that, by wasting over each sexual act countless millions of sperms, each sperm being a potential life. Many persons, believing all sexuality wrong, lead celibate lives. It is reasonably sure their health is not benefitted thereby—in fact it is often injured—nor are their characters ennobled. I do not mean any detraction of, let us say, priests and nuns, who often lead glorious lives; these are choice people; but such lives, and fuller lives, might be lived without renunciation of sex. Many more consider that sexuality outside the marriage bond is a sin. But a deep instinct in both the man and the woman is surely not transfigured by the mumbling of words and the payment of fees. I am not against marriage. I have a sneaking sentiment in its favour. But our monogamous contract, binding the man and the woman for life, is less and less held in its old esteem. It makes no allowance for the physical and mental reactions, and dooms millions of well-meaning people to almost continuous unhappiness.

Very much of the pseudo-religious outcry against sexuality—far more than the world wots of—comes from elderly men, and from unmated and unattractive women. It is sexual jealousy. The old men are jealous of the younger ones; refusing to cast their thoughts back thirty years, they write high-toned letters to the Press, deploring the loss of sexual restraint at the present time, or the indelicacies seen in Hyde Park or Epping Forest, and announcing that continence is not only possible, but very healthy. You will find that they are invariably in their sixties; when young men begin writing such letters, it will be time for us all to sit up and take notice.

The women are sexually jealous too, very often unconsciously. Woman's sexual jealousy is a big fact, which the sex carefully glosses; but when we remember that, in our own country at least, some two million excess women must go through life without mates and children, we can only feel for them a deep sympathy.

There are the people who say that continence for a man, unless he is married, is a duty. They assume it should be the normal condition, and quote, let us say, the morality of the naked savage. These, too, are probably elderly persons; how can they understand the sexual needs of young and vigorous men? As for the morals of natives, their psyche is so different from that of Europeans, that any comparison is difficult. Take, for example, Central Africa. The men here, when young, have tremendous sexual potency; but being allowed several wives, they stray less seldom beyond the conventional boundaries than do Europeans. The most moral tribes I encountered in this region were the Kavirondo of Kenya, and the "Pagans" of the Northern Nigerian Plateau, who are also the only tribes I know, men and women, who go stark naked. Observing their deportment, and that of less moral peoples in their vicinities, I was able to formulate the Law of Sexual Morality: "It varies inversely as to the square of the calico." On the whole, you cannot generalise about the sexuality of the coloured. Malay women are chaste; their cousins, the Javanese, are the loosest of the loose. The cannibals in the New Hebrides are far more moral than the charming Polynesians, near at hand, who are profoundly promiscuous. Some are thought to be sexually strict who are not. The Zulus, for example, not so long ago, used to punish adultery or illegitimacy with death; yet the men, by a certain recognised custom, were allowed by the women to satiate desire. Some coloured races are more continent than Europeans;

but this is probably more due to food, early marriage, mentality and environment than to moral control.

Then you have the great school who hold up woman as the shrinking lily, loathing sex, and ever beset by lust of man. The women who loathe sex cut very little ice in this world ; though there are many who pretend to loathe it, and many sex-disillusioned women who have taken up with the wrong man. This wrong sort of man, in these effeminate days, is greatly on the increase ; but if the right sort comes along, the woman finds things change as if by magic. A woman should never marry a man for whom she feels a physical repulsion ; if she fails, in the courting days, to thrill to his slightest touch, there is trouble ahead.

Free Love, of course, is greatly on the increase. The "woman's era" ushered it in semi-officially. A burst of it came with the Great War ; it is well known that large numbers of women, many of them little suspected of a sexual bent, then gave themselves to soldiers. I doubt if they repent it ; the healthy sex instinct, in man or woman, will be surging long after Puritanism has drooped and died.

Where life is concerned, we saw Nature to be invariably wanton ; causing myriads to swarm into being, then turning round and blotting them out. With the human birth-rate it is no less wanton, deep instinct being placed in the man and woman so that they shall continually reproduce the species. If Nature had its way, the birth-rate would leap up furiously. In fifty years, the notice "standing room only" would greet you as you landed in England. Then Nature would turn round with the usual gesture, and sweep surplus humanity away. There would be hideous wars ; appalling epidemics ; to say nothing of famine ; and we should be back at the starting-point.

The brute beasts cannot fight Nature. They must continue to breed their myriads, and see them swept

into the void. The conger-eel must pathetically continue to try and provide food and safety for fifteen million little eels, and the codfish for several million codlings. But Man, thanks to Evolution, has passed that stage. He is caused to waste his millions of sperms, like the rest ; but he has got a brain, and the sense of comparison ; he also understands economics, and knows that an extra baby will soon be costing him a hundred pounds a year. He sees, in matters of sex, that Nature is mostly wrong ; that too high a human birth-rate plays the mischief with his pocket, his family, his society and his nation. He has been doing some hard thinking, and has discovered that Nature's sex processes can be modified considerably, and to his advantage. He is now deliberately interfering with these ; and as this raises questions about prostitution, venereal disease, birth-control, and most important of all, the rights of the unborn, I shall discuss them.

There are many worse things in the world than healthy sexuality. There are sexual perversions of all sorts, which are worse ; and there are non-sexual acts, like slander in women, and meanness and hypocrisy in men, which are worse, too. I know that your Puritans regard slander and meanness and hypocrisy as trifles, set against any illicit sexual act ; but in the scale of pure ethics, believe me, they are offences of a deeper dye.

Many youngish and vigorous men (and often women) *must* have a sexual outlet. That instinct in them is all-powerful ; that they can sublimate their sex away, in religion, in sport, in various activities, is hardly ever true of strongly-sexed men. Old men, and less vigorous men may think differently ; they may judge the strongly-sexed by themselves, and condemn them. But either they have forgotten, or they never understood. Weakly-sexed women, too, often judge young men's sexual needs by their own ; but neither

do they understand. Sex in the young and vigorous is an overwhelming instinct. That the old and feeble should denounce it, is futile. That theology should place it under taboos, is ridiculous. The rather, we should cherish this wonderful instinct, as we cherish the children who spring from it ; it is Nature we should fight to the death, which keeps turning sex to ashes.

Sexual outlet ought to be by way of marriage—even our present sort of marriage. But young men can rarely marry, and even older men, such is our economic system, are often unable to. The alternative, *unless widespread perversion is to result*, is for the great majority of men to seek women outside matrimony. Many, of course, form a *liaison*, more or less lasting, with one woman, and know how to prevent children. This is by far the best union outside marriage. But the greater number seek their temporary satisfaction, from time to time, with some prostitute.

Do not shudder, ladies, when you hear the word. She is often a woman strangely like yourselves ; probably more vivid than you, less disciplined, more pleasure-loving, not less generous ; the world's scape-goat, trying to make the best of her impossible lot. She fills a vital place in society—Heine called her a “lightning conductor” ; she saves you and your daughters from promiscuity ; she takes upon herself Nature's huge mistake.

The problem of the prostitute seems unsolvable. She has always been with us, and always will be ; and she fills a deep need. So necessary is she, to my mind, that prostitution regularised by the State was my first idea. But since studying the subject more carefully, I feel less sure. There have long been regularised women, in certain countries, who are medically examined at intervals. A good deal of venereal disease is lessened thereby, but no one pretends that the women are really safe. Greater safety is secured when masses of the men themselves, such

as students, soldiers and sailors, are taught the use and the necessity of disinfectants. At Cairo, during the Great War, venereal disease among the troops was rampant. When the authorities took it up, providing medical examination, and teaching the men the use of prophylactics and disinfectants (so one of the assistants described to me), it disappeared as if by magic. The system of examination has proved peculiarly degrading to the women, and of course it does not save them from their usual miserable fate. I used to think that a more humane regularisation, with State support for the women when their charms had faded, might save perhaps one in four or five from the gutter. Perhaps it would—but the good always creates its opposite ; a scheme of this sort, being not unattractive, would recruit the ranks of the prostitutes with real “ professionals ”—a type for whom it was not intended.

All authorities are ominously agreed that prostitutes are seldom reclaimed. As to the great majority, they are definitely unstable types, whom Nature has doomed, sex or no sex, to the gutter. A medical board in Chicago examined four thousand four hundred and sixty prostitutes, and found eighty per cent. to be mentally below par. A board in Massachusetts, examining three hundred, found that eighty-seven per cent. were mentally below the age of eleven. They are thus largely of the same type as the degenerates and wastrels and drunkards among young men, whom fate has also doomed. No regularisation—no anything—will avail the great majority of these poor creatures ; they are just another of Nature's incomprehensible vagaries. The idea that all prostitutes were once innocent girls, seduced and ruined by men, ought now to die out. These poor degenerates need no seducing ; sexual licence is part of their make-up.

Prostitution will only cease when we cease breeding degenerates. In the meantime, my own idea is that the contraceptive will save the situation. The average

man does not visit a prostitute with enthusiasm. He would rather stick to his own woman ; and the average woman certainly to her own man. With the spread of knowledge about sex, and less fear therefore of untoward consequences, we may expect a great increase in unions of this nature, with corresponding benefit to such individuals and society in general. The Puritanical, and the ignorant, will call these "illicit unions," and speak of them as deadly sins. A man like Forel, on the contrary, head of a great Swiss asylum, with a profound knowledge of sexual matters, writes of such unions quite differently. He is strongly for marriage ; but he favours concubinage, as I think all understanding people must, as ever so much less evil than prostitution.*

The great point about it all, which the reader will not grasp if he does not know the world, and Human Nature, is that sex is an overwhelming instinct ; that promiscuity is infinitely more widespread than he imagines ; that it always will be ; and that not the Utopians, but those who can turn it into healthier channels, are the likeliest to do good.

Then there is the problem of venereal disease. I have shown how men, by taking precautions, have the remedy for this largely in their own hands ; if they fail to take them, they lay themselves, and often others, open to much misery.

The disease of gonorrhœa is one of which many make light. Sometimes it is easily cured in men, and leaves no ill effects ; at other times its effects may be very serious ; and in women it is impossible to be certain about a cure.

The loathsome disease of syphilis, introduced into Europe four hundred years ago, has raged ever since. In the early days, seeing how it followed upon sexual

* See his book, *The Sexual Question*.

promiscuity, people thought it was the Wrath of God. But God, the Divine Essence, seems mercifully removed from human affairs. To picture Him putting the overwhelming sexual instinct in Man, then punishing him because he gives way to it, is a crazy way of thought. In modern times, superstition having given way to science, two splendid discoveries have sounded the death-knell of syphilis. The first is a prophylactic ointment, which immunises its user. The second is Ehrlich's injections of a form of arsenic. Unless the case is far gone, this may be said to effect a certain cure ; but the treatment, so one of the leading specialists tells me, must be continued for four years. Thus syphilis can on the one hand be prevented, and on the other be cured. Its ravages in the West should easily be got under ; and in time, perhaps, it might even be stamped out, as typhus and typhoid and smallpox are gradually being stamped out.

Some countries are already far advanced in the war against syphilis. Japan is a notable example. An American doctor tells me it is appreciably lessening in the States. Germany is determined to fight it. In France, government notices about it are freely posted up ; they tell where the infected may be treated at the State's expense, and secrecy be guaranteed.

In Britain, less progress is being made. With all our knowledge about prevention and cure, syphilis here is still rampant. It has become another of the theological taboos. The very name is taboo. The Churches hold that men and women can, and therefore, ought, to curb the sexual instinct ; they will not for one moment tolerate it outside marriage. *Ergo*, there is no sexual promiscuity in Britain ; no syphilis ; and efforts to stamp it out are therefore unnecessary. It seems hopeless to teach them that they are wickedly wrong ; that they misread Human Nature ; that sex is far stronger than dogma, and our country full of

disease. The statesmen know better. But they know that the votes of the Churches, and of the feebly-sexed in the nation, have largely put them in power, and they will not adopt full and drastic measures. Several years ago, an application, signed by many leading medical men, was placed before the Minister of Health. It was meant as a beginning. It was asked that chemists might be allowed to sell the materials for immunisation, and that instructions for their use might be issued openly. The Minister refused the latter request.

To some of you who read this, that Minister's refusal may mean the infection of your son, or your grandson. It may mean the ruin of his life, or more serious still, the infecting by him of his wife, and her children and children's children. There is no end to the ramifications of syphilis ; it is the thing which is handed down to the third and fourth generation ; it causes untold suffering and lunacy and death ; and yet the ignorant and Puritanical are able to throw back this curse on the nation !

Officially, then, syphilis in Britain must not be prevented. But once you have got it, the State will do something for you. In certain places there is posted up a list of hospitals and clinics where, *being infected*, you may go for free treatment. Once you get there the treatment will be admirable, and you will no doubt get cured ; but what a pathetic way of doing things ! The President of the British Social Hygiene Council, in a recent letter to the Press,* gave some very favourable figures regarding cure of syphilis in Britain. When he is able to announce that its prevention may also be taken in hand, it will be a memorable day for the nation's health.

Of course, the problem is not all one-sided. No problem is. The stamping out of syphilis would set up certain reactions. Many men, too, relieved of their fears, might be confirmed in their debauchery. But

*July 9th, 1925.

let them face their own retribution. Do not, on that account, fail to try to save the innocent, the well-meaning, and the children as yet unborn.

The natural sex relation is one man with one woman—in marriage. But nowadays, among thinking people, all the children who might come are often not desired. Or perhaps a single child only is desired; the really selfish, who do not wish any children, are not numerous. The reasons for such limitation are obvious. To begin with, much of the world is now too full; if I have failed to make that clear to the reader, let him ponder over a procession of the unemployed, or visit the slums of any great city anywhere. Intelligent women may realise this subconsciously; at any rate, there is widespread revolt among them against the large families of the past. The cost of living has become too great; to bring up, and properly educate a child of the intellectual classes, now costs thousands of pounds. The very poor and inferior, flooding the world with children, who must be supported by the State, also tend to sterilise the superior; it is "Gresham's Law"—bad coins driving good ones out of circulation.

A more intimate reason for birth-control, is the serious need of "spacing" the arrival of children. Surely it is better that a couple should choose the time, than that a conception should come about haphazard. It is questionable, to some authorities, whether a young wife should conceive within a year of her marriage; and it is physiologically certain that conceptions, recurring at too short intervals, are harmful to mother and child alike. A "breathing space" of this sort is more important to any married woman than a vote.

For such reasons, since the discovery of contraceptives, many people, in many countries, have either limited their families, or have prevented children altogether. They have been fiercely denounced, as

innovators always are ; but their action, taken after deliberate thought, has succeeded ; the facts in their favour quite outweigh the facts against, and birth-control is therefore spreading all over the world.

The discovery of the contraceptive ; the knowledge that you can go behind Nature, and limit or prevent altogether the coming of children, seems to me the greatest landmark in humanity's career. In time, it is going to profoundly modify the world. Ethically, conditions being as they are, I see nothing wrong in birth-control. There are those who say it goes against Nature. Perhaps they forget that a great deal of our progress is due to going against Nature, which is only too often our bitter enemy. If they said that certain methods of birth-control were injurious to health, they would be right ; but the use of the proper methods does not appear to harm either parents or children in the least. In Britain, a Committee on the Ethics of Birth-Control was appointed. It had as chairman a bishop. On the same principle, a Committee on Liquor Control would have had a wine-merchant. Its theological leanings were obvious. It told the married people of Britain, in so many words, that continence, perpetual if need be, was the only sort of birth-control it approved of. The average age of its male members was over sixty.

This Committee seemed to regard birth-control as something absolutely new, and probably very deleterious. But the facts are quite against it. In France, birth-control has been practised by the whole nation for many years ; during that period the quality of the French stock has not deteriorated as it has in Britain, where it has been practised only by the educated classes. In Holland, it has also been well established. It had to be, or that small and crowded country would have burst. Fifty clinics, for the free instruction of the poor, are in operation. Here again, in parents or children, you get fine physique and good

looks, as well as the lowest rate of child mortality in Europe. Australia is another country where birth-control is widely practised. I lay on the beach at Manly, some years ago, watching the young Australians bathing, and they seemed to me a race of young Greek Gods. It is known that birth-control is increasingly practised in New Zealand, Britain, Canada, United States, Germany—in fact in all the most intelligent communities in the world. Medical opinion, too, veers more and more in its favour; this is noteworthy, for the loss of so many *accouchements* to the profession is no laughing matter.

There is one serious drawback about birth-control in the meantime. It has begun at the top. It is mostly practised by the thinking classes, for whose progeny the world has need. It is far more wanted at the bottom. The modern State, Britain for example, contains an army of slums—dwellers, inefficient, drunkards and wastrels, and the poverty-stricken in general, whose progeny not only weakens the State, but helps to sterilise the progeny of the superior. If the wives of such as these, who with loathing suffer their repeated pregnancies, could be taught the use of contraceptives, what a tremendous change would be wrought in a few years! This I feel sure will come about. We shall then find the unfit producing far fewer children, and the State, relieved of the drain upon it, making conditions more favourable for the children of the fit.

A word must be said about the contraceptive.* It should be realised that no contraceptive is absolutely safe; but there are several kinds which are humanly speaking safe, and at the same time not at all deleterious. The ideal one is not expensive, and even an uneducated woman can be taught its efficient use in a few minutes. I hope that the "district visitor" of the

*The reader is referred to the book *Contraception*, by Dr. Marie Stopes. I thought it a remarkable book by a remarkable woman.

future, will be some serious, thinking woman, teaching the use of a contraceptive to a little group of wives composed as follows: the wives of an unemployed labourer, an epileptic, a loafer, a drunkard, a syphilitic, a bankrupt, a consumptive, and an "also ran." I would willingly pay the expense.

Of course, if the peoples are to breed against each other, and cannon-fodder be the criterion of fitness, the child-limiting nations will eventually go to the wall; but if that is to be the outlook, the sooner a comet strikes the world, and shrivels it up, the better.

As a variant of birth-control, I will say something about the sterilisation of sex. The operation on the male is called "vasectomy," and that on the female "salpingectomy." "Vasectomy is a trivial operation performed in a few minutes, almost painlessly, with the use of cocaine as a local anæsthetic; it is sometimes performed with no anæsthetic whatever. The patient's sexual life is not affected in any way, save in the one respect that he is sterile."

"Salpingectomy is more serious, because the operation cannot be performed so near the surface of the body. The sexual life of the subject is in no way changed, save that she is rendered barren; but the operation is attended by illness and expense."*

If, and when, common-sense is applied to these matters, there may have to be sterilisation of certain persons. The mental defectives, and some other defective types, certainly ought to be sterilised. In public institutions of certain States in the U.S.A., up to the year 1921,† three thousand such persons as the above had been sterilised; many at their own request. No evil results were observed; but everywhere there is still extreme objection, even horror, against taking this obviously sensible step.

* From *Applied Eugenics*, by Popenoe and Johnson.

† Quoted by Harold Cox in *The Problem of Population*.

The alternate course is segregation. But during the next couple of generations, when we must either stamp out the unfit, or let them stamp out us, I don't think states will have enough money for so costly a thing. Sterilisation, if you will reread the description, is much the more merciful course in the end ; but whichever it be, the rights of the unborn are more important than our own.

Nature, as we know, treats Man with the utmost contempt. In sex, after endowing him with this deep instinct, it thwarts his proper satisfaction of it from beginning to end. We must fight Nature over sex as over everything else.

Let us always realise that sex is entirely an animal function. There is nothing disgraceful about that ; eating a good dinner is entirely an animal function. We must therefore cut it clear from the theological taboos, and treat it with common-sense. The theologians think that men and women can't be trusted about sex. They are wrong. Sexual excess, among normal people, soon sets up reaction : respectably married husbands and wives will tell you that ; as for the sexual hogs, of both sexes, theology never reached them yet, and never will.

If the Churches are shocked by promiscuity, the strongest cards they can play are to help to simplify marriage and divorce. They must learn that these things are not theological institutions, but purely human and practical. A registry office can lead to great happiness ; just as a cathedral wedding, choristers, "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," altar lilies, and an address by the Archdeacon can be the prelude to lifelong misery. The record of the Churches indeed, over *mariages de convenance*, has always been shameful. Rather than tie up tainted people to heiresses and the like, they might help to institute a trial marriage, in which people could test each other

out. As it is, millions of well-meaning souls, having married the wrong type of mate, find out too late that they are in for lifelong misery. Now that we have birth-control, the trial marriage is clearly on the horizon. The alternative is easy and cheap divorce, which I am glad to see the civil powers are slowly bringing about ; divorced persons, I have found, are human beings strangely like ourselves.

Finally, beyond all the manifestations of sex, there is the unborn child. And it should be a point of honour in men and women, do what they may, that nothing shall take place to injure that child. Syphilis, and other sexual disease, must be taken in hand, and as nearly as may be stamped out. The Churches must pray for understanding in this thing ; let the prayer they put up be on behalf of the unborn. Births should be properly "spaced." We must give honourable status to the illegitimate. They are there through no fault of their own, and to cast the stigma upon them which we do, is cruel. Above all, men and women must carefully choose their mates, and choose from a known stock. Let grown people do in sex what they will ; but I pray you, for our White Races' sake, always to consider the little children and the unborn.

CHAPTER IX

COMPLEXITY

PURSUING our *leit motif*, we come now to Man the thinker and philosopher. This variety of him is not numerous as yet ; but remembering our pedigree, is it not amazing that he should even exist.

In this chapter we pass from the workaday world of races, and castes, and politics, and mobs, and gay Lotharios into a world less comprehensible. Ideas, imagination, and the cold working of the intellect now become the realities, and through these only can we reach our solutions. But let us be humble. Thought and philosophy may keep penetrating ; knowledge may be piling up ; but the more we elucidate, the deeper we find the Complexity. The workaday world we know ; we even look like mastering it. But the universe of the impalpable keeps receding all the time.

Let us begin by asking : " Is Man finally established here ? " Ultimately, this globe must go the way of the rest, and again become lifeless. All heat, too, may run down to the dead level, and make life for humanity impossible ; but as even the latter of these changes is not calculated to come about for millions of years, and as then someone may find a mistake in the figures, their menace may be written off. But what is to prevent another glacial age ? Science seems now to think there have been six such periods ; if the seventh were a replica, geographically, of the previous ones, it would drive the white peoples, with their animals, toward the regions now called the tropics, and the coloured peoples would be squeezed out of

existence. But the approach of such an age would last over centuries, and science, by that time, would probably not need to take it lying down.

And what about earthquakes? That recent violent one in Japan set many of us thinking about the earth's crust. There is nothing immortal about it; it suffers vast changes; some scientists believe that the very region where Man first appeared now lies sunk in the Indian Ocean, and the lost continent of Atlantis is possibly more than a myth. But the Pacific has the worst seismic zone. Japan seems to lie near the centre, and her configuration, since even historic times, has no doubt changed out of recognition. Across that ocean, on the American continent, a notorious seismic zone persists from North to South; it is dotted with volcanoes, many of them still erupting, and the traces of bygone cataclasms; the recent earthquakes at San Francisco, Guatemala, Kingston and Valparaiso show that no city in that zone is immune. Man is powerless before earthquakes.

Climates seem to have changed repeatedly in the past. Where they changed, they brought fortuitous greatness to certain races, destruction and death to others no less deserving, and led to many national migrations. Several such changes may be inferred from history. The climates of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Upper Egypt enabled millions to live there as recently as biblical times, while to-day these same regions are mostly gone to desert. The climate of Guatemala, a thousand to two thousand years ago, favoured the rise of the Maya race, with its splendid monuments, and relatively advanced civilisation; whereas to-day, it is tropical and malarious over the same regions, which are peopled by a few decadent Indians.*

The position of the Western Whites at the head of the world, as we have already grasped, is entirely due to many generations of life in the best climates,

* See *Civilization and Climate*, by Huntington.

and feeding on the best food. These have endowed us with our splendid pedigree ; but were climatic evils such as malaria, or great heat, or even too placid a climate to descend on us, we should quickly lose superiority. There are able scientists, indeed, who envisage the future as one vast struggle between Man and microbe, and rather suggest microbe as the ultimate victor. I saw, myself, those great regions in Central Africa depopulated by sleeping-sickness, as well as terrible ravages of the plague (which swept the whole world in 1919), in regions as far apart as India, Malaya, and the South Seas. The brain of Man ought to beat the microbe in the long run. If we cherish it, by careful breeding, we can hardly tell what it won't beat. My answer to our question is therefore this : " Physically we are vulnerable upon the earth ; mentally, as I hope to show, we are fast digging ourselves in."

Where there is wisdom and intellect, men move forward carefully. They know their ignorance. I have found the unreflecting always to be the most cocksure, and those who never think, to be the most convinced about our meaning here. Yet our status, with the spread of science, is seen to be Complexity itself ; the more we discover, the deeper we find ourselves in the mist.

These discoveries of science are the most splendid works of the human brain. And our greatest hope. Yet the world is full of those who know nothing of science, who hate and despise it, and believe scientists to be evil men. I have heard Darwin spoken of as " that dreadful person " ; yet I suppose, taking my own country, and its own dead, that no simpler characters, no greater idealists, no finer benefactors than Newton, Harvey, Hunter, Faraday, Lyell, Simpson, Darwin, Huxley, Kelvin, Lister, Galton, Clerk Maxwell, and their like, ever trod the earth.

Science is just codified knowledge—demonstrated and proved. It is the supreme search after Truth. If

we misuse it to kill and maim each other, as we certainly do, the shame is ours ; we should not blame Truth, nor the scientists who have made it yield up its secrets. *Their* weakness is a flood of long, strange words : a ponderous nomenclature. The books they write, because of this, are often unreadable ; and such a book, after trying to elucidate, I have sometimes hurled far out of the window.

The discoveries of science, almost from day to day, are throwing a quite fantastic light upon the universe. They are changing earlier thought, even the thought of our fathers' time, beyond recognition. There are stars or nebulæ, whose light, travelling one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, does not reach the earth for a million years. There are also stars whose density is a thousand times greater than steel. There are atoms of which millions can rest on the head of a pin. Who would have guessed that we were made of electricity ? or that light can be bent ? or that any lump of road metal, if it happened to explode, could wreck a motor-car and kill its family of profiteers ? The universe is slowly, surely being outlined ; but the Complexity of that universe, and of us in it, is turning out to be appalling.

New discoveries about our body and mind are constantly being made. Many of these confirm us in our hope of progress ; others suggest that we are merely automata, the products of chemical action, always reacting in the same way to the same stimuli ; but none of them conflict with the theory of Evolution.

The powerful influence of a good pedigree is more than ever being shown. The germ-cell—an undying speck passed down from generation to generation—it is now known, carries a regular record of our “make-up,” inherited from parents, grandparents, and far away back. This minute speck in the womb, has already in it all the tendencies and aptitudes of the future man or woman ; and what is lacking from it—

from a thing the size of a pin's head—can perhaps never be added. We, in our turn, pass on this irrevocable cell for better or for worse ; ought we not then to mate with a deep seriousness—or not mate, if that pin's head does not look like being the proper article ? The necessity of not breeding at all from the wrong germ-cells, even if they are going to grow into *partis*, with a title and twenty thousand a year, and of breeding carefully from the right ones, is the greatest problem lying ahead for men and women.

From the experiments started by Mendel, it looks as if the right sort of cell ought to be predictable. By crossing tall peas with dwarf peas, observing the progeny, and their progeny to several generations, he found that the results were not haphazard tall and dwarfs, but definite ratios of each according to the standard of the parents, the grandfathers, and further back. The breeding of many species of plants and animals has now been experimented with for various mendelian qualities. With men, obviously, experiment is hardly possible, and observation can only be slow. One quaint discovery already made, is that night-blindness is inherited from the male, but transmitted through the female ; a night-blind man would have normal sons ; but his nephews and grandsons might be night-blind.* Mendelism shows Heredity as something quite complex ; but it certainly suggests that the materials for the ideal human ovum can be "assembled" in the future less fortuitously than they are at present.

When once born, the human being's life is largely determined by his ductless glands. This group of small organs, in different parts of the body, inherited from our far back ancestors, remained unstudied until recent times ; now it is known that they affect both our physical and mental development to a notable degree. If our gland balance is good, we have already

* See *An Introduction to the Study of Heredity*, by MacBride.

won half the battle of life ; but if this particular gland secretes too much, or that one too little, we are liable to go all wrong, and no one know the reason. If the thyroid gland, located in the neck, secretes too much, you are liable to a certain form of goitre. If it secretes too little, you may go to pieces physically and mentally. In the disease of myxœdema—where the thyroid has thus failed—"the body swells, the features coarsen, the face loses its expression ; thought and movement become slow, and dementia sets in." The treatment for this, which consists of application of sheep's thyroid, is one of the triumphs of medicine, the application, after a few weeks, often working wonders. When it was tried on the victims of myxœdema in the asylums of the United States, many of them, "fat, thick-lipped, slow-moving demented, presently emerged from their prisons with faculties practically restored."* The Chinese, from olden times, have used extract of animal thyroid for the treatment of cretinism. If the thyroid gland is removed, or lacking, a man may grow up a soulless idiot ; while conversely, applications of it to oldish men may rejuvenate them for a period.

The adrenal glands, adjacent to the kidneys, are also fateful for us. Animals with a wide cortex to the adrenals seem to be courageous. Those with a narrow cortex seem to be timid. If the cortex of this gland is too active in a woman, male characteristics will develop.† The bearded lady of the circus is probably a case of adrenal activity. The giant and the dwarf, on the contrary, are cases of too much or too little pituitary—a tiny gland located up against the skull. Nature has been kind to circuses. Experiments with the adrenal gland seem largely to have determined the sex of frogs. Far more males happened along. Someday we may see the sex of

* From the book *Our Fear Complexes*, by Williams and Hoag.

† See *The Personal Equation*, by Louis Berman.

humans so determined, and the Complexity of our status made greater than ever.

We have seen that if the thymus gland persists after childhood, the unhappy victims of it are liable to become criminals. In the United States, at a certain medical school, one hundred and ninety-two autopsies on criminals disclosed twenty-two cases of persisting thymus ; of these latter, " Twenty were from the bodies of criminals sent in by the State Penitentiary. seventeen being murderers of the first degree."*

Apart from these more dreadful features, the normal or abnormal functioning of our ductless glands largely determines our physical vigour, temperament, and character. Our emotions, too, are greatly controlled by them. When we show fear, or rage, certain of the glands discharge into the blood ; if this happens frequently, the effect on the cells of the brain is disastrous, and may lead to general collapse.

Something analogous to the ductless glands are the vitamins. That is to say, certain qualities have to be present in our food, or our nutrition will go disastrously wrong ; and it has always been a matter of chance whether they were present or not. These qualities, or vitamins, seem to be required in the minutest quantities ; yet the lack of them in the past—now here, now there—must have brought blight on many millions of lives. There seem to be three main sorts of vitamins. One carries the food quality of "freshness." Another seems to reside in the germ of grainstuffs, which millers have an unfortunate way of eliminating in the grinding. The most important of the three is an essence in animal, but not in vegetable fats. Young creatures which do not get enough animal fats, suffer from rickets, and their bone formation is retarded. If they still lack the fats, but get lots of sunshine, or artificial, ultra-violet light, the trouble mostly disappears. Whatever

* From *Our Fear Complexes*.

this third vitamin may be, the search after it has given sunshine another advertisement. It is shown to be not only a food, but the best builder of blood and bone ; we may expect its scientific use, especially for children, to become a great factor in the future.*

The ductless glands, as well as the vitamins, will be made to deliver up their secrets. They are admirable examples of Nature's caprice, as well as of its continuous hostility ; and they again bring home to us the utter Complexity of our status here.

Evolution, given the chance, will end by making an extraordinarily good job of us. Yet there are still many smudges on the canvas dating back toward our origin. Just as a fixed percentage are always born with a curved spine, a hare-lip, or are congenital liars or lunatics, so others are born with sadist instincts. These may pass through life safely, hardly realising their peril ; or they may be overcome suddenly by temptation, commit dreadful crime, and find themselves ruined.

Infants and young children can, and very often do, get ideas which colour their whole after-life ; and here, too, it is largely chance whether such ideas, or the dominant among them, are good or harmful. Children are especially subject to the suggestion of fear of all sorts, which may be suppressed at the time, but break out, because of that suppression, more seriously in later life. These very early years are the most impressionable of all ; what is then deeply implanted in the mind can rarely be driven out again. The greatest organisation known to Man, the Church of Rome, owes its success entirely to this fact ; it attends to young children's minds, and this usually determines how they will think for the rest of their lives.

Our dreams, it is now pretty well known, are often a flow of thought brought on by instincts we have repressed

* See *The Times* of May 6th, 1925.

in our waking hours, especially the instinct of sex. As for our waking thoughts, and what we believe to be our reasoning, these are only too often emotional trains of feeling, hardly thoughts at all, taking the well-worn channels and breaking no new mental ground. Notoriously, views on things like religion and politics become fixed, and do not alter with fresh evidence. I have been studying the mentality of men in their fifties, including my own. Our intellects, fortified by experience, ought to be at their best. But our nervous systems have run down, so that off the main lines we have consequently grooved and warped, and have developed all sorts of complexes which lay incipient in us. A "complex," in its narrow meaning (but we often use the word more elastically), is a subconscious chain of thoughts and emotions, formed to explain away some fear or unpleasant fact. A common complex, for example, is due to the fear of hell. Absorbed in childhood, then forgotten, this fear may break out in middle age, thus causing its possessor to combat fiercely all ideas which might suggest an after-life. But there are all sorts. Two men are walking in the street. The one is hedged about by the "Inferiority Complex." As a child, he may have been the butt of the family. When he went to school, he was much bullied and frequently derided; but never had the gumption in all his life to strike back. Thus he has gradually come to believe himself the inferior of others, and an inheritor of misfortune, and he is tormented with imaginary slights and much hostility, which do not in fact exist. The other is his opposite. His trouble is narcissism, or extreme self-admiration. He has been spoilt in childhood, and always preferred over others in youth. He is now obsessed with his importance, and each day conjures up scenes of grandeur, in which he plays a noble or perhaps the central part. He is entirely selfish, and of no use to man, woman or beast.

Each of these complexes has grown up slowly and subtly ; neither man is really cognisant of his, yet its possession vastly detracts from his personality ; there are many men and women who go through life as remote behind their complexes as a porcupine behind its quills. Psycho-analysis keeps lifting the veil on this sort of mentality. It shows us, on the one hand, the world of the conscious, with its relatively still, small voice of reason ; and on the other, the deep sea of the unconscious, where our half-thoughts, dreams, instincts, emotions and suggestibility are all for heading us back to our origins.

We are influenced, far more than we know, by periodic or rhythmic disturbances of body and mind. I have noted, hundreds of times, how my personality works in a sort of weekly rhythm. This begins with a strong nervous and mental stimulation, falling gradually away, with ideas and convictions changing their shapes. I am one man, as it were, on Monday, another by Saturday ; then I switch suddenly to Monday's man. The sexual rhythm in men too, must undoubtedly affect them ; but this is not so clearly marked in them as is the " moon-month " in women. The same periodicity is seen in the maturing and duration of certain diseases ; also in the gestation of all mammals, as well as in the hatching of different sorts of eggs ; while certain insects conform to it. The periods are always seven days, or a multiple of seven. They correspond to the phases of the moon, and there is reason to think that the moon actually established them. The reasoning of Darwin, which does not seem to have been controverted, is that our remote ancestors, then in a very humble way of business, spent an immense period of time on the seashore ; perhaps they lived in shells ; but their main absorption was certainly the rhythmic rise and fall of the tide, and the ebb and flow of their food supply, under the regularly recurring phases of the moon.

That is as may be ; 'way down in old Kentucky, or in Tennessee, the reasoning would seem a trifle advanced. But this we may certainly say : we are put together with extreme Complexity, and we have reached nothing like adjustment.

Do we have Free Will ? Upon this tremendous issue thinking men always seem to divide. Probably most of them would state it this way : " We don't have Free Will. But we *believe* that we do." My own idea is that we have less rather than more.

The man born with a curved spine surely finds his Free Will is limited. The case of " persisting thymus," in happy ignorance as yet, but who will be in prison a year hence, can hardly be credited with it. Does Free Will prevent my dying prematurely of cancer ? Or I may have splendid health, and live to be eighty ; again, that would not be Free Will, but the fine constitution bequeathed me by my parents. Dr. Guillaume, head of the Neuchatel prison, ended a speech with these words : " Gentlemen, in the course of my life I have become acquainted with a large number of convicts, but I have never been able to discover among them more than two classes of individuals ; the one class were diseased, and the others . . . ah ! the others ; the more I study their case and their personality, I ask myself if I should not have done the same under the circumstances."*

Free Will, if you stand for it, at once brings you up against the sternest reality in the world—Causation, or the flow of Cause and Effect. A study of Causation, for itself, was to form part of this chapter ; let us try to kill the two birds with the one stone.

At this moment I see certain clouds floating in the sky. They are not there as it were casually. They are there because of certain winds and rains, and rises and falls of temperature and atmospheric pressure,

* Quoted by Forel in *The Sexual Question*.

not only near at hand, but all over the earth. They are the exact shape and colour and density, at the precise height, and travelling at the precise speed, which all these factors determined and brought about. Their existence, and their appearance at this moment, were inevitable. They are the Effects of those Causes. Where is the Free Will? These clouds are bound minutely, and in a hundred ways, to be exactly what and where they are.

Do you think Causation moulds a cloud and spares a man? What I am, was mainly determined before my birth, by my parents, my grandparents, and the looks and aptitudes of an army of ancestors. I have not got dark hair, because I couldn't have it; in the same way, my chromosomes determined I should be tall, and have a poorish digestion. My mentality was determined for me along the same channels; my physique, and my whole character, were a good deal determined by my glands; home life, and food, and schooling, and work, and travel, and friends have altered all these by the exact equivalent of my contact with them. My chains of thought are not spontaneous; they arise out of my subconsciousness, or out of my heredity, or are ordered by my senses; a sound, a smell, a view, a taste, a touch are the invariable stimuli—not a spontaneous mentality welling from some Pierian spring. I am the exact sum of all these, just as the clouds were the exact sum of all those; if I am in any degree freed from them, I can scarce detect it.

Like our thoughts, our acts, good, bad and indifferent, are not spontaneous. They are the Effects of previous Causes. I have just detected myself scratching a small red blotch on my hand. Its presence is due to sluggish circulation, or to poor blood; if it is the circulation, the chain of events may lead back to my Heredity; if it is poor blood, it may be due to too little exercise. or wrong food, or much more

probably, to those recent glasses of port wine. The glasses of port, we will say, were the Cause; the act of scratching, a week later, the Effect. That act was not really mine; my position toward it was almost that of a spectator.

I decide that to-night, of my Free Will, I shall dine at the Café Royal. But on July 23rd, 1885, it was predetermined that I should do no such thing. On that day a certain Australian was born. I do not know him; but at 5 p.m. he arrives at my club with a letter of introduction. We go for a walk in the Park, and he accepts my invitation to join me at dinner. At his request, in order that he may visit his hotel, we proceed to the restaurant by way of Jermyn Street, where I sprain my foot on the curb, am taken home in great pain, and neither dine at Café Royal nor anywhere else. Causation has come up against Free Will, and destroyed it in the usual manner.

What makes Causation seem natural, and brought about by ourselves, is that it is usually harmless, and brings good fortune as well as bad. An important happening, whether in our favour or not, is rare; it might be followed by a chain of thousands of unimportant ones, doing us no harm whatever—yet all of them beyond our control.

Speaking generally, we cannot influence the flow of Cause and Effect. But a study of its mechanism is probably the very root of knowledge, and is often the road to worldly success as well. The ablest people are precisely those who envisage most accurately the Effects from previous Causes. They foresee: you may define their foresight as a better working knowledge of Causation than the man's next door.

It is sometimes possible, not to stop a given flow of Causation, but to divert another flow across it, which will sterilise it. We may consider an example of this. A middle-aged man, and a young woman, are enamoured of each other. They find themselves in a

chain of Causation which will inevitably lead to marriage, and the coming of the woman's mother, who is a widow, and to whom she is devotedly attached, to live with them. The prospect is unpleasing to the man, but open objection, he knows, will bring about great friction. He must therefore divert another flow of Causation. The mother is just his own age, and good looking ; by a few artistic touches, he sets up such a train of thought in the girl, that her mother's coming to live with them is the last thing she now desires. They marry, dwell alone, and live happily ever after.

But the results of turning one stream of Causation across another, are unpredictable. The new chain of events is almost sure to develop in unforeseen directions. In the present case, the man may find himself falling in love with the mother ; or the girl may not prove to be jealous ; or she may decide to discard the mother, and eventually take a lodger—with disastrous results. This initiating of Causation, over which you have no further control, is like a child turning some handle which it sees. It may do no harm ; or it may liberate gas or water or electric power which does a great deal of harm. The child has Free Will as regards turning the handle, just as we grown-ups have Free Will in turning other sorts of handles ; but it is hardly the kind that we mean.

With it all, there remains that stubborn belief that there must be real Free Will ; so let the other side be heard. I have shown, which is indeed irrefutable, that a thing like a cloud can have no Free Will. It is entirely moulded by the wind and the rain and the atmosphere and all the other forces acting upon it. But to compare a man, especially a strong-willed, determined man with a cloud, is surely fantastic ? He can determine, shall we say in the space of twenty-four hours, to do two hundred things ; act in two hundred ways ; even if Causation were to nullify half

of these, the other hundred ought surely to come about—ought not they ?

To come about—yes ; but not in the way we commonly imagine. If we looked into his mind, each time he was determining, we should probably find that his decisions had been determined for him. A number of them would reach him from his subconsciousness. A number from his Heredity—mental and physical. Most of all would be set in train from things attracting his senses, like a scent, a landscape, some touch against his hand, or very probably some sound. All, or nearly all these, it seems to me, would be stimuli from the outside. How many out of the hundred, think you, would be spontaneous—his very own thought, will, and deed ? Would not they be, nearly all, Effects from previous Causes, and he merely a link in the chain of Causation ? Intelligence, which can foresee certain Effects, ought to be an originator of certain Causes—that seems to me at least arguable ; but the mental commonalty of the earth, who don't originate, are not too far removed from automata. Yet the world is quite livable on this basis. Causation, as we saw, seems quite natural, is nearly always trivial or harmless, and leaves as much good as evil in its train. But what a deeply complex thing we are up against, once more !

The most profound and beautiful thinking about Causation—the endless chain of Cause and Effect—resides in a verse of the Rubáiyát ; here is a poet who interprets it all in four lines :—

“ With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,
 “ And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the seed :
 “ Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
 “ What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.”

Where life is concerned, we have seen Nature as utterly wanton and cruel. It offers a rose one moment ; at the next it stabs in the back. But with lifeless,

inorganic matter Nature is god-like—a majestic thing. Here we find ourselves in a Reign of Law. In the structure of the pebble on the shore, as in that of the inconceivably distant nebulae, everything is fixed and certain. Cause and Effect roll in their sequence, and no smallest variation has ever occurred.

This inorganic universe, until recent years, was held to be made up of matter and energy. Of each we distinguished many sorts and permutations ; but you could neither make nor destroy the one nor the other, neither add to them nor take away. The storms raged, fires destroyed, volcanoes burst into eruption, islands sank beneath the sea ; but the sum of matter and of energy, changed beyond recognition, remained intact to a milligram. Every speck of dust, every whiff of a breeze had its exact place in the Reign of Law ; nothing varied, nothing was ever waived ; no miracle ever jolted that perfect mechanism.

This matter and energy formed some ninety-two elements. These, being dissected down to their molecules, were found to exist not haphazard, but in quite definite relation to each other ; to the scientific mind they looked like ninety-two variations of one underlying element.

And that is just what they were. A series of amazing discoveries showed, as near as may be, that the elements are not what they appear, but that the universe is really built up of electricity. The ninety-two elements—things like lead, iron and so forth—have been masquerading all this time, and matter as we thought we knew it, is simply not matter at all. The stuff of the universe—of rock, water, metal, clouds, timber, vegetation, bread and butter, bunches of grapes, carriage-horses, bath towels, or a lady's *embonpoint*—is just a mass of positive and negative charges of electricity, revolving furiously in an eternal dance. Matter has as good as disappeared, leaving only energy. But the Reign of Law holds ; the sum

total is as before ; every whizzing speck of the fabric, though far, far beneath our range of vision, is accounted for.

The bricks of this universe are the atoms. Corresponding with the elements, there are ninety-two sorts of atoms, and it is believed that each sort is just a different arrangement of positive and negative electricity. The simplest, as one would expect, is the arrangement of one speck or charge of positive, called a proton, with one speck or charge of negative, called an electron. The proton acts as a nucleus ; the electron rushes round it millions of times a second, like a planet round a sun, and the two together make the atom of the element we call hydrogen. As atoms rise in the scale, they get more and more complex ; but this simple atom of hydrogen is the basis of them all, just as Latin is the basis of French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. The next simplest arrangement has a heavier nucleus, with two electrons rushing round it. That makes the atom of helium. As you advance up the scale, the nucleus increases, an extra electron rushes round, and so you have a new element. In the atom of zinc, for example, thirty electrons, arranged in rings, rush round the much enlarged nucleus ; in the atom of neodymium, sixty ; and in the atom of uranium, last and heaviest of all, ninety-two. One would expect the heavier atoms to be extremely crowded by their electrons. But that is not so ; the electrons revolve at so great a distance from the nucleus, that an atom is mostly made up of empty space. It will be understood that we are speaking relatively ; millions of atoms can rest comfortably on the head of a pin.*

The rushing of the electrons round their nuclei, in varying orbits, is a perfectly ordered thing. But should foreign electrons dash in and disturb the structure, they create the energy we call X-rays.

* See *The A. B. C. of Atoms*, by Bertrand Russell.

The atoms of some of the heavier elements are unstable, and keep hurtling out particles from their nucleus—disembowelling themselves as it were. Because of this, they gradually change their nature, and become another sort of element lower down the scale. The heaviest atom, uranium, is thus changing, though very slowly indeed. The atom of radium, it is calculated, disembowels half of itself in one thousand eight hundred and fifty years; and there are others. This is that very transmutation of metals which the alchemists aimed at. They tried to transmute upwards, into the very heavy element, gold. These natural transmutings are always downward (both uranium and radium eventually become lead) and they involve no threat to my friends in Johannesburg. This hurtling out of particles or rays, is known as radio-activity. There are three sorts of these rays, but they are alike in their almost incredible speed. The common electrons are supposed to travel up to fourteen hundred miles a second, but radio-active particles can do that at a walk; certain of them have been demonstrated to travel at the rate of one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second, almost the speed of light.

There is Complexity, if you like! But let us at once proceed to go one better! We see that the interplay of positive and negative electricity seems to give birth to the ninety-two elements of the universe; to X-rays; to radio-activity; to energy indescribable. May we not have overlooked something? May it not also give birth to that energy we call Life? All the materials seem to be there; and a process which can build up an atom of uranium, with its ninety-two revolving electrons, should have no difficulty in building up protoplasm.

There was a visionary, in olden times, who declared that the world was attached by ropes at its four corners to the canopy of heaven, and that it rested on a tortoise.

But the reality, now that it has become known, is far more fantastic than that; the truth has beaten the tortoise by many lengths. Marvellous as these things are, I feel their greatest appeal on the philosophic side. This universe of whizzing positive and negative is our "Balance" once more; it is the "Opposites" again, but on a vaster scale than we had ever conceived. I see this subtle thing as all-pervading; we shall return to it.

While people were pondering such deep Complexity, another shattering aspect of things was presented to us. Einstein, a Jew, one of that race whose talents have brought upon them world-wide envy, synthesised the "Theory of Relativity." This involved philosophical, and especially mathematical powers of so high an order, that only a handful of trained minds have properly grasped it. So abstruse is the Theory indeed, that neither Einstein nor his elucidators can properly explain it to the lay mind.

Have you ever wondered what Space and Time really are? The philosopher Kant, long ago, called them "forms of perception." Einstein is saying something like that in the language of mathematics. According to Relativity, you must picture them as one; you must picture "Space—Time" as a fourth dimension. But I simply cannot do that: it makes me giddy. Again, you must picture Space with a "warp" or "curve" in it—and here I feel myself falling right over the edge! Einstein, the Jew, is German-born; this may be the continuation of "frightfulness" after the war!

He also said that Light could be bent—which Newton had predicted; in fact, that was one of the proofs of the Theory. There was just one test which could determine this. An eclipse of the sun was shortly due, and several expeditions were sent to the tropics to photograph it. The negatives, taken

when the sun was obscured, showed rays of light from a distant star curving in by gravity as they passed the sun. Einstein was verified ; he had caught light bending.

To return to Space : Einstein tells us that it is not illimitable. After hearing that it is "warped," one is prepared for that. Another relativist gives its circumference as six hundred million, million, million miles, and says there is nothing beyond. We must let it go at that—but what about Time ? Time is a sort of twin to Space, according to Relativity. Has *it* not got a "warp" ? I commend this problem to Einstein ; he may yet show us that it shortens eternity by three weeks.

What one can grasp about Relativity, is that the things we had thought of as absolute—Time, Space, Measurement, Gravitation—which had seemed fixed anchorages as it were, are not so. They are relative to events. Time and Space, on a world revolving swiftly round the sun, and round itself, are one thing ; but to a spirit, let us say, poised immovable in the air, or moving at unimagined speed, they would be different in degree ; they are not absolutely fixed.

Putting Relativity, for the moment, aside, let *me* become this ubiquitous spirit. I decide to travel at the greatest known speed. I therefore rush through the air at one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second—at the speed of Light. As a result, I find that Time has largely disappeared. I have caught up with it. But I am dissatisfied : I want to achieve something really thrilling. I therefore increase my speed appreciably, and begin to leave Light far behind. This *is* really thrilling. I am now travelling faster than time ; I am overtaking the past, running it down, as it were, with all its events. History is beginning to unwind before me—backwards : like the unwinding of a cinema reel. Out of the immense, quickly-passing picture, little scenes stand

out. In sequence, I see Queen Victoria driving out with John Brown; Mark Twain at his work on the Mississippi steamer; the last great caravan entering Timbuctoo; George Washington going out with his little axe; Flora Macdonald handing the Young Pretender her savings; the charwoman washing the cathedral floor, after the murder of Thomas à Becket; the barons lunching together at Runnymede, after the signing of Magna Carta; Alfred scraping the woman's cakes, which he had let burn; Mahomet handing over Fatima to Ali, with a smile and six camels; brave Horatius speaking out at the crucial moment—and so on, back to the beginning of Time.

Now suppose the reel to be continuous. Suppose it to contain not only the past, but the future? By running down the past, faster than it was receding, I have reconstituted it? By rushing ahead of the present, which I can easily do in my spirit form, I take a survey of the future. Are we sure the future is not already here? Suppose that the whole outfit, past, present, future, has been in existence from the beginning; that future events are already here, all dressed up and waiting, and that Time and Space merely carry us into their presence? Are we sure, for example, that the stage for to-morrow's sunrise isn't already set? We can tell everything about it, as it were: the exact moment, the position, the appearance of the sky at that spot, the little jump as the sun clears the horizon, the light it will cast over given areas, the joyous glances that will turn to it from men and beasts—why, I can even hear the magpies in Australia burst into their languishing cadences! Or take my funeral. That, whether it is to be by land or sea, is a definite event. Are we sure that it isn't all staged and ready, and merely waiting for the principal actor?

To me as spirit, hovering there, or travelling to any part of the reel in the twinkling of an eye, Cause and

Effect would be laid bare. I would see the Cause happening, and simultaneously its Effects taking place, perhaps a hundred years later. I would see, let us say, the socialist Marx publishing his book, *Das Kapital*, in the year 1867, and simultaneously, as an Effect, the Russian Revolution breaking out in 1917. I would see how tiny Causes may lead up and up to stupendous Effects. I would see, for example, Columbus poring over a chart about the year 1480, and simultaneously, as Effects, the discovery of America, the Pilgrim Fathers, the driving-back of the Indians, the arrival of the first slaves, the revolution against England, the Republic, the conquest of the West, the building of the sky-scrapers, and the emerging of New York as the greatest city in the world—quite a substantial Causation from one navigator's chart.

In course of time the whole reel would become known to me, backwards and forwards. I would know the past and the future. I would know all Causes and all Effects, one after the other, or both together. I would know destinies ; seeing two babes born, I would know that one would grow into a great and good man, and the other live to be hanged ; and I would know whether we have Free Will or are automata.

But to return to our Newtonian bearings. The new knowledge of Relativity, if verified, will not alter our life in material ways. Time, Space, Gravitation, Measurement will continue to function in the old manner. But the Complexity is greatly heightened. We see that we are yet far distant from the inward meaning of things, and our status more and more ghostlike.

CHAPTER X

GOOD AND EVIL

I RETURN now to what is, for me, one of the subtlest and most pervading things in the world—the existence of the “Opposites.” The least reflective person, by a little observation, can come to understand the part that these play. You have vivid opposites of feeling, such as hot and cold, sweet and bitter, pleasure and pain, wet and dry, smooth and rough, shading off into such different qualities as light and darkness, beauty and ugliness, odd and even, male and female—and so on, in endless variety. To all this dualism some deep meaning must attach. But far weightier for us than these are the tremendous Opposites filling the world of the mind; good and evil, love and hate, happiness and misery, and so on, pervade our mental world through and through. It is over these we shall ponder.

The existence of the Opposites has exercised many profound brains. In early times men crystallised them as God and the Devil, as Ormuzd and Ahriman, and as Heaven and Hell. Machiavelli, that deep thinker, said: “It has been and always will be true, that evil succeeds good and good evil, and the one is always the cause of the other.” Emerson summed them up as the “Law of Compensation.” That quaintest of all mystics, Swedenborg, frequently speaks of the “equilibrium” between good and evil. The school of Pythagoras arranged the “contraries” into two classes; and the conclusion drawn was that “three things are observed in every mutation or change; the matter, which still remains one and the

same ; the contrary which accedes and the contrary which departs." "By the reciprocal actions and sufferings of the contraries (said Aristotle) . . . all the changes are effected which we behold in the world around us."

Now comes the amazing discovery of the nature of Matter. The universe itself is shown to be a mass of whizzing energy, held together, and indeed born out of, the interplay of positive and negative electricity. They are called "positive" and "negative": but for us they are again the "Opposites"; by their interplay, their attraction, they keep the fabric of the universe together; were one of them to fail for an instant, that fabric, and ourselves in it, would dissolve into space.

As we find the Opposites, seemingly, pervading all Matter and all Mind, shall we be wrong if we see in them the basis of some vast generalisation? I suggest, as this generalisation, "Balance." I believe that "Balance" may be the underlying law of all things, and that the pervadingness of the Opposites is its manifestations. We seem to see Balance (that of positive and negative charges) as the basis of Matter. We seem to see Balance (in the shape of good and evil, love and hate, happiness and misery, and so on) as the basis of Mind. Are these things related, or are they not?—that is the gist of the problem.

We will suppose them related. In other words, we will suppose the electrical charges which make up Matter, are the same nature of things as thought, will and sensation which make up Mind. *Ergo*, they are all forms of the same Energy.

But behind this lies deep implication. Energy is indestructible. The Energy in Matter, balanced in positive and negative, is indestructible. The Energy in Mind, balanced in good and evil, love and hate, happiness and misery and the rest, must be indestructible too.

There you have it ! If we are right, the powers of good, love and happiness are balanced against the powers of evil, hate and misery ; there is an endless struggle ; and final victory to neither.

Many of my readers, accustomed to stories with a happy ending, will not care for this sort of thing. The suggestion that good cannot finally overcome evil, or love overcome hate, or happiness overcome misery, may shock, and possibly anger them. Let such as these remember that this is based on assumption. We are feeling our way. We may be upon a wrong tack. Our universe may really be (as we like to picture it) one in which the plus side of things is finally triumphant, although it does not seem to have been so as yet.

The existence of the Opposites is a tremendous fact, and their explanation, if it be not "Balance," must be something very like it. Let us examine those great protagonists, Good and Evil. Philosophers will tell us that these are relative terms : that actual Good, actual Evil, are hard to define. That does not concern us. Their oppositeness is the quality which concerns us, and that is certain. There has always been "Good." As we have risen in the scale, the quality of goodness has risen too. There has always been "Evil." It, too, has increased with our ascent ; the more knowledge we gather, the deeper is the quality of the evil we can do. Because you have one, you must have the other. If you had no "Good," you could have no "Evil" to compare it with ; and if there were no "Evil," what should we consider "Good" ? What would become of charity, if none were necessitous ? And how should we recognise patriotism, were it not for profiteers ?

It is not certain to my mind that Good could exist, were it not for Evil. We can illustrate this by considering the subject of disease. Let us suppose, for one reason or another, that all disease ceased. That

sounds glorious. But there would also cease, as a natural result, all medicine, surgery, research work, nursing and hygiene, with a marked lessening in such personal qualities as self-control, cleanliness, self-denial, caution and fortitude—many of the noblest paths of endeavour, and of the finest qualities in men and women. Disease would have gone ; so would its Balancing Factors. There would have been a great outward flow of negative ; but the positive, in an also great flow, would soon have followed. Something like Balance would be re-established ; but humanity would be existing at a lower level.

We are watching an experiment of this sort. The United States believes it possible to abolish alcohol, and has instituted Prohibition. But the desire for alcohol, on our assumption, is a form of Energy, and, therefore indestructible. You may be able to transform it into some other energy, but you can't do away with it. To a great number of American people, let us say to half the nation, Prohibition may be bringing benefit. But if you look carefully around, you will see the Balancing Factors which have been brought into being. These are : law-breaking, smuggling, illicit distilling, lying, drug-taking, excess eating of sugar, secret resentment, loss of freedom—to say nothing of the many Americans who cross into Canada or Mexico or Cuba for stimulants. In some ways Prohibition has brought good ; in other ways it has brought evil. Work it out for yourselves ; you will see that the Balance seems to remain where it was.

The other great ethical experiment of the Americans, the Abolition of Slavery, also set up its Balancing Factors or Reactions. The liberated blacks, competing with the low-class whites, and with white labour in general, became exposed to fierce racial hate, and frequent attacks by the white mob ; they were also the victims of corrupt State politics, and of all sorts

of disabilities. Many of these have only intensified with time, so that the coloured man's life in the States is liable to be one long humiliation; while the whites themselves, pretending that all men are equal, are living a lie. When we set all these things against the fact of Abolition, it is reasonable to think that it has failed in real betterment, and that the old Balance remains.

This theory of Balance may look like pure pessimism. At the first glance it makes the world seem rather a hopeless place. What is the use of striving, as an individual, or as a nation, if the net result is to leave things, in their essence, as they were? And it does not even seem true! Has not Man, despite the theory of Balance, greatly progressed? And have not I myself suggested that, with Evolution's help, he will progress much further? The theory does not seem borne out by the facts!

Yes: Man has progressed tremendously. That is obvious. What we may call the plus side of things has risen steadily upward. What is not so obvious, but true, is that the negative side of things has risen in the same way. Man now knows far more; therefore when he sins, or goes wrong, he does so to a far more heinous degree than when he was a mere creature of impulse and emotion. His nervous system has grown infinitely more tense and organised; when he is callous, therefore, or cruel, he is much more responsibly and wickedly so than he used to be; just as when he feels pain, sorrow, failure or remorse, mental or physical, he feels them far more deeply and vividly than in the past. It is now possible for him, by his knowledge, by overcoming Nature, and the inertia of things, to strengthen the plus side of the world more than ever before; and he is doing so on a great scale. But it is equally open to him, through his increasing powers, to swell the negative side of things more than ever—as we saw, for example, in

the Great War. We may like to think, with the spread of civilisation, that the positive side is easily in the ascendant, and the negative side greatly on the wane. But I do not believe for a moment that this is the case. Reading this morning's paper, with this point in view, my eye lit upon two little items. In London, yesterday, there was a "flag-day" collection for a certain hospital. Three of the collectors were afterwards arrested for theft. In Paris, yesterday, there was a Peace Conference. Delegates from twenty nations assembled, and over a certain question "leapt from their seats with menacing gestures, and burst into pandemonium." "Ladies and Gentlemen," shouted the president, "you don't act like pacifists, but like a cageful of wild beasts!" Human Nature is not changing, and there is nothing to suggest in our present state of Evolution that it ever will; swaying all over the world, like Ormuzd and Ahriman of old, we see Good and Evil struggling in their vast and eternal embrace.

Yet the theory of Balance is not pessimistic. It is true that the negative flow of things, which we call Evil, cannot in any way be destroyed; but it can be, as it were, pushed back. We can drive a certain amount of it into the waste places of the world, and by watchfulness and effort keep it there. This watchfulness and effort needs to be perpetual; a world which keeps requiring these is a healthy training-ground for men and women.

The procedure, first of all, is to understand the Balancing Factors, good or bad, which are always set up. We can think of and call these in future by another name—Reaction. My dictionary defines Reaction as a "return of previous condition after interval of opposite." In mechanics, Reaction is a law; it was formulated by Newton, in the words: "Action and Reaction are equal and opposite." Our theory of "Balance" suggests, that in the working

of the Mind, Action and Reaction may be equal and opposite too, and that things like Good and Evil are merely forms of Reaction swinging back to this Balance.

Let us try to analyse this. Had the Americans, before tackling the Abolition of Slavery, set a group of their wisest men to study the Balancing Factors or Reaction it would set up, an immense amount of Evil would have been averted. Many of the older slaves did not desire their freedom; these might have remained slaves. As for the rest, a gradual Abolition, perhaps spread over a generation or more, would have been ordained, thus allowing difficult questions to be settled as they arose. There would have been compensation for the owners, thus ensuring from them a sort of benevolent neutrality; this alone would have prevented the Civil War. The white mind, especially of the labouring classes, would have been prepared gradually for the new state of affairs. Most important of all, a territory would have been set apart for the freed blacks, so that competition with the whites, with its tremendous racial hatred, would have been avoided. Such a group of superior men, thinking out Abolition and its Reaction, would have made it a success. They would, as it were, have pushed back the evil side of it. The injustice and the racial hate would still be there, but in a sense lying dormant; they might never have been stirred up, or only to a moderate degree.

Had the Americans, remembering the failure of Abolition, set a group of wise men to think out the probable Reaction of Prohibition, again an immense amount of Evil might have been pushed back. It is almost certain that these wise men would have reported thus: "If you try to enforce extreme Prohibition, you will set up too much Reaction, and it will fail. But if you are content to bring about partial Prohibition, the Reaction will be far weaker, and on balance you will achieve a great deal of good. We

recommend that the saloon be abolished, and after compensation, that the making and sale of alcohol accrue to the State. No spirits will be sold ; but the American people will be encouraged in the moderate use of wine and beer, which experience tells us has never done mankind any harm."

But American fanatics, shouting : " To hell with your wise men ! " rushed at Prohibition like a bull at a gate. Believing they were doing good, they set up the maximum of Reaction, and from their foolishness the States are now reaping the whirlwind. As ever, it is the good, stupid people who do the world most harm.

An admirable example of how we can " push back " Evil, and bring about betterment, must now be credited to the Americans. But in this case the few wise men were in control from the beginning. By great effort and expenditure, backed by scientific knowledge, they rid the Canal Zone at Panama of mosquitoes, and made it healthy. And so, with the Americans' unremitting attention, it is likely to remain ; but were they to become even a little negligent, the mosquitoes would soon be back in their millions, and malaria as bad as ever.

The effects of Reaction are seen in every phase of life. It is Reaction, of course, which is bringing about the failure of Democracy. Had we carried that levelling process to reasonable lengths only ; had we laid it down that the State would do things only for those who did things for it, all had been well for Democracy. But as usual, rushing to extremes, we have set up tremendous Reaction, and left the old Balance where it was.

Reaction on a great scale, affecting all of us, is now in full swing among the Germans. Having lost the World War, and suffered the deepest humiliation, this people of seventy millions, with its tremendous capacity, has set itself to regain the old position.

This it must eventually do ; but before those humiliated and embittered millions regain their self-esteem, they will have cut into and injured the industries of half the world, and brought the old fears back to the minds of their conquerors.

A very great swing of Reaction or Balancing is involved in the theme of this book. If the White Race, recognising the meaning of Evolution, and its own destiny, were to reject the unfit, and breed very carefully, it would advance in course of time to undreamed of mentality and mastery over Nature. This would be balanced by the decline of the whole coloured world, which would gradually sink back as we went forward.

The student of Reaction, whose finest field of study is himself, must come to realise the value, in every phase of life, of the middle course or the "golden mean." He will find that everything comes back to a state of Balance. He will find for himself that extremes are dangerous, and excess on the positive side as unsound as on the negative side. He will discover his own datum line, clearly marked ; and beyond it, on either hand, he will come to know that Action and Reaction, just as in mechanics, are equal and opposite. If he eats too much, he will suffer repletion. If he eats too little, his mind will be obsessed by thoughts of food. If he enjoys alcohol, he will find that moderation gives it its true zest. Should he become a drunkard, and draw fierce satisfaction from excess, Reaction will presently seize him in ways equally fierce. In Sex, we saw the manifold Reaction which arises from continence ; but we also saw how soon, and how easily, it sets in from over-indulgence. Throughout the gamut of the senses it is the same ; the golden mean is the true course, but to extremes, one way or the other, a relentless Reaction follows.

And mental Reaction is the same. If the mind is overtaxed, it will presently become over-tired. If driven too exclusively in certain channels, it will remain under-equipped in others. A mind dwelling only upon the Good, will become too ignorant to deal with the Evil. The brain must seek its Balance, its golden mean; excesses for it are as dangerous as for the senses. Friendship, for example, which belongs to the middle course, endures; love and hate, setting up Reaction, burn themselves out. We are back to the Opposites once more; can we fail now to recognise them as Reaction in broad daylight?

Reaction, whether positive or negative, is at times so evident as to be almost measurable. At other times it is very obscure. The individual must not expect, in his own life, to find the positive and the negative strike a balance—although there may be approximate balance. But in the sum total of lives we might expect the positive and the negative to balance exactly.

The student of Reaction passes on. He becomes the artist. Experimenting with the negative side of things—with sin, evil and misery—he finds that every here and there these can be pushed a little back. He finds they can be kept there too, but that his must be the keeping. He becomes the Balancing Factor.

The more "Canal Zones" we can thus clear, the more we make the world livable. To cause a patch of positive to flourish; to drive negative from where negative has been, into some innocuous hinterland, ought to give our life its zest. It does not mean the millennium. The negative side of things can be scotched; but it can never be destroyed. Each generation must face it in its turn. You and I may drive it gloriously back, and receive our medal; but upon the same ground our successors may be overcome.

I now beg to move: "That Good and Evil and all the Opposites are forms of Reaction, and that they are

indestructible"; and I feel sure, were the Grecian philosophers still among us, that many of them, shouting the word, "Eureka!" would rise at once to second me. Reaction, stated as a Law, would appeal to them as strangely familiar. "The deepest thought of antiquity was neither optimistic nor pessimistic. It was that progress and retrogression are the incoming and outgoing tide in an unchanging sea."*

It is here, I think, we should consider religion. Amid such Complexity; in a world so truly different from pious conception, in which we seem but corks bobbing in the stream, where shall we find anchorage?

True religion, as I see it, is a blend of the emotions and the brain. The part of the emotions ought to lead us, through all the Complexity, to the Divine Essence beyond. The part of the brain ought to enjoin on us a high ethical behaviour.

Behaviour, for me, is the essence of religion. What we feel or imagine does not matter so very much; it is what we *do* that matters, and the way we do it. An attractive lady once told me I could be saved by faith. "Madame," I replied to her, "cabbages do not come by faith, and neither does corned-beef; if saving is to be won, you may bet your high-heeled boots that doing things, and not imagining them, is the way to win it."

Behaviour is difficult. Only in tracts, and in the estimation of simple people, is it easy. We have seen that Free Will is a scarce commodity. We have found that the evil side of things, whatever the reason, is always with us, and that only acts of real foresight can displace it, even temporarily. If I give a beggar-boy sixpence, I do him more harm than good. If he is hungry, and I buy him a pork-pie, the harm is less apparent; but how can I tell he is hungry? If I give a blind man sixpence, or an old beggar, whose character is fixed for better or worse, I may actually do a little

* W. R. Inge.

good ; but a community which allows its old and its blind to beg in the streets is not doing its duty. The whole field of the eleemosynary bristles with difficulty ; many people who ought to receive our help, never do ; and just as many receive it, often in public institutions, to whom it does real harm. There seems very little in life we can give without doing some harm. Unselfish people, doing things for others, mostly confirm those others in their selfishness. Giving way to people generally harms their characters, even if the harm be often imperceptible. A record of the world's self-sacrifice, and of the real benefits to the recipients, as contrasted with the apparent benefits, would give us a rude shock. Millions of parents, after denying themselves much in the earlier years, proudly build up a greater or less fortune to leave their children. Their behaviour, at the first flush, seems admirable ; but the number of young people who are ruined, or whose energies are sapped by coming into unearned money, is at least as great as those who are benefitted. People of charm and prominence, who go through life smiling, doing kindly acts, and making hosts of friends, set up an astonishing amount of jealousy, envy, and secret resentment in the minds of those they have not directly favoured ; detraction, and secret envy of the popular and the charming, fills the minds of millions. People who are talented, and rise to the top, necessarily displace others, who may be equally deserving. A great artist of any sort puts others in the shade. The world flocks to hear him, is intolerant, for the time being, of mediocrity, and those at the bottom find their earning-power lessened or gone altogether. A brilliant tradesman opens a mammoth store, or chain of stores, and delights impoverished housekeepers by selling them cheaper goods ; but several hundred smaller traders, perhaps the big man's superiors in ethics, thereby see their profits dwindle, and a number of them pass into

bankruptcy. If we give good advice, asked or unasked, with the best intentions, it often rebounds troublously. You warn someone of an approaching vehicle, and he springs back ; but he springs too far, and gets run over by another. I, out of my knowledge, advise someone to buy certain gold shares, and he buys them ; they then fall two shillings, and in a fit of reaction he sells out at a loss and feels resentful ; the shares then rise ten shillings, and he is more resentful than ever. You see an old friend drifting apart from his wife ; in a confidential moment you talk things over with her, suggesting a certain course toward reconciliation ; the wife, unknown to you, had been about to take this, but now, suspecting you as an emissary from her husband, she does the reverse, and they drift finally apart.

Behaviour, I repeat, which is the essence of religion, is difficult. The evil side of things, in small matters as in great, is always there, and refuses to be done away with. And we must reckon with Reaction at every step. Right living thus becomes an art ; our old friends Cause and Effect are seen to be safer advisers than the Scriptures, and the brain takes its place more and more as Man's guiding star.

A new and tremendous factor now appears on the religious scene. It is the fear of death and annihilation, and the vivid hope that through religion we may escape this. With the vast majority, this is the main reason for their religion ; the need of religion for its own sake, as one might say " art for art's sake," is not very widely felt.

There are many thinking men, and just a few women, who do not believe in a future state. With the spread of knowledge these are increasing ; you will find them not less tranquil than the generality, and on the average more genuinely religious ; they feel they must get in their good work while there is time. To call these people evil, as so many Christians do, is quite

mistaken. There are others who do not desire a future life : who feel they get full value from this one. When such as these have a religion, it is without *arrière pensée* : it is the religion of Here and Now. I belong to this little company myself ; the thought of eternity, which I can but vaguely envisage, has never stirred my pulse to one extra beat.

But a future state there may be, nevertheless. I do not wish to suggest to any reader that there is not. When we brood on the marvels of the Universe, and of Nature, and on the electrical structure of Matter, a spiritual existence for mankind does not seem too fantastic.

But let us return to the average man and his fear of death. As we have already noted, many of our fears, acquired unconsciously in childhood, remain with us through life. They are generally groundless, or irrational ; but we find ourselves unable to throw them off, and so set up elaborate complexes to meet them. And the greatest fear, of course, is of death. This is a fear of grown people, and is not irrational, but it has set up, as was to be expected, the most gigantic complex of all. No depreciation is meant ; but around the plain question " Shall we live again ? " the emotion and piety and mysticism and obsessionism of thousands of years have crystallised in all conceivable patterns, and in many that are inconceivable.

An after-life there may be. But it will be life, remember, on the spiritual plane. The Great Complex, as is the way of a complex with an unpleasant fact, has rather ignored the spiritual plane. It has declared, on the whole, for the resurrection of the body. A physical heaven (where English is spoken) is widely believed in. And does not Heaven itself, that region of eternal joy, spring out of the Complex ? Surely, it is too human a conception. It must have come about to counter the theologian's doctrine of an eternal and physical Hell. May we not say that these two

regions are but the abstractions of Happiness and Misery ; that they took form in the minds of early mystics, and have no other existence whatsoever. The after-life of the spirit, if there be one, will be neither Heaven nor Hell. These we measure out to ourselves here ; the spiritual beyond is not to be measured.

Around our Great Complex clusters the world of the occult. In their fear of annihilation, men have always sought proof of the supernatural, and deeply desiring to live again, have ever expected some sign from the beyond. Have there been such signs ? Is there esoteric knowledge ? Are there those among us who communicate with the dead ?

The *Scientific American*, two years ago, offered a substantial sum for reasonable proof of anything occult ; many mediums and others came forward, and received a fair hearing ; but after more than a year's grace no one had gained the money. Here, once again, is implication that the occult, as to nine-tenths of it, is either fraud or foolishness. Two cuttings lie before me. The one is a description of certain spirit photographs, clearly shown to be faked. The other is a pæan about clairvoyance. The writer has turned his faculty upon the lost continent of Atlantis ; this, he states positively, sank into the sea in the year 9564 B.C., with sixty-five million souls. There is your fraud, and your foolishness ! Because repeated too often, they have caused the occult to stink in many nostrils. But there remains the one-tenth. That is believed in by many able and honourable people, and my experience therefore says to me, "go carefully, and keep an open mind." Why should there not be spirits ? We have not ruled them out. The thought that there may be is not outrageous ; we are only nonplussed by their trivial acts and messages, when they might be saying such tremendous things ! A

clear-headed member of the Psychical Research Society told me, after many years of enquiry, that a certain bit of table-raising, and that only, remained inexplicable to him. But why is it always tables ! The spirits, if there are spirits, have surely used tables to excess ; one could almost wish for a sign from a chest-of-drawers !

If there are spirits, there must be an after-life ; spiritualism, therefore, should be a thing of joy ; and quite a humorous aspect of it occurs to me. If spiritualist circles spring into much vogue down here, and if mediumship spreads greatly, very famous men who die will have to spend most of their time answering " calls " from this world. One can conceive of some very famous spirit receiving a thousand " calls " in the course of twenty-four hours, which will reach him in many different languages, and are likely to contain many inconvenient requests. I can even picture famous spirits losing their temper ; and the practice of engaging less well-known spirits to " deputise " for them will probably spring up.

My mind is open about spiritualism, but here is an aspect I find difficult. Spiritualism is a belief held by Theists, Christians, and Free-Thinkers alike, and each of these groups, through mediumistic messages, describes a spirit-world which conforms to its tenets here. The Theists make mention of God as being visible ; the Christians usually refer to the presence of Christ ; while Free-Thinking spirits appear to exist without the presence of either. Yet there can be but one spirit-world.

CHAPTER XI

GATHERING THE THREADS

WE must begin to gather the threads together. This book, which was born beside the Australian shore, has been written in many countries. Its skeleton took form on the Niger and the Congo. The frame filled out at St. Paul de Loanda. The chapter on *Nature* was begun at Hudson's Bay, continued on Lake Nyasa, and finished on those mountains behind Rio de Janeiro. The chapter on *Sex* was begun on the sand dunes of Holland, continued in Lagos, and finished beside the Lake of Lucerne. That on *Complexity* was begun in the Pyrenees, continued in Rome, finished in Paris. Another was written in Arizona. Much was done in South Africa, and quite a good deal aboard ship. You see that the threads float on many winds ; may this chapter prove them silken !

Our subject has been Man. We have considered him in the material world, which amid his wars and hates, and the clash of races, he is nevertheless moulding to his will. And we have stood with him upon the threshold of the immaterial world, where he stands hesitant, not knowing whence he came, and where he is going, or whether he is just a collocation of cells come together for the nonce. As yet, he has not found reality. But with that brain of his what may he not find ! The mists lie thick ; but the mind of Man, now piercing, now soaring, is hot upon a hundred trails.

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Amid the horrors of Nature ; the killing for food ; the blotting-out of unwanted myriads, we saw Man

leaving the ruck, slowly but surely ascending, and at last standing on the pinnacle. Nature did not put him there. For æons he went through the mill with unnumbered other species; he was no more than the humblest of these in Nature's eyes.

That blind, unconscious force Evolution was the friend. We will not pretend that it recognised incipient Man upon the seashore, or upon the plains, or even ages later, in the tree-tops. But about the time he became ape-like, Evolution most certainly spotted Man, and has since backed him, colloquially speaking, "to win, and for a place."

When we reached our "man"-hood, in the dim and distant past, we probably all started from scratch, of one type, one colour, very similar in body and brain. What has been the result? Physically, we remain much of a muchness; many of even the humblest races are the physical equals of the highest. In colour, we have diversified into whites, browns, yellows, blacks and reds. As to type, we have set into many different racial moulds, and in mentalities we differ most of all.

The future is to Mind. That must be obvious to the least reflective. The races with the lesser minds, howsoever fine in body, seem to have shot their bolt. No doubt they were useful at the time, and links in the chain; then Evolution needed them no longer. Evolution may be unable to do much more for the human body. Because of the limited neck of the womb, it may be unable to increase the size of the skull, and therefore of the brain. But it might add endless convolutions to our grey-matter, and an exceeding subtlety; and that, we may surmise, is what is happening.

The future is to Mind; and just as certainly, I believe, the White Race is the direct heir. The "White Race," in this ideal sense, is made up of those European peoples who have both brains and

ballast. These two supreme things, when found together in a people, are the result of their being built up by thousands of generations of fine climate and the best food, and they are found, speaking generally, only in the peoples of Western and Central Europe. How long the White Race has dwelt in Europe, no one knows. It is now thought to be seventeen thousand years since the last ice-age rolled back, and the climate of Europe in general became so favourable; the final phase of our white pedigree, therefore, has been built up during seven hundred generations.

Where the climate is too hot, food is also inferior. We therefore find, among the Western Whites, that Southern Italians and Southern Spaniards, thus doubly handicapped, are barely up to the required standard; while the Portuguese, excepting their admirable peasantry, have placed themselves outside the pale by breeding with colour. These are Western Europe's exceptions. Omitting them, we may classify the "White Race," upon whom, with Evolution's aid, hangs the destiny of the world, as the English-speaking peoples, French, Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch, Belgians, Swiss, Finns, Baltic peoples, Czechs, Austrians, a majority of Italians and Spaniards, the Portuguese peasantry, and finally the Hebrew-Jews and the Parsis, co-opted because of their especial qualities. Why Eastern Europeans are not included, was made clear in Chapter IV. We need not rule these Alpine peoples entirely out, if only for the reason that sometimes they make such good blends. But they have no ballast by themselves; they are Asiatic in origin, and lack those seven hundred generations of the right heredity. Their skins are white, but they think differently.

Just as Man, with his brain, was bound to reach the headship of organisms, so the Western Whites, with their advantages, were bound to reach the top

of the human race. They were late in getting there ; but when they got there they stayed ; their skins, their poise, their prowess, their easy dominance, have now been the secret envy of the coloured world for thousands of years.

The Western Whites throw up, overwhelmingly, the men of action. As the world is constituted, action is written into its very fabric ; it *must*, therefore, be a determining quality in its races. Mystic contemplation, the ideal of the East, is an inferior way of life. Even the holiest must eat ; but all the contemplation in the world will not produce to-morrow's dinner. The mystic and the contemplative, in the last analysis, are but parasites ; and parasites, as we know, are meaningless and abhorrent things.

The Western Whites have the originating brain—here we get at the root of the matter. The contemplative Orient, looking into the deep Complexity of things, turned mystic. It remained for thousands of years up against a dead end. Then came the whites ; and in each generation of them a few who refused to take it lying down. If there was Complexity, they argued, it was Man's business to probe it. The few grew into hundreds ; and in course of time, though always stifled by ignorance, they gave Science birth.

Modern Science is the real flowering of the human brain. It is far more wonderful than the age of the Greeks. It is creating almost unbelievable knowledge ; and the study of such knowledge, in its turn, is creating more and more analytical and subtle minds. Where, a century ago, we had ten ; and half-a-century ago, fifty ; to-day we have thousands of fine minds at work on research, and the tale of discovery, since even the beginning of this century, is tremendous. All around us, as we know, is deep Complexity ; but these thousands of fine minds, probing, piercing, getting at the truth, make the outlook more hopeful than ever before.

I can now put into a few words what I want to say. The Western Whites, with their subtle and complex brain, are acquiring so much knowledge that a new vista has begun to open out for the world. It will not be the millennium: the inner meaning of things forbids that; but it will be a world which knows the answer to all sorts of problems, and in which, by taking forethought, life can be made more livable. In other words humanity, with all its plus side and all its minus, has now the mentality to carry it a great step forward in power, and that mentality, that urge, comes from the Western Whites entirely.

But there are weak links in the chain, as we have already seen. They are so weak, that the chain may snap in a number of places, and our race go the way of so many others. Spectacular dangers, such as the rising of the coloured world, over-population, and the struggle for food, raw material and markets threaten us quite definitely. These we shall consider in a moment; but at the back of my head they are not the real dangers. The real ones are those false processes of thought which have captured the Western mind. I have seen big blocks of timber which looked healthy on the outside, yet on the inside were being eaten away by white ants. Our fine Western Race, at the height of its achievement, is being honeycombed in this very same manner. These dangers from within are what terrify me; but let us, nevertheless, first consider those from without.

If the coloured world, in conclave, discovered some weapon by which the White Race could be driven out of coloured lands, I cannot think of a single people which would to-day declare in our favour. The vote for driving us out would be unanimous. And if the same weapon were proved able to exterminate us off the earth, there would be a majority for doing even that. If we survey the world to-day, we find complete

colour cleavage ; there is almost universal hatred of the whites, and the coloured are striving everywhere, openly and secretly, to throw off our domination.

To those who travel and observe, the reasons for this are clear. They were stated in a previous chapter. The high-minded and comprehending whites who come in contact with the coloured are always a minority. The arrogant and uncomprehending ones are a great majority, and because of the facilities of travel are increasing all the time. The harm they have done is immeasurable. Where lower-class whites are concerned, especially where there is competition in labour, they are frequently insolent to the coloured, and treat them with open contempt ; yet a glance will often show that they are themselves, mentally and physically, the inferiors. We have always exploited, and continue to exploit, the coloured lands, to our great advantage ; but we are closing our own lands more and more to coloured peoples ; soon, I imagine, the coloured will find themselves shut out of our white world entirely.

These peoples are as full of Human Nature as ourselves. They have been resenting all this bitterly and increasingly for years, and pent-up feelings of revenge are seething everywhere. They know now that the whites are not infallible. Ever since the Japanese smashed the Russians, they have felt differently about us, and during the Great War some more of their illusions went by the board. It is certain that many millions of them, forgetting the benefits we brought them, remembering only the many slights, believe they are now our military equals, and would welcome the call to rise and drive us out.

I have said before, and repeat, that a world-wide rising of the coloured against the whites is quite unlikely. The coloured could neither organise this nor cohere in it. There are too many whites ; they are impregnable in Europe, and control too many of

the coloured lands as well. They have the originating brains ; these would become evident in their much more formidable weapons of war, before which the coloured attack would speedily collapse.

But there will be many sporadic outbreaks. Every coloured people, in its own particular way, will attempt to throw off white domination. Where that people is primitive, such as some African tribe, the attempt will fail ; I suppose we shall hold Africa indefinitely. But when we come to Asia, and Asiatics, the conditions are different. These peoples are not primitive, and if they are determined to throw off white domination, it will be difficult to prevent them. The plea may be put forward reasonably, by the country's united leaders, and followed up by an economic boycott : there need be no military attack. Such a plea was put forward by the Egyptians, a relatively inferior people. Admittedly, because of promises to them, they had a strong case ; nevertheless, Egypt was handed back under conditions which set the coloured world thinking. Britain, in particular, will be reminded that she has educated coloured races to become self-governing, and told that now they propose to be so. She will realise, especially with India, that she envisaged self-government as beginning some centuries hence ; that India, with its hundreds of races, and opposing religions, if left to itself, must quickly collapse in a welter of killing and plunder. But the damage has been done ; the chain of Causation is well under way. If the people who sway opinion in India are united, and determined on cutting loose, and have the tacit consent of some three hundred millions behind them—then India will go. Even the self-governing princes would not be able to prevent it. Whether, after that, the British would long continue in their other Asiatic possessions, the French in Indo-China and Syria, the Dutch in their archipelago, and the Americans in the Philippines, would be more

than doubtful. The Chinese, of their own accord, and also at the instigation of Japan, would then probably deny us trading facilities in China, and the White Race would realise that it had been thrust from Asia, neck and crop.

I don't say it wouldn't be back there, a generation later. Excepting for what Japan had secured, and consolidated, the rest of Asia would probably have collapsed. Neither the Chinese nor the Hindus, great racial strains though they be, would have been able to "find" themselves. Violent Reaction would have set in; and the Whites would return, quite naturally, to sweep up the mess. But in the meantime, everything is tending the other way.

At home, meanwhile, the skies are densely overcast; they can hardly clear without a storm. Through scorn of wisdom, and experience, we have brought about something like chaos in our white affairs. A number of hostile forces have been let accumulate in our midst, and are already clashing; they seem designed, by a quite devilish ingenuity, to divide the Western Whites more widely than ever. There is the growing rivalry of Nationalism; a people in its throes is not only impervious to all other peoples, but an acute menace to its neighbours. There is the coming struggle for food, raw materials and markets; how deadly this is likely to be, we have already seen. There is the struggle, already upon us, between Labour and Capital, and the poor and the rich; the seriousness of this everyone can judge for himself.

All of these, if you study them, resolve into one master-menace. It is the menace of over-population. This has already been described; but is so serious a thing, and so little understood, that we must get right down to it again.

Malthus showed us, once and for all, that mankind increases faster than the food supply. So long as

new areas of food can be opened up, the human excess can be provided for ; but when the new areas come to an end, and the birth-rate does not diminish, there must be trouble. Malthus wrote over a hundred years ago. Food was scarce enough then for the poor ; but there were only eight hundred and fifty millions in the world, and many lands still to be opened up. To-day there are one thousand eight hundred millions, and the end of opening up the world is in sight. That does not mean the whole world is occupied, and cannot feed more than one thousand eight hundred millions. But it means that the yearly births are now enormous ; that the choicer lands are occupied ; and that the food-exporting countries will cease exporting in a relatively few years. These countries have already begun excluding foreigners. Even when they accept them, they will not take the old, the unfit, and the very poor. But the outstanding fact is that while Western Europe virtually depends upon them for food, these countries will soon be unable to supply it.

Let us again consider the facts of European population and food-supply. There are forty-three millions in Great Britain. They produce food to keep themselves for about four months in the year ; under no conditions could they keep themselves for more than six to seven months in the year. The condition of Belgium is rather similar. Holland is now full to the uttermost, and imports, on balance, a lot of food. Germany, before the Great War, was importing one quarter of its food ; the figure is probably the same now. Norway, Sweden, Bohemia, and Austria, countries one would assume to be self-supporting in food, import considerable quantities. Even the hard-working French, popularly supposed to be committing race-suicide, have to import food on balance. Italy imports a lot of food ; had not millions of Italians emigrated to North and South America, they would have died of starvation at home.

When we turn to Eastern Europe, with its great food belts, we are face to face with a deep and subtle problem. Eastern Europeans, of whom the Slav is the dominant type, are not, as we know, of our race. They have their undoubted qualities ; but they have neither the European pedigree nor mentality. Their most marked quality, as concerns us, is their fecundity. It is such that the food belts of Eastern Europe will vanish in a few years, before fresh millions of Slavic stomachs. That is only half the story. This gigantic, fecund peasantry, with its non-European mind, cares no more for a " White Race " or " Evolution " than do the cattle in its fields. I can see it a century hence, mad for food, and more breeding ground, swarming over Europe like a new Asiatic horde—perhaps the most subtle and dangerous menace in Europe's future.

Looking a few years ahead, then, we must picture Western Europe thrown back upon itself for food. It will have any quantity of goods to exchange ; Germany alone, in order to pay indemnities, and rehabilitate itself, will be able to supply goods to all the outside world. But the outside world will not then need most of these things, neither will it have any food to spare. Japan, China, and India, if there is not collapse in Asia, will be manufacturing on a gigantic scale, by very cheap labour ; the United States will also be feverishly supplying every market ; while even new countries like Canada and Australia will be largely self-supporting. Europe will find it is organised to sell goods which fewer and fewer want, and to need more and more food which nobody is able to supply. The nations which have understood birth-control properly, will escape the worst rigours of the food shortage, but those which have not done so will pass through great tribulation. A people like the British will look back on the well-fed days of the Victorian era as on a beautiful dream. Perhaps a bishop, heard egging the masses on to breed, will be crucified. Then

Nature will assert itself in the old way ; famine will wipe out the stomachic surplus, and a chastened, but more knowledgable and smaller White Race, will get going again.

These are the menaces to our White Race from without. I have described them as the more sensational, but repeat that I do not believe them the most serious. Suppose the whole coloured world, in a series of outbreaks, tries to throw off our domination. Africa, and the outlying peoples, will not succeed ; indeed, by proper handling, we can weld these peoples to us for good. But let Asia succeed. What ultimate harm is that going to do us ? Asia will discover, after, it may be, weltering in blood, that our ballast is necessary to her, and we shall return. And might not the Western Peoples have drawn closer together in the meantime ? I am not afraid of the coloured. I am much more afraid of the Slav, when he numbers four hundred millions. That danger is more subtle, because he is white, and Europe will refuse to believe that he has not the European mind. This menace, fortunately, will not be on us for a good many years ; there will be time for the West to make its dispositions.

And the menace of over-population ? That is tremendous at present : its facets catch the sun at every angle ; until righted, there can be no peace in our midst. But call in your wise men ; be guided by them ; and it will vanish in a night. At least it will be stayed in a night, and vanish inside a generation. We must get down to smaller numbers. Though with kindly treatment, our unfit and our least efficient must be let die out without perpetuating themselves. It is a simple solution. When it is understood, and when our present drift is understood, there should be no hesitation at all about a choice.

And now we come to the menaces from within.

Firstly, there is the vast levelling process we call Democracy. It was brought about under the flabby belief that all of us are born equal ; when that was found out to be untrue, it was too late—the damage had been done.

The truth about human beings, which all men and women know in their hearts, is that they are not only not all equal, but are all profoundly unequal ; and that anything like levelling them in the mass is impossible. The laws of Heredity, now so firmly established, supplement the evidence of our senses ; the inferior reproduce the inferior, while the talented and well-balanced reproduce the talented and well-balanced with considerable regularity. What Democracy has taught us about the masses, is that they mean well ; but there is no suggestion that they will ever be fit for their responsibilities.

The levelling process is seeing its ideals being shattered. It seemed a splendid ideal, for example, that the State should pay for the education of all ; and that desired end was at length brought about. Then we began turning out millions who, being educated, insisted on getting educated jobs ; and there were none for them. The only jobs offering, to nine out of ten, were those of hard manual work ; and these they did not want. So an army of them overflowed into semi-parasitic work, placing themselves between the producer and the consumer, and so increasing the cost of living ; while many more, embittered against that State which had freely educated them, became agitators, socialists, communists, fomentors of strife, and secretly hostile to the decent citizen. We may sum up, and say that the steady and the talented have been greatly benefitted by State education ; and that the inferior and the unbalanced, as well as the State itself, have been greatly harmed.

In the sphere of government, the earlier idealists

again found themselves justified. One man, one vote ! Could any idea be more enheartening—surely this was the bell-wether of all the reforms ! It looked so on paper ; like the rest, it is failing to work out. It was assumed that the masses, born with exactly the same qualities as others, would search out, and then vote for the right men. But quite obviously they don't. Not because they are " bloody-minded " ; but because they don't know. They choose a man as they choose a newspaper. The blatant, vulgar paper pleases them ; the blatant, flattering, talking man gets their vote. As their power waxes, they will declare more and more for men of their own class. These may be decent fellows ; but in brain-power and imagination are likely to show a further decline.

But in one thing the masses will know their own mind. That will be in the spending-power. Those they elect will have to please them in this, or go. Already we see governments spending far, far more than their States can afford. What is their excuse ? " If we don't do it, the opposition will promise to do it." The levelling process is thus the prelude to bankruptcy.

All men having received the vote, it was inevitable the levellers should cry " What about some women ? " Then : " Why not a good many women ? . . . *Why not all women—and girls !* " It was at this stage that a suffragette, highly over-wrought, bit a policeman on the neck. The act was symbolic. No man bites a policeman on the neck ; it does not put him out of action. Women are too emotional, as well as too physically weak, for the rough and tumble of the arena. And they lose their bloom there. As complemental to men, using their unique powers indirectly, they have always succeeded. As rivals to men, they have never succeeded. It is deplorable at this critical period, when their more static qualities should be bringing the Western World help, that

they should have rushed with a shrill whoop into the ring.

One glorious thing the idealists expected from the levelling process—an enlightened public opinion. With that, our White Race could ride out any storm. With that, the humblest among us be assured a hearing. But public opinion has not become more enlightened. About one person in twenty seems to do some thinking. The other nineteen adopt the views of the Popular Press, and are swayed by the emotions of the mob orator and the moving picture. They have no wider mentality. I believe that each year the British or American public becomes less able to appraise the results of cold thought, and more under the sway of the emotions of the millions around them. Real opinion is still made by a relative few ; the other thing is becoming mob-mind, which before long will be swaying now here, now there with most devastating effect.

The levelling process is pretty nearly complete. The Communists would carry it a step further, and obliterate the superior altogether ; but that, I think, will not appeal to the masses of the White Race. The original idealism has now evolved out of the picture ; it has given way to hate and disgruntlement. These are the products of free and indiscriminate education, and form one of the most perfect examples of Reaction that can be imagined.

In handing over the ultimate control of things to the least capable, we are flouting the human brain, overthrowing the experience of wisdom since the world began. Is the control of a ship given to its crew ? Or of a train to its passengers ? Is an operation performed by the hospital attendants, or a directors' meeting addressed by the office-boy ? Is a regiment commanded by the privates ? Do we not well remember, when the Great War broke out,

how the sham and make-believe of Democracy faded away? Rigid discipline at once took its place, brains and authority passed to the top. The officers went to the head of their platoons; the experts to the head of their departments; talent and power were at once sent for to the ends of the earth. So it had ever been; so it must be again. The brainy and the balanced have always controlled our world; when they cease to do so, our White Race must pass into its decline like all the rest.

I pass on to the most deadly danger. The levelling process must run itself to a standstill; the cash, for example, will give out. But for our weakening blood-strain there can be no standstill. If we do not take drastic steps about our breeding, the British Race—all the wonderful White Race—will decline, and its meaning for the world's future fade away. It is bad enough that coloured strains are everywhere nibbling at our white blood; it will be hopeless if we ourselves taint that blood at its source.

We are now in about the fourth generation of the Era of the Unfit. In earlier times the diseased generally died out; but about a century ago, with the forging ahead of medicine and surgery, and the spread of flabby idealism, they began to be saved. The consumptives were saved; the puny weaklings were saved; the feeble-minded, the syphilitics, the epileptics, the vagrants, and the halt and maimed of a hundred varieties. Even the lunatics were often patched up, and returned to their families. Then the trouble started. They all began having children; and being mainly of thriftless types, among whom casual sexuality is a cult, they had quantities of them. These children were tainted! But who was going to lay stress on that—were they not more little souls for the heavenly harvest! The feeble-minded, in particular, are notorious begetters; and they begat

so steadily, that they filled orphanages, and work-houses, and such like institutions as fast as they could be built. There are estimated to be far more than one hundred thousand feeble-minded in Britain to-day, and their cost to the State is enormous. But they are only one of the types; there are the consumptives and the epileptics and all the others. The triumphs of medicine are now such, that we save or patch-up ever so many more each year; and we send them back to their spouses or their sweethearts to carry on their spawning as it were by geometric progression.

All our White Race is honeycombed with this dreadful thing. The British blood-strain is deteriorating fast; the Great War showed us up as largely a C 3 people. The state of American health, ascertained at the time of their conscription, gave the thinking Americans a rude shock, and you will find the same conditions more or less throughout Europe. What is the menace of the coloured world compared to that?

At Walsall, Staffordshire, where a vagrant's wife had applied for a separation, the probation officer said to the Court: "This couple have had two sets of twins in the past twelve months, and all four children died in the workhouse."* How are these for parents! In an address to the medical faculty of California, their president† said these profound words: "Every child has a right to be well-born." And he added: "One in five of the population of the United States would not be allowed to breed by a successful stock-breeder." What does their prosperity matter beside a fact like that? For a continental example, I quote Forel.‡ "A very religious lady had married a man who became insane. . . . There were eight children. Under treatment, the father improved,

* *Paris Daily Mail*, 6. 3. 1922.

† Dr. H. G. Brainerd, of California.

‡ In *The Sexual Question*.

and was dismissed from the asylum. I urged them both to prevent further conception. . . . They had several more, all of them candidates for the asylum or the institute for nervous patients."

Soon, I suppose, the masses will be in control of legislation. But do you imagine they will legislate for our blood-strain? They will laugh in your face. Propaganda among them will be hopeless. "Evolution?—never heard of it!" "Evolution?—parson told us it's a pack of lies!" If you specify more exactly; if you tell them that the coloured, and half-castes, must not breed with white, they may nod assent; but when you say that mental and physical weaklings, consumptives, uncured syphilitics, drunkards, epileptics, vagrants, and the truly degraded among us must at all costs be stopped having children, they will rise up in anger. They will know dozens, hundreds of such. Are they going to interfere with friends and neighbours in that way! Are they going to set themselves up as judges! Who knows about Heredity, anyway! And not so much talk about the inferior!

You will fail to change their ignorant, complexed, well-meaning minds. They will set their teeth, stick out their chins, and go to their graves unconvinced. And in a few generations the time for action will have passed; we won't then be worth the saving. That is the greatest of our dangers; beside it, things like the coloured menace, the economic struggle, temporary over-population, even Democracy itself, are only of relative moment.*

It is difficult in this world to bring about actual betterment; strong Action always sets up its Reaction. But as we saw in the last chapter, it *can* be brought

* The reader should study *Social Decay and Regeneration*, by R. Austin Freeman.

about ; and for this, greatest of all menaces to our White Race, I can see the way.

It is quite a simple way ; it is as simple, for example, as bathing seven times in the River Jordan, and a good deal cheaper. The passport has come back ; in this era of national rivalries, it has possibly come to stay. Let us, as it were, amplify the passport. As a *dossier*, let it show our physical inheritance back to our grandparents, and our own precise record of health and disease ; let it show our education, our occupation, our special faculties, and our citizen value to the State ; let it show finally, as the sum of these, and in the light of ever-increasing knowledge about Heredity, our fitness or our unfitness to be a father or a mother. If the *dossier* shows fitness, let a permit to breed children (subject to yearly renewal), then be attached ; if it shows unfitness, whether man or woman, prince or pauper, let its owner be debarred from breeding any children at all.

Do not conjure up the difficulties : we are trying to escape from our greatest danger. Nor are the difficulties so real. There would be no interference with marriage—only with breeding. Our new knowledge about birth-control will prove a tremendous ally ; when the unfit have had this explained to them, and the penalty of producing children explained, we shall have already achieved much of our task. For those who, being unfit, being debarred by their *dossier*, yet produce children, there will have to be sterilisation or segregation ; but however serious such a step, it can be as nothing compared to the future of our Race and the rights of the unborn.

We only need to breed our children as we breed our animals and plants. The same laws of breeding cover them all. We keep elaborate pedigrees, or *dossiers*, for our racehorses, our cattle, our dogs, our poultry—our very pigs ; why should we be ashamed to keep them for ourselves ? Bringing tainted children

into the world, knowingly, is the most serious thing possible ; if you believe in retribution, that is where it is going to get you first.

* * * * *

The promise made in Australia has now been fulfilled. I was to write a book about human questions ; about Nature, Evolution, Race, Heredity, Sex, Environment, Mind and Matter, Cause and Effect, Good and Evil—and about these it has been.

What does it boil down to ?

It boils down to Evolution, that Mill of God which grinds so slowly, so certainly ; to pedigree ; and to careful breeding. It boils down, in sum total, to the Western Whites—supreme product of these things—and their originating brain.

We cannot see further into the mists just yet. But this residuum is enough. The Western Whites are the Heirs of the Ages—and they don't know it ! Everything calls upon them to come together. To take up the trusteeship of the world. To further utmost scientific research. Yet we find them riven within and without ; full of hatreds and jealousies ; even facing something like disintegration. And most dreadful of all, heedless of their glorious white blood, we find them tainting it irremediably at its source.

This is not pessimism ; I see the remedies. And I have had too much out of life to be a pessimist. Nevertheless, our White Race, and I think my own British in particular, must overcome these things or they will overcome it ; and if the White Race goes, humanity may chuck up the sponge.

And in the world of the Mind—is there no residuum ?

Here the Complexity is appalling. The mists lie perpetually. And yet, may we not have happened upon the beginnings of a track ? I say it again : things point to " Balance " as the basis of the universe. The world's vast flows of positive and negative, with Good and Evil in the van, look like forms of Reaction,

swinging back to that Balance. Too much is thus as harmful as too little, and the philosophic way through life is by the path of the Golden Mean.

There will be no Millennium. Nature, with all its cruelty and caprice, will see to that. The world can't be cured. But by the proper handling of the Reactions it can be ever so much alleviated. Let us become artists in this alleviation. Specialists, as it were, on the plus side. Clearing our patches with infinite care, let us fend off the negative from them while there is breath in us. I am hoping this book may prove such a patch. I am passionately in earnest for this world—for Here and Now; and should the Fates feel that I have done my duty by these two adverbs, I ask them for a good digestion and a sudden death.

I wish to say here, how greatly I am indebted to my friend Desmond MacCarthy for his criticism,

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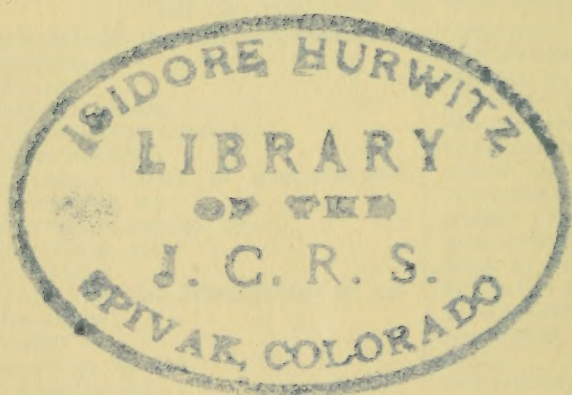
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